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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1, 1865.

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THE FATE OF THORSGHYLL.

By M. A. BIRD, Author of "Spell-bound," "The Hawkshawes," &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE MYSTERY CONTINUES.

As soon as Felicia was so far recovered that he could safely leave her to Barton's care, Dr. Gilchrist went again to the steward's room. The body of Felix Thorburn had been laid on a table, and the stiffening limbs composed; but otherwise everything remained undisturbed. Of the cause of death there could be no doubt. The frightful gash across the throat must have ended life in a few minutes.

"Have you found the instrument with which this was done?" asked the surgeon, after a long, sorrowful contemplation of his friend's body.

"Here it is, sir," replied Rogers, showing him a formidable bowie knife. "It was lying half grasped in his right hand. There doesn't seem to me to be a doubt that he did it himself. Is not that your opinion, too, sir?"

"It is premature to form any opinion at present," replied the cautious doctor. "What else have you discovered?"

"Nothing at all, sir, except the mark of a bloody hand upon the open window. See here, sir—you can trace the finger-marks quite distinct. Now, I should imagine, sir, that, after having struck the poor little girl, he went to open the window to revive her perhaps with the fresh air."

"These suppositions are not facts; they prove nothing, Mr. Rogers. We might rather suspect that this mark was left by a murderer attempting to escape."

"I'm afraid, sir, there is nothing to support such an idea," replied the inspector, shaking his head. "The door was locked on the inside, and though the window was open, nobody could have got out through the bars. No, sir, I'm afraid the coroner's jury will be able to find nothing but suicide. The knife, too, I am told, sir, belonged to the unfortunate gentleman."

"It did. He purchased it in London a few weeks ago. Who last saw him alive?"

"His servant, Gilbert Davis, as I understand, sir."

"What account does he give of his master's apparent state of mind at that time?"

"I have not seen him yet, sir—he could not be found; but I have sent to seek him in all directions. He had been to the butler to fetch some wine for Mr. Felix, and he was afterwards seen to go upstairs to his master's chamber, where he had been packing Mr. Felix's trunk. No one has seen him since, sir; but no doubt his master had sent him somewhere, and he will be back soon."

"I think it would be advisable to send for a London detective. Not that I at all doubt your zeal and intelligence, Mr. Rogers; but you have not had the practice that the detectives have in tracing out mysterious cases."

"Under favour, sir," replied the superintendent, "I don't think there is much mystery in this case; and I have reason to believe that Mr. Thorburn would have great objections to the whole matter being brought to light."

"Objections! What objections could he have?"

"Why, sir, it is in a manner confided to me, and I don't know that I ought to mention it, even to you."

"I shall urge Mr. Thorburn to employ a detective, nevertheless," said Dr. Gilchrist, moving towards the door.

"Then perhaps I had better tell you all, sir; you are not like a stranger to the family, and I know it will be safe with you. Besides, if you know it, you will be able to spare Mr. Thorburn a great deal of sorrow, and he must be suffering enough already, poor gentleman."

"There is no doubt of that," said the doctor, returning.

"Leave the room," said the officer to a couple of his men who were sitting with their heads hanging down, as though they were half asleep. "Do you hear what I say, Parnel?" he added, raising his voice; but the men did not stir.

"What is amiss with them? Smith! Parnel!" shouted the superintendent, shaking his satellites alternately by the shoulders. "Well, if this doesn't beat everything!"

"Don't you see that they are drunk?"



said the doctor, answering his perplexed and appealing look.

"No, sir, that I'm sure they are not," replied Rogers; "they are two of the steadiest men in the force. Besides, they were as sober as judges half an hour ago. What can it be?"

"They *have* been drinking, nevertheless," persisted the doctor; "their breath smells of wine."

"So it does!" said the officer; "but where did they get it? They've not been out of this room, and that decanter is seemingly as full as it was when I first came in. They may have taken a glass or two when my back was turned, but that could not overcome them in this way!"

Dr. Gilchrist seized the decanter. He held it to the light, smelt it, tasted it.

"I strongly suspect that this wine has been drugged," said he, "and if it is so, the lives of these men may be in danger. I cannot tell what quantity of the narcotic they have swallowed, so the safest course is to act as though they had taken a poisonous dose. Call in some more of your men, or some of the men-servants, and let the poor fellows be set on their legs and forced to walk about. I'll see what medicine Mrs. Newton's store affords. A brisk emetic and strong coffee afterwards will put them right, I hope."

It did not take very long to restore the policemen to their senses. They penitently confessed to having each taken a glass of wine from the decanter on the table, not thinking any harm, but feeling "so faint like" at the sight of the poor gentleman they had so lately seen full of health and spirits.

"This adds another element of mystery to this incomprehensible affair," said Dr. Gilchrist, as he withdrew with Mr. Rogers to hear the statement that had been interrupted by the discovery of the critical state of his men. "That wine is poisoned, and must be carefully analysed. Who mixed the poison is a question for the jury to decide."

"No doubt it was Mr. Felix himself, sir, as I am sure you will say, too, when I've told you what I have to communicate. When I was sent for here this morning, respecting the money that had been taken from this very room, I was first shown into Mrs. Thorburn's presence. She seemed very much agitated, and requested me to use every precaution in the business, as she believed it would

be necessary to hush it up; hinting, in fact, sir, that the robbery had been committed by one of the family, who could be no other than Mr. Felix himself."

"Felix rob his brother!" exclaimed Dr. Gilchrist. "Impossible!"

"Just what I thought, sir; and yet the lady seemed in such deep distress, that *she* must have believed it; and I really hardly knew what to think."

"Deep distress!" repeated the doctor, derisively. "Not *she*! confound her. It was all affectation. And so, misled by that infernal woman, you sought for evidence to incriminate him, and thus stung his noble heart to madness."

"No, sir, no—don't think so harshly of me, Dr. Gilchrist. I sought for proofs *how* the robbery was committed; and, in the execution of my duty, I went to Mr. Felix's bedroom to try and discover how this key had been abstracted. While there, I grieve to say, sir, I found the notes that had been taken from that drawer"—pointing to the one that had been broken open—"hidden away among his razors and brushes."

"Then some one else had put them there," returned the doctor, deliberately. "I'll stake my life that Felix Thorburn knew nothing about them. Did he not say so?"

"I know nothing of that, sir. I took the notes straight to Mr. Thorburn, without letting any one else see them. He gave me orders to let the matter drop, and I was in hopes all would go right, till I was called out for this dreadful business. I have not asked Mr. Thorburn any question; I couldn't do it, sir, knowing what I know. I thought it best to leave that for another party, who can't have received the same information that I have, sir. But I have formed my own opinion, sir, just the same, and that is, that Mr. Thorburn naturally spoke to his brother on the painful subject, which made him desperate, and led to the commission of the fatal act."

"That would appear a feasible explanation concerning almost any other man," said Dr. Gilchrist; "but Felix Thorburn would neither wrong his brother nor weakly take his own life to elude the consequences of a false accusation. He had the courage to defy a calumny, but not to commit a crime. Poor Felix! Poor noble-hearted friend!" he continued, pressing the dead man's cold hand in his own, "your old school-fellow, the chosen companion of your

boyhood and your youth, will justify and vindicate your character, if every other voice is mute that should speak for you!"

The good doctor's voice was choked with emotion, and a few large tears fell upon the corpse.

The superintendent turned aside and coughed, and ostentatiously flicked some specks of dust off his boots with his handkerchief. He was relieved when a knock at the door was followed by the appearance of Mr. Weston, who, as the nearest magistrate, as well as an intimate friend at Thorsghyll, had hastened to tender his services at the earliest information of the terrible catastrophe.

"You will please to remember, sir," whispered Mr. Rogers to the doctor, "that what I communicated to you was in strict confidence."

"Good God! It is true then!" exclaimed Mr. Weston, as the dead body met his view. "I could not, and would not believe it before; but now—I cannot doubt it now! And how has this happened? Can it be true that he died by his own hand?"

"I fear it will be found so, sir," replied the officer.

"No! I can never believe it!" exclaimed Dr. Gilchrist warmly. "Suicide is the act of a coward, and Felix was no coward! He would never have sought refuge in death from"—A glance from Rogers checked him, and Mr. Weston, with his jovial red face almost as pale as the ghastly visage he was gazing on, was too deeply moved to remark the interruption.

"This sight is too much for me," he said, sinking upon a chair; "only to think how, this very day week, he was flying over hedges and ditches in the steeple chase—and now to see him lying there! It's too much—too much!"

Dr. Gilchrist, assisted by the police officer, led him out of the room.

"I came partly in my magisterial capacity," he said, when the fresh air had restored him, "but I fear I shall not be of much use. I loved that man like my own son, and I cannot act coolly and deliberately, nor even think calmly about the cause of his shocking death. I could not look at him again—no—not to save my life! And his child too,—poor little Felicia! she is dead too, I hear."

"No; I am happy to say she still lives, and may recover."

"Heaven be thanked for that mercy!" said the kind-hearted squire; "but her father actually attempted to kill her, did he not? Dear heart! He must have been mad—quite mad!"

"If he attempted either her life or his own, he undoubtedly was mad," said Dr. Gilchrist; "but I do not believe he did the one or the other."

"Do you think he was murdered? Who could have done it? What enemy had he in the world?"

"He had but one enemy that I know of, and, little as I like her, I would not be so unjust as to suspect Mrs. Thorburn of any complicity in his death. She is a vain and even a spiteful woman, but I honestly believe her quite incapable of abetting a crime. Murder, however, is not always, nor even often committed from motives of enmity towards the victim. Fear, or the love of plunder, more frequently prompts the deed; and so strong is my conviction that Felix would not take his own life, far less that of his child, that I believe some facts will come to light to fix the guilt upon another person."

"What does Felicia say? Have you questioned her?"

"She is still quite insensible, though alive; and it may be days or weeks before it is safe even to mention her father's name in her hearing."

"Poor child! Poor child! So bad as that!" said Mr. Weston, in amazement; "how can she live at all, in such a state?"

"Her life hung by a mere thread—a hair," said the doctor; "in fact it does so still. A hasty movement, a shake, raising her head above the level of her body, even a loud noise, might kill her now; and when her consciousness returns, any mental agitation might be equally fatal. Therefore I shall strongly oppose any attempt to obtain her evidence until she volunteers it herself."

"Quite right; quite right. The jury must therefore be directed to return an open verdict, unless other evidence criminate the person you suspect; but you have not yet told me who that is."

"It would not be right to do so on mere suspicion. He may be innocent, and poor Felix may have been insane, or *vice versa*. No one but Felicia can prove which hypothesis is correct, and we must wait for her evidence, unless some other is brought forward."

"Shall I see Mr. Thorburn before I go?" asked Mr. Weston.

"You had better not; his mind is, as you may well suppose, fearfully agitated, and perfect quiet is the best for him. He bears up more calmly than could be expected, but it will be long before he recovers from the shock."

"I can easily understand that. Even for myself, I don't know when I shall feel again like what I was this morning. Send for me if I can be of any service; but you must have a man with more nerve and less heart to manage this dreadful business. Good day, good day."

The doctor smiled sadly as he parted from the kind-hearted magistrate, and reflected how frequently want of discipline is mistaken for strength of feeling.

With himself the feeling of duty was paramount, and impulse and sentiment were held in stern subjection to its dictates. The discovery of poison in the wine would necessitate a *post mortem* on the body of Felix; and if no other surgeon had been within reach, he knew that he would have had nerve enough to perform that painful task himself, and with his own hand to mutilate the form of "the man he had loved so brotherly," if by so doing he could aid in clearing up the mystery that surrounded his death.

It was no wonder, then, that he half pitied and half condemned the timid shrinking from pain of the good-hearted, but weak-minded squire.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MYSTERY IS CONFIDED TO THE GRAVE. MRS. THORBURN UNDERTAKES FELICIA'S CURE.

THE coroner's inquest threw but little light upon the mystery that hung over the fate of Felix Thorburn.

The analysis of the wine in the decanter, and of the contents of the stomach, which was made by two of the most eminent men in the profession, showed the presence of a large quantity of morphia in the former, and very little in the latter. How it came there remained, however, an impenetrable secret. Felicia, who could alone have cleared away all doubts concerning her father's death, and the murderous attempt on her own life, still hung upon the edge of the grave, and could not be questioned.

Gilbert Davis was gone; and though

he was sought for far and wide, no traces of him could be discovered.

His clothes were found ready packed in his room, and it was therefore concluded that he had gone off more abruptly than he had at first intended, and probably in some disguise that enabled him to elude detection. The mystery attending his disappearance, so needless under any supposition but that of his having committed the robbery, was further heightened by the discovery of a bag of sovereigns, hidden in a shed attached to the stables.

The amount exactly corresponded to the sum that had been stolen; and the bag that contained it was one which Mr. Jones swore to as having been in the drawer on the day before the robbery.

Yet another circumstance added to the complication in which the whole affair was involved. The blotting-paper on the table at which it appeared that Felix had sat down to write, was a fresh sheet, and bore, in his well-known bold characters, the legible transfer of the words "John Thorburn, Esq." Mr. Thorburn had not received a letter thus addressed, nor was the cheque he had sent to his brother anywhere to be found.

In one respect these inexplicable incidents tended to afford Mr. Thorburn some consolation; he no longer entertained the faintest idea that his beloved brother had been guilty of robbery, and this conviction he communicated to the superintendent of police, by whom alone the suspicion had been shared.

To counterbalance this source of comfort, however, he was now haunted by the still more terrible idea that it was by his suspicions, too hastily expressed, that poor Felix had been driven to the double crime of murder and suicide.

Had these events occurred in a family of an humbler rank of life, it is very probable that the jury would have returned a verdict of *felo-de-se*, and attempted murder against the unfortunate subject of their investigations; but the motto "*noblesse oblige*" is applicable in more than one sense, and the old, if not noble blood of the Thorburns, enabled the coroner to see that a very small man *might* have forced himself between the bars of the open window. Gilbert Davis was a small man, small enough to have often ridden as a jockey.

His sudden disappearance was highly suspicious. So was his departure without taking either his clothes, or the

hidden gold—supposing him to be the person who had concealed it where it was found, which could only be accounted for by the urgency of his flight, and the supposition that some one was in the way and prevented his approaching the stables.

Mr. Rogers, it is true, had tried the experiment of putting on Davis's hat, which exactly fitted him, and then endeavouring to pass his head through the window bars, which he found to be utterly impossible. But as no question elicited this fact during his examination, he kept the knowledge of it to himself, and was very glad when the jury, availing themselves of the loop-hole pointed out by the coroner, returned the verdict, that "Mr. Felix Thorburn was found dead, but how he came by his death there was no sufficient evidence to show."

This open verdict left the question free to be decided by any revelation that Felicia might eventually make. Her state continued so precarious that Dr. Gilchrist peremptorily insisted that she should not be questioned concerning either her father's death or her own injuries, as any premature reminiscences would almost certainly have the effect of permanently deranging her mind.

So the gay, light-hearted Felix was laid in the churchyard on the hill, and the monumental stone that marked his resting-place bore only his name, with the dates of his birth and death.

It was by his own wish, often expressed even from boyhood, that he was not placed beside his ancestors in the dismal grandeur of the family vault; he wished to lie where the green grass could cover him, and the birds could sing over his grave, and children could make it a resting-place. It was not, therefore, from any lingering doubt as to whether he had died by his own hand that less than the usual honour (as it is foolishly called) was paid to his remains.

In proof of this Mr. Thorburn erected a durable monument to his brother's memory, in the form of a liberal endowment to the village schools. The money which he appropriated to this purpose was that which had been taken from the steward's room and so strangely recovered. Such a destination would, he thought, purify it from the blood with which it seemed incrustated, and which would utterly prevent his ever applying it to his own use.

During the week that was occupied by these events he never relaxed in his at-

tention to his poor little niece, and every available moment was spent by her bedside. She had recovered her consciousness; could ask in a faint whisper for what she wanted; thanked Barton sweetly for her attentions; and smiled a recognition of her uncle. Dr. Gilchrist pronounced her to be progressing favourably, and redoubled his cautions respecting any allusion to her father. She had only mentioned him once, when seeing a letter in Mr. Thorburn's hand she asked, "Is that from papa?" and seemed quite satisfied when he replied simply in the negative. From this it was concluded that she had lost all recollection of his terrible fate, and imagined her father had returned to America; and in that error it was most desirable that she should remain. Her little cousins, Roderick and Mabel, were carefully excluded from her room, lest in their innocent prattle they might betray what they so often talked about, that "poor uncle Felix was dead, and gone to the churchyard on the hill;" and Barton was careful neither to wear a black dress herself, nor to admit any one who did so.

In fact, every precaution was taken in every direction whence it seemed possible that the dreaded subject could be suggested to the patient. But the fallibility of human foresight is proverbial, and the present case formed no exception to the rule.

Mrs. Thorburn, withheld from the gaieties of society on account of her brother-in-law's death, fretted and fumed in the captivity to which a regard for appearances condemned her. It was no respect for the memory of Felix, no regret for the many cruel stabs she had wantonly inflicted on his feelings, that made her wear the deepest mourning and seclude herself from company. She did so because it would have been a breach of etiquette to do otherwise.

It was no violation of the laws of her tutelary deity that she acted a lie from morning till night—that she wrote a lie in every black-bordered note wherein she replied to her friends' condolences in a tissue of sentimental bathos—that a lie lurked in every fold of her crape, and breathed in every artificial sigh.

It was possibly no breach of those same precious laws, when she complained to her confidential maid of the selfishness of a man who could mar the pleasure and enjoyment of other people by killing himself, and so compelling them to shut themselves up till they were half dead with *ennui*.

Whether it might be an outrage against *human nature* to vituperate the dead was a question with which Mrs. Thorburn did not trouble herself.

Being thus thrown upon her own resources for amusement and occupation (for even her husband, whose company would have been better than none, devoted every moment he could spare from imperative duties to the hated "black child," as she always called Felicia), having canvassed, criticized, and ridiculed the finding of the jury; having spent much time in designing mourning dresses of the most becoming form for herself and children, Mrs. Thorburn, after a deal of reflection and the destruction of innumerable rose petals, suddenly announced that she was exceedingly ill, and that nothing but change of air would save her life.

Priscilla, in the requisite state of alarm, wished to send at once for Dr. Gilchrist; but this her mistress prohibited, and bade her request the presence of Mr. Thorburn without delay. She spent the interval at her toilette, from which she retired looking very pale, and with that peculiar dark hue under the eyes that gives such a ghastly appearance to the face.

When Mr. Thorburn entered, she was reclining on the sofa with an air of suffering.

"What is amiss with you, Eugénie?" he asked, kindly, though gravely, as he seated himself beside her.

"My love! I tink I am dying!" she replied in a weak voice; "I have such frequent attack at my heart! Ever since dat dreadful morn I have dem; but to-day, much worse. I shall go in one of dose *crise*—I know I shall."

"Indeed you look very ill, my dearest," said Mr. Thorburn, with much concern; "has Gilchrist been sent for?"

"No; he can do noting for me. He say as much. Only change of air can restore me."

"I must consult Gilchrist," he said, thoughtfully; "if he recommends change for you, you must have it, of course. You can go to some quiet place, where I can join you as soon as Felicia is quite out of danger."

"Why must you stay wid her? Cannot Barton nurse her as well as you? I wish so much to go to my native air! It is de only ting will do me good."

"It is impossible that I can leave her," replied her husband; "my anxiety con-

cerning her is most intense. The grave has scarcely closed upon her father, and may yet open for her, and I will not conceal from you, my wife, that I have very serious misgivings that my poor brother took his own life, after attempting that of his child."

"Dat is exactly what I tink," she said, hiding her face with her handkerchief, "and I fret about it so, I cannot sleep."

"Even worse than this idea, dreadful as it is," he continued, pursuing the train of his own thoughts, "is the agonizing reflection that I may have driven Felix to the desperate act by my unjust suspicions. Feeling thus, with the curse of Cain upon me, how can I leave Felicia while her recovery is uncertain? My whole existence seems to hang upon that child's. If she should die before making any revelation respecting her father's death, my future will be clouded by one long, unending doubt."

"She can talk now; why don't you ask her what happen when her fader die?"

Gilchrist says she must on no account be questioned, unless she first alludes to the subject. It might unsettle her mind, in her present weak state; and I would not incur that risk to save myself from even a greater anxiety than I now endure. No, I must wait patiently; and if your health requires change of air, my love, you must go alone."

"It is so hard to be alone in sorrow and sickness!" she murmured.

"There are greater inflictions than that, which many have to bear," he replied, bitterly. "I will consult Gilchrist about you, my dearest, and then we will decide on what is best to be done."

He kissed her on the forehead, and went away to write some important letters for the post.

"He call me *dearest*," soliloquised Mrs. Thorburn; "but I am no longer his dearest. He love dat nasty black child more dan me! He tink more of her dan he do of me. We shall see if I let her be de master."

For a short time she lay buried in anxious thought; then starting up, she went first into her dressing-room, and carefully wiped her face, which operation had the miraculous effect of restoring it to its usual healthy tone.

Her next step was to go to the chamber where Felicia lay, still only partially restored to a consciousness of surrounding objects.

The door stood partly open, enabling her to ascertain that the only occupants of the room were the little invalid and Barton, who, overcome by many nights of anxious watching, was quietly dozing in her chair, in the silence and gloom of the darkened apartment. She was startled by a sudden flash of light, and found that Mrs. Thorburn, having thrown open the shutters, was standing by Felicia's bed.

"Oh, ma'am! she must not have so much light," cried the nurse, in a frightened whisper, as she hastened to reclose the shutter. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but the doctor's orders are strict."

"Nonsense! De light will rouse her and do her good," said Mrs. Thorburn, in a loud voice. "You will make de child worse wid all dis coddling and fiddell-faddell. How do you feel now, Felicia? Can you talk?"

"Yes," replied Felicia, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Dat's a good girl to try," said the lady, in accents of assumed approbation, as she sat down beside her. "Now, I am going to ask you a question, and you must tell me de troot."

"Oh! pray, pray, madam," cried Barton earnestly, "don't ask her any questions! The doctor and Mr. Thorburn, too, have said so particularly that nothing was to be asked of her."

"You impertinent, insolent, meddling, low, vulgar person!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorburn, in the loudest tones of her harsh, unpleasant voice, "Will you hold your tongue? I ask not your permission for what I choose to do! Now, Felicia, tell me quick! how came your fader dead? Did he cut his troat wid a knife and stick de knife in your shoulder dere, eh?"

"Father! father!" shrieked Felicia, starting up in a sitting posture, and flinging her arms about wildly. "Oh, don't! oh, don't! Oh, father! father!"

And, with a prolonged scream, she fell back senseless on her pillow.

"Cruel, wicked, heartless woman! you have killed her!" cried Barton, facing Mrs. Thorburn with the valour of a hen defending her chickens. "Go away! go away! Oh! what will master say when he hears of this?"

She turned from her with a look of disgust.

"What is de matter wid her?" asked Mrs. Thorburn, almost humbly. "I did not mean to hurt her. I tought you were all making a fool of her, and dat——"

"For mercy's sake, ma'am, *go away!*" reiterated Barton. "She is not dead yet, but the sight of you might kill her outright. Send for Dr. Gilchrist, Susan" (to the under nursery-maid, who now ran in, alarmed by Felicia's scream), "and ask the master to come here directly."

Fearful of being discovered by her husband in the act of so directly violating his express wishes, Mrs. Thorburn followed the girl out of the room. Never in her life had she felt so afraid of anything as she did of seeing her husband, glowing, as she knew he would be, with anger and indignation.

But hours passed by, and he came not. Priscilla went to gather information, but all that she could learn was, that Felicia still lived, and that her uncle and the doctor had not quitted her chamber, nor allowed any one else, except Barton, to enter.

The evening was drawing to a close when Dr. Gilchrist was announced.

"Mr. Thorburn wishes me to see you, madam, before I leave," he said, in a tone that he had great difficulty to render civil. "You are not well, he tells me. What ails you?"

"It is de old complaint—my poor heart," she replied, with a faint, though gracious smile.

"You mistake the nature of the malady under which you suffer, Mrs. Thorburn," said the doctor, sternly; "it is no disease that the anatomist's scalpel could detect, though it is commonly called hardness of heart."

"Now I see you are come to read me a lecture," said she, with an hysterical attempt at a laugh, "and I know dat disagreeable old ting, Barton, has tell you I try to kill poor little Felicia. I only went to see how she was, and den Barton order me out of de room, and de child is fright, and scream, and I run away as much fright as she was. And here I have been sitting all de evening by myself, praying dat no harm may have arrive to her, and tought I send Priscilla do inquire, not one word can I know about her. How is she now?"

"In bodily health, much as she was this morning; but in mind, I fear, an idiot."

"Oh, you don't mean it!" cried Mrs. Thorburn, really shocked for the moment.

"It is too true; and, what is more, I know the share you had in this mischief. The conversation was not so long but

that Barton could remember it word for word."

"And she tell her tale to Mr. Tawbon also, widout doubt," said the lady, resentfully.

"Not in detail. She merely said that your appearance and loud voice had alarmed the child, which so exasperated Mr. Thorburn that she wisely forbore to enter into more minute particulars with him, but confided them to me, that I might use them as I thought advisable."

"Will dat be to make mischief between me and my husband?" demanded Eugénie, sulkily.

"There is no need of that, as you will see when I have imparted his message. You say you want change of air, and he desires me to tell you that you have perfect liberty to seek it where you will, provided you take with you a suitable *chaperon*. He is so deeply pained by what has occurred to-day, that he cannot trust himself to communicate with you personally."

"I will not go!" said Eugénie, resolutely, after reflecting for a moment on the doctor's words. "I will not leave my home and my husband's love, and go like a stranger into de world. Here I will stay, and, if it please Heaven, here I will die!"

"I applaud your resolution," said Dr. Gilchrist, almost cordially; "though you need not be under any alarm about dying. Nothing whatever ails you, and your heart-disease is mere imagination. If you wish it, I will see Mr. Thorburn again this evening, and inform him of your intention."

"Tank you, tank you, I shall be much oblige," responded Eugénie, graciously. "You are a kind friend, tought you are a rough one."

CHAPTER XII.

TIME'S CHANGES—A DIVORCE WITHOUT THE DIVORCE COURT.

FOR days and weeks Mr. Thorburn scarcely left Felicia's room.

Strength then gradually returned to her young limbs, and the hue of health to her cheeks. But for a long period it was doubtful whether the light of intelligence would ever again be kindled in her eyes. It came at last, but only in fitful and capricious gleams, and even then the faculty of speech was still wanting.

At length she began to speak, but it

was in a strange, sweet foreign tongue, which Mr. Thorburn recognised as the Indian dialect in which she used sometimes to talk with her father.

And so the weeks grew into months, and the months into years, and, except in outward appearance, she was but little altered. As she grew older and stronger, and it was found that she was quite capable of taking care of herself, no restraint was put upon her movements, and she spent whole days in wandering about at her own free will. Control of any kind was irksome to her, and Dr. Gilchrist said that the only chance of her recovery lay in keeping from her all sources of irritation, and leaving the rest to nature. Sometimes she manifested great affection for her uncle; at others she treated him with indifference. When she saw her cousins Roderick and Mabel, she caressed them kindly, though shyly, but she never sought them nor seemed to desire to remain with them. From Mrs. Thorburn and her children she always fled in the wildest terror.

Years made no difference in Mr. Thorburn. Such as the circumstances attending his brother's death had left him, he continued; only becoming, if possible, more reserved and gloomy.

No mere visitor ever gained access to him, though he stopped and talked with any old acquaintance whom he chanced to meet in his rare excursions beyond the bounds of Thorsghyll. His tenants, or any poor villager, were the only persons who could always be sure of admittance—for he still continued to superintend the business of his large estate, though not, it may well be believed, in the ill-fated apartment which was formerly devoted to that purpose. The papers and strong-box had been removed, and the steward's room was locked up, and never entered by any one.

The little golden-haired Mabel was the one gleam of sunshine that enlivened her father's darkened life. Always merry, always happy, she often made him smile, in spite of himself; and the little lady soon became aware of the fact that her presence was cheering to him, and no prohibitions sufficed to keep her away if she suspected that he was more than usually sad.

With Felicia the case was quite different. He loved her perhaps as dearly as his own child, but her presence was a perpetual reproach to him; and to watch her soft dark eyes, that seemed ever

striving to tell him what it was that they had once looked upon, that had passed through to her brain, and blighted it, was the hardest penance he had to bear.

As for poor little Roderick, his father appeared to have conceived an actual antipathy for him. He seldom spoke to him, and when he did, it was in stern and unpaternal accents, and by the time the child was seven years old, he was sent to school.

And how fared it in the meantime with the gentle Eugénie? Her resolution not to leave Thorsghyll, and Felicia's partial recovery had somewhat softened her husband's first feelings of anger, though he still continued estranged from her. Then she reflected that it would be politic to be taken ill, in consequence of the dreadful event which had desolated the family, and as she really was very much horrified, and felt, besides, some stings of conscience for having goaded poor Felix on, as she knew she had, to the act of madness that had terminated his life, she had only to give way a little in order to be laid on a sick bed for several days.

Nature had, in fact, given her a heart, though the advantages of a French conventual education had obliterated nearly every trace of that superfluous organ, so very inconvenient to a woman of fashion.

When she recovered, and began to receive visits of condolence—which she was left to do alone, for her husband, as I have already said, shut himself up and refused to see any one—she expatiated largely upon the exquisite delicacy of her feelings, and the cruelty of Fate in endowing her with more susceptibility and *sympathie* than other people. To herself, however, and to her favourite maid, she grumbled very freely about the total “spoiling of the season.”

“Is it not shameful?” she would exclaim, “is it not disgusting dat time should be so trow away? Not one week in London dis spring! Not one time I go to de opera! Not one ball of de nobility, where I would be admire by everybody. All because Felix was here. Den, just as I had persuade Mr. Tawbon to take me to Paris, dis Felix come back, and, of course, dat was all put a stop to I want still to go, and take Felix wid us; it would amuse him to visit Paris, and give him someting to tink about, when he was out in his forest, wid his beautiful society of Indian. But, no; said Mr. Tawbon, Felix could not be separate from his child. And so *I* was sacrifice for dat nasty little black idiot! Oh! I feel de

compliment, and I will pay it back when I have opportunity! So I am oblige to stay here in dis stupid country to please Mr. Felix and his lovely lily of a daughter. And den it please Felix to kill himself! Oh! so selfish as some people are! Dey tink only of demself, and care not for what dey make oder suffer! So here am I, make ill for Mr. Felix; and den deprive of all de amusement I might have. Dere is dat charming peek-neek put off, and I dare say it wont be till next year, after all de trouble I had take to make all de arrangement. And dere is de Horticultural Fête next week, dat I would not have miss for de world!”

“Don't you think you might go to the fête, ma'am?” suggested Priscilla, who certainly had her share of discomfort in being obliged to listen to these jeremiads. “Mr. Felix has been dead more than a month now, and it isn't like a ball or a play.”

“No! Priscilla,” replied her mistress, with a solemnity of tone and manner that might have suited Lady Macbeth. “No, de *convenances* must be observe. It would be a grave *faute* against etiquette!”

Priscilla, knowing by experience that when her mistress made use of this expression she morally nailed her colours to the mast, and that she would sacrifice her life rather than give way on a point of such vital importance as a question of etiquette, said no more.

The Horticultural Fête passed off in an unusually dull and heavy manner, and with a very small attendance.

“Ah!” ejaculated Mrs. Thorburn, as she read the report in the county papers, “dey may well call me de life and soul of every company I enter! See how dey miss me at dat fête!”

Reading further however, she came to the following paragraph:—“It was proposed to omit the fête this year, in consequence of the dreadful domestic calamity that has so recently befallen one of its most respected and liberal patrons, and it was only at the particular request of that gentleman that it was held as usual. The very meagre attendance can be attributed to no other cause, as the weather was delightful, and the show of fruit and flowers surpassed that of any previous exhibition.”

“What a stupid English paper!” cried Mrs. Thorburn, throwing it from her, “I shall look at it no more.”

However, her own name caught her eye, and she took it up again and read

another paragraph:—"We are happy to be able to state that the lovely and accomplished Mrs. Thorburn, of Thorsghyll Chase, is rapidly recovering from the severe indisposition under which she has been suffering since the fatal accident which deprived her of a brother to whom she was devotedly attached."

This paragraph contained a lie on the face of it; but she did not again complain that the paper was too stupid to be read.

When her idol and oracle, *etiquette*, permitted her to go out, she requested her husband to accompany her.

"No, Eugénie," he replied, in his customary grave tone, "it is impossible. I will do whatever I can that will conduce to your happiness; but to go out into the frivolous circles of fashionable life—to be expected to smirk and simper to a smirking and simpering crowd, when at every moment a still, small voice within me is whispering, 'Cain! Cain! where is thy brother?' you can hardly be serious in asking me, Mrs. Thorburn."

"And how can I be happy, shut up here wid nobody to speak to?" replied she, *hearing* the "Mrs. Thorburn" at the conclusion of his sentence, but not *feeling* anything beyond a slight fear that she was losing her power over him. "You are always in your library, and like not to be disturb. I receive no visitor, I make no visit; and dis, you say, is to continue. I might as well be in a prison. You say you wish me to be happy; but I tell you it is impossible dat I can be happy in a prison. I was make for society, and it is cruel to deprive me of it because another person has make a mistake."

"I do not understand exactly whom you mean by *another person*, nor do I wish to be informed," said her husband, with a darkened brow, for he imagined she referred to Felix.

"Why, my dear, good, kind husband, who could I mean but you?" she exclaimed, divining the cause of his chagrin, and with admirable tact putting another construction on her words, for indeed she *had* meant Felix; "you are in grief. I know dat, and I sympatize wid you wid all my heart, and you know what a tender little heart dat is!" (Mr. Thorburn did not respond with a smile and a caress, as he used formerly to do to these little sallies; in fact, he did not appear even to hear it.) "But you are mistake to brood over your grief too much, and so make it

worse. I do not ask you to go at once into fashionable life, but see a few friend; go out a little—by degree—den your sorrow will go away, and you will be yourself again."

"It is useless to argue further on this subject, madam. My resolution is unalterable. I have been anticipating this discussion, however, and am prepared with a solution of the difficulty, which will, I think, satisfy us both. When I tell you I desire your happiness, I do not intend adding the condition that you must find that happiness in a prison; though," he added, glancing from the window over the beautiful expanse of garden and park, with the glorious valley beyond, melting into the blue distance of the hills, "there are some birds who would be content with such a cage."

"But one cannot spend one's life looking at a prospect. It is very pretty, but I like to have somebody to talk to about it. When I take stranger on de terrass, and show dem de view, den I am *delight* wid it! especially if dey be French, and I tell dem dey cannot find in France anything to surpass it."

"Whereupon, of course, they step backwards, so as to make a foreground of the balustrade, and yourself, leaning upon it, and acknowledge that, including the figure in the forepart of the picture, there *is* nothing in France to compare with it," said Mr. Thorburn, contemptuously.

"Oh! you naughty man!" she said, trying to hide her confusion by assuming a coquettish laugh. "Did you listen, dat you hear Monsieur de Liancourt say so to me?"

"Not I; I merely gave it as an instance of the kind of stuff those fops usually utter."

"Ah! you used to talk dat kind of stuff yourself," said his lady, with a sentimental sigh.

"Perhaps I did," he replied, with unmoved gravity; "but we are wandering from the question. I know that you require distraction and amusement, and you have my full sanction to seek them in any way you please. I am aware that this would be a dangerous experiment with most young and handsome women, but I have the utmost confidence in your regard for propriety, and your position in society."

What! Mr. Thorburn! not one word of her love for you! No. And, what is more, she did not notice the omission—did not *feel* it thrilling through her, as

many a simple, half-educated English woman would have done.

"But a married woman cannot go into society widout her husband!" she exclaimed, in accents of consternation; "it would be contrary to etiquette!"

"Then you must have a *chaperon*," he said; "there are many ladies, both widows and single, striving to keep up their former style on a reduced income, who would be delighted to undertake the office. And now, are you satisfied with my proposition?"

"It is de best dat could be make till you change your mind, as I tink you will do by and by. But suppose I wish to go to Paris—or London?"

"Go where you like, and when you like; you are entirely free in that respect, and will have no need to ask permission. Merely inform me of your intentions, and tell me what money you require. As for myself, except on urgent business, I shall never leave these walls again. This affair is settled, then."

"I am still quite convince it would be better for you to mix a little in society."

"I think otherwise."

Kissing her gravely on the forehead, he went his way. Did a sigh escape him to think how some women—mere ordinary women, I mean, made for domestic life, and not for society—women who thought much of the happiness of wedded hearts and very little of etiquette, would have thrown their arms round their husband's neck (vulgar, low-bred creatures!) at the proposal of this virtual divorce, and begged to share his sorrow as they had shared his joy!

It is not easy to know exactly what Mr. Thorburn thought as he retreated to his library, but he was sadder than before; and he certainly did find himself reflecting that he should never have proposed such an arrangement to his Mabel.

Mrs. Thorburn, in the meanwhile, sat thinking on what had passed, not very well pleased at this evident falling off in her husband's allegiance. At length resolving to make the best of what seemed inevitable, she wrote several letters to friends in London and elsewhere, desiring them to find her a *chaperon*.

"Dat must be de first step," she said, as she sealed her letters; "de *convenances* of society must be study before every ting."

The arrangement which Mr. Thorburn had proposed, and Eugénie accepted, though ostensibly it only related to pay-

ing and receiving visits, was in fact the preliminary of as complete a separation as could well be established without the aid of the Divorce Court.

Mr. Thorburn's hours were early; Mrs. Thorburn's soon became habitually late. She complained that he opened the shutters which she had closed to shut out the daylight; and he—without a counter grumble at the bright glare of wax-candles that had startled him from the first sleep he had fallen into after a long and restless night—not unwillingly removed his quarters to the room that had been occupied by his first wife. She had chosen it because it looked out upon a pretty garden that she was fond of; and since the death of Felix, everything connected with her had become doubly endeared to him.

The next step was that Mrs. Thorburn had a dinner party, and Mr. Thorburn dined alone. Then she had some visitors staying in the house, and he retreated from the dining-room altogether.

And thus it happened that in about three months after the "arrangement" above mentioned, there was presiding in the drawing-room a magnificent widow, in all but the weeds; while in the library sat a gloomy anchorite, reading in solitude.

CHAPTER XIII.

RODERICK IS INTRODUCED TO SOME NEW FRIENDS.

It was just thirteen years from the period at which this story commences, and nine from the return of the ill-fated Felix to the home of his fathers.

The Christmas holidays were ended, and boys and boxes, after being scattered far and wide over the face of the country, were concentrating again in the various schools.

Along a broad high-road about twenty miles from Thorsghyll, a stage-coach, with its four steaming horses, was approaching a railway-station, where it was to take up passengers. There was at present only one "outside," a handsome lad of about fifteen, whose wavy black hair, slightly olive skin, and rich violet eyes seemed to give evidence of belonging to a race somewhat nearer to the sun than that of our cold climate, while his frank, open countenance, free, bold glance, and pleasant smile were all unmistakably English.

"Now, sir," said the coachman, turning to this young gentleman, as they

neared the station, "if you have never seen a railway train, look out! for she's a-coming."

At the same moment, with a roar and a rush, the train burst into view and dashed up to the station. For a few minutes there was a confusion of noises, banging of carriage-doors, shouts of guards and porters, and loud calls, more or less imperious, in several younger and shriller voices. Then the bangings ceased—there was a whistle, a shriek, and the train departed. A dozen boys, whose ages varied from eight to eighteen, immediately surrounded the coach.

"Good morning, young gentlemen!" said the coachman; "nice morning for your journey. I thought I should be full to-day. Good morning, Mr. Barrington."

This last salutation was accompanied by a respectful touch of the hat, and was addressed to a youth of about seventeen, who had lounged out after the *mob*, as though he considered himself somebody very superior to the rest.

He returned the greeting with a condescending nod, and walked leisurely round to the near side of the coach. But amongst the foremost had come a lad who was, perhaps, a year his junior, and who, slipping half-a-crown into the hand of one of the porters, with the talismanic words, "Pitch up my traps," had adroitly swung himself into the box-seat, and was making himself comfortable by wrapping a fur-lined rug round his legs, the upper part of his person being already incased in a coat that looked as if it might have formed part of the equipment of an Arctic explorer.

"Hallo! Brookes!" drawled Mr. Barrington, raising his eyeglass to survey the youth who, according to the proverb, had nine points of the law in his favour, "Why did you not keep the box-seat for me?"

"Hallo! Snookes!" said the possessor of the coveted seat, mimicking the other's affected drawl, and making an impromptu eyeglass of his thumb and forefinger, through which he returned his stare with interest, "Why didn't you send down an express yesterday to secure it?"

This repartee was received with a roar of laughter by the other boys, who had already swarmed up into their places as though their very lives depended on starting off immediately.

"Why, sir," said the coachman, grinning in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, "this young gent was up before

I was aweer: besides which, I was *not* aweer as you were a-coming as to-day, Mr. Barrington, till I seen you, sir."

"Well—but—you—know," drawled Mr. Barrington again, turning red with displeasure at being laughed at, as well as losing his favourite place, "I always have the box-seat; can't you turn the fellah out?"

"Why no, sir," replied Brookes, decidedly; "unless a place is taken beforehand, sir, the rule is always 'first come, first served;' so you'll have to put up with another place to-day, Mr. Barrington, unless this young gent is willing to oblige you."

"Not I," replied the *young gent*. "If he had asked me like a gentleman, I would not have refused; but he has shown himself to be a snob, and if I *do* get down off this seat, it will only be to punch his stupid head, and get up again."

"Now, sir, if you please," cried the guard to the disconcerted young fop, "will you have the kindness to take your place, if you're going on, or we must start without you."

"My place is taken already, it seems," muttered Barrington, sulkily; "but if ever I have the chance I'll——" The rest was lost in his fur collar, as he reluctantly began to climb into the place behind the box, where an end seat was still vacant.

There was one boy in the party who seemed hardly more than eight years old. He was very small, very pale, and very thin. He was also in mourning, and had evidently been crying. The guard, compassionating his helplessness, for he was quite alone, had put him carefully in the centre, where he would be warmest, and secure from all danger of falling off. When Barrington got up on the coach, he roughly pulled this little fellow out of his place, saying—

"Come, youngster, I want that seat; go out there."

The child looked frightened at the protecting perch, where his little legs would have to swing in the cutting frosty wind, without anything between him and the ground. But before coachman, guard, or the independent youth on the box had time to interfere in his behalf, the lad with the violet eyes had reseated the little boy by his side, and proclaimed himself his champion.

"For shame!" he exclaimed; "the little fellow shall not be turned out of his

seat. The guard put him here as the safest and warmest place, and here he shall stay. Why, he could not stick on there five minutes, besides perishing with the cold."

"A nice pleasant set of new-comers we seem to have got!" grumbled Barrington, scrambling into the end place, and making himself as comfortable as he could with the help of the impatient guard.

"Are you one of Dr. Mather's boys?" inquired the youth on the box, in a frank, cordial way, that quite ignored the little discussion about the seat.

But Mr. Barrington looked superciliously along the frost-hardened road, and did not condescend to hear the question.

"Mr. Barrington is one of Dr. Mather's *young gentlemen*, sir," said the coachman, in a tone of respect, but giving his neighbour a nudge with his elbow at the same time; at least, so it seemed to the violet-eyed youth at the back, though it might only have been an accidental movement while gathering up the reins previous to starting.

Off they set at last; and the occupant of the box seat, after a few remarks upon the horses, which won him the respect and admiration of the coachman, turned himself round, so as to get a good view of the row of youngsters behind him, and examined them one after the other, with as much cool self-possession as though they had been so many colts, or samples of inanimate commodities, on which he was about to give an opinion.

While doing this, he noticed that out of the six, one boy blushed and looked confused under his scrutiny; he was a new comer, and did not know but what this unceremonious inspector was one of the "old boys," who would *larrop* him on suspicion, if he detected any sauciness in his looks. Two others glanced furtively towards the lordly Barrington, as though to take their cue from him; but he still found something worthy of contemplation in the barren fields and frosty road, and they could not catch his eye. The little delicate boy met his inspection nervously at first, and then, as if his timidity arose from physical debility rather than cowardice, he made an effort, and looked him full in the face. The gaze that he encountered, though serious and contemplative, was so full of kindness, that it went to his heart, and his little face beamed all over with a radiance that made it almost beautiful.

The answering smile came over the face of the elder boy like the brightening up of a hill at sunrise; and at that moment his eyes, encountering the violet ones of the little boy's protector, they also lighted up in sympathy with the other two. The elders surveyed each other for a short time, and, without having exchanged a word, they entered into a compact of friendship.

"Where do you come from, shaver?" demanded the box passenger of the little boy, with a sort of rough kindness.

"From Benares," he replied.

"That's a long way for such a little chap to travel! How did you come?"

"Papa and mamma both died there," he answered, swallowing strenuously to keep back his tears, "and then I was brought to England."

"Poor little fellow!" exclaimed both the elder boys simultaneously, while the one beside him passed his arm round his shoulders, and drew him closer to his side.

"And what friends have you now?" continued his interrogator. "Who do you live with, I mean?—Where is your home?"

"I haven't got any home!—I haven't got any friends!" cried the child, in a tone of despair, that was terrible from one so young and sickly.

"And yet you are not a little vulgar boy," said the other, with grim jocoseness; "you don't understand what I mean, but I'll read you a funny story one of these days that will make you laugh, and then you'll know all about the little vulgar boy. But have you no uncles or aunts, or anything of that sort?"

"Not any relation at all, that I know of."

The tears again struggled to make their appearance, so the inquisitive boy opened his batteries upon the other.

"I believe Snookes remarked that you were a new boy too," he said; "what's your name?"

"Roderick Thorburn."

"Thorburn—Thorburn. Was your governor a sporting man, some years ago?"

"No, never."

"Yet there was a Thorburn—By-the-bye, what is your governor?"

"A gentleman of independent fortune—John Roderick Thorburn, of Thorsghyll Chase."

"And you are Roderick, without the John? Well, I think I would rather

have had the John too, for every-day wear. Roderick! why, if I had such a name as that I should feel myself bound to go in for chivalry and all that sort of thing; I should think that people expected me to be always performing some exalted deeds, far above the scope of ordinary Toms and Jacks. How do you feel under it?"

"Very well, thank you," replied Roderick, laughing; "having borne it all my life, you see, I have grown so accustomed to the burthen that I never suspected it to be one, till you were kind enough to point it out."

"You are a good fellow," said the other, approvingly; "I like a fellow that can take a joke about his name. But that other Thorburn that I was speaking of must have belonged to your family, for I have heard the name of Thorsghyll Chase in connexion with him."

"Probably you mean my uncle Felix."

"That's the man!—that's the name! Magnificent horses he used to keep!"

"What can you know of them?" asked Roderick, incredulously; "it is nearly eight years since he died, and he had been abroad ten years before that."

"I know that; but before he went he sold his stud, and my father bought the greater part of it. I was not born then, but my governor had some of them for years, and I remember them well; I've had a liking for the name of Thorburn ever since."

"I hope your present acquaintance with the name wont prove less agreeable than the former."

"I don't think it will. Now, don't you want to know my name? It's Tom Slingsby. Nothing very aristocratic, you see. What's your name, young 'un?"

"Vincent Dudley," answered the child, in a faint voice.

"What ails you? Look at him, Thorburn—is he ill?"

"He is falling asleep, I think," replied Roderick.

"Oh, come! that wont do!" exclaimed Tom Slingsby. "Pull up a moment, will you, coachman, and I'll have him over here, and rouse him up a bit. His poor, thin Indian blood can't stand this cold; and if he falls asleep it wont be so easy to wake him."

The coach was stopped, and the good-natured Tom Slingsby, after divesting his own legs of their warm wrapper, lifted the half-inanimate boy over the back of the seat with an ease that struck Ro-

derick, himself a powerful lad, with perfect astonishment. Then he carefully enveloped the little chilled being in the furry covering, and administered to him some of the contents of a small flask that he took from his pocket.

"Drink it up," he said, "it is good wine and wont hurt you. Now sit here between Mr. Brookes and me, and if you feel inclined to go to sleep again, tell me, and I'll thrash you."

From that time till they came to the end of their journey he talked but little with Roderick, his whole attention being taken up with Vincent, whom he kept in a state of pleasurable excitement by a continuous flow of amusing stories.

This instance of his unselfish disposition, however, did more to raise him in Roderick's estimation than days of ordinary intercourse; for when they alighted at Dr. Mather's gate, Tom's legs were so benumbed by the intense cold that he could scarcely stand, and yet he had not uttered a single complaint.

"Never mind," he said, gaily, as he stamped about with the help of Roderick's arm to restore the circulation, "I shall be all right in a few minutes, and it's a satisfaction, isn't it," he added in a whisper, so that Vincent should not hear it, "not to have brought a dead body with us? It would have been decidedly unpleasant, to say the least of it."

CHAPTER XIV.

TOM RELATES HIS FAMILY HISTORY.

DR. MATHER'S school bore a deservedly high character. The instruction was first-rate; the arrangements admirable; and, above all, the boys were treated as gentlemen, and encouraged to consider themselves such.

There were a few who, like Sidney Barrington, passed current as genuine gentlemen by dint of a strict observance of the conventional rules of etiquette, though at bottom they might be no more gentlemen than he was; and Tom's clear common-sense was not at fault when he pronounced him to be an unmitigated snob.

There were others who, like Tom and Roderick, assumed to be nothing more than what they were—boys, mirth-loving, noisy, rattle-pated boys—and, without aping fashionable manners or affected drawling intonations, were thorough gentlemen at heart.

Mr. Barrington had long been the

king of the school. Some called him the tyrant; but there was no one strong enough, or courageous enough, to set his authority at defiance, till Tom Slingsby made his appearance. Then the little community divided into two parties, one headed by the autocrat Barrington, the other by the republican Slingsby.

One day, about two months after the school had re-opened, all the boys started off for a ramble. Tom having given Roderick an intimation that he wished to have a private conversation with him, the two friends loitered behind the rest, and, as soon as an opportunity offered, turned off into a by-path.

"Now," said Roderick, whose curiosity was a little excited, "what can you want to say to me, Tom?"

"It's just this," said Tom, more seriously than Roderick had ever before heard him speak; "last Thursday, when Roberts was talking contemptuously of people in trade, you appeared to agree with him."

"I know I did; and I reflected afterwards how wrong and foolish it was to nourish such prejudices. The fact is, I had never before thought upon the subject, and when I agreed in what Roberts said, it was merely from old notions that had been put into my head by somebody, and had established themselves there without my leave."

"Has any one told you that my father was in trade?" demanded Tom, abruptly, turning his frank grey eyes full into Roderick's.

"Upon my honour, no one has hinted at such a thing."

"Then I tell you now that he was; and if you entertain such sentiments on the subject as Roberts expressed the other day, I scorn to keep your friendship under a false title, and here I say there is an end of it."

"And very richly should I deserve to be cast off by you if I proved myself such a snob," said Roderick, holding out his hand, which the other grasped warmly. "No, Tom! I love, respect, esteem, and admire you for your good qualities; and if your father had been a hangman—no, stop, that is going too far. And yet if he *had* been, I must still have liked you as much, only I should have wished devoutly he had been something else."

Tom's laugh roused all the echoes in the neighbourhood.

"We must not waste time in nonsense," he said. "I wish to tell you the whole

of the story, and something else besides, and we may be interrupted at any moment. My governor, you must know, was in the first place a butcher—I don't mean a journeyman butcher or a slaughterman, you understand; but his father having carried on the business all his life, *my* father went into it as a matter of course, and bought his beasts at Smithfield, and kept his accounts like any other tradesman. Amongst the rest he served a lady's school, and the big girls always tried to pass through the hall or peep through the windows when they knew he was there, to get a sight of the handsome butcher, as they called him—and he is indeed one of the finest-looking men you ever saw. Well, it happened one day, just before the Christmas holidays, that the girls of this school were out walking, when one of them slipped over a piece of orange-peel, and dislocated her ankle. My father was passing at the time, and he took her up and carried her home—to *her* home I mean, or rather to her school, though he has often told me that the first impulse he had when he had raised the little wee thing in his arms (for she was but a child, between fourteen and fifteen) was to rush right away to his own home, and lock her up. Now you must not imagine him in a greasy blue coat and apron, with no hat on his head, for he always dressed and looked like what he was—a gentleman. The teacher, who was out with the girls, was very much obliged to him for his kind attention, and said she did not know what she should have done without his help, as there was no vehicle to be had, and a lot of gossip of that sort, which she kept up the whole way, walking by his side and supporting the little injured foot upon her muff, as my father had directed her. The distance was not great—only a few hundred yards—but that was all the courting my father and mother ever had before their marriage. His arms tightened round her—it was no use trying to help it, they *would* do it. And she looked up so pleadingly in his face, as if asking for sympathy in her agony, and he looked down into her pretty eyes, with the tears starting in his own; and he felt her heart palpitating against his breast until his own pulses throbbed so wildly that he could feel nothing else. Then she said she feared she fatigued him; to which he replied by a tender pressure, and a whispered wish that he could bear the pain for her. Whereupon the teacher asked what she said; and my father, though on other

occasions a very truthful man, was so given up to the temptations of the enemy as to reply that she wished to go a little slower, as the shaking hurt her ankle. She—the child—looked astonished, but smiled in his face so sweetly that he was near forgetting prudence and everything else, and kissing her there and then. However, he restrained himself, and only gave her another hug, and groaned because he did not dare to kiss her. He always says that she understood quite well what was passing in his mind; for when he had carried her upstairs and laid her on her bed, she contrived, having first pulled off her glove, to put her hand to his mouth, and not the back of it either, but the little, soft, warm palm. Fortunately nobody saw the wicked deed. My father says he never was drunk but once in his life, and that was when he reeled out of that house unconscious of anything in or out of the world but the sensation of that little hand upon his lips. All went on quietly for a week. The school broke up, but Miss Ponsonby was obliged to remain on account of her ankle, concerning the progress of which my father made daily inquiries. Then he bribed one of the servants to take a letter to her, and to bring back her answer. No more letters passed; but one night, when all was quiet, that same housemaid admitted him into the house, and he came out again, bearing the self-same little burthen that he had carried in a week before. Relays of post-horses had been bespoken all along the road, and before she was missed in the morning, she was far on her way to Gretna Green. There was a grand fuss in the papers, and not till then did my father know that he had run away with the daughter of a baronet."

"According to your idea about names, Tom, he ought to have been called Roderick, for that was quite a knight-errant's adventure."

"Unfortunately for my theory, his name is Thomas. I dare say you would expect that such a hasty and ill-assorted marriage must be productive of nothing but misery; but no two creatures could love each other more, or be happier together, till—but I must leave that for its proper place in my family history. Of course he did not take his little delicately-nurtured wife to his place of business; though, apart from the shop, it was a very good house; but he took a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, where she had every luxury that she had ever been ac-

customed to. Of course that could not be done for nothing, and though he wished much to give up business, he had not realized sufficient to allow him to do so prudently. Besides, he disliked the business he was in; and so, as if it was not bad enough to be the son of a butcher, what should he do but go and make me the son of a publican as well, and that before I was born!"

"That was certainly very disrespectful treatment," laughed Roderick, "and I think he ought to have waited to consult your lordship. In the meanwhile, though, he doubtless consulted your mother. I wonder how she liked it. In fact, I don't see that the change was any improvement."

"*She!*" repeated Tom, with good-natured derision; "I doubt whether she ever knew anything about it, and I'm sure he would never ask her opinion in such a matter. In fact, I don't think she ever heard the words shop or trade mentioned. All that she knew was that he went every day into town for a certain number of hours, and came back more fond of her than ever. When he changed his business, he did it on his own judgment; for what practical advice could such a mere child have given him? His reason for the alteration was that he desired to retire from trade altogether as soon as possible, and an enterprising publican can make money like fun, which he did. Soon afterwards I made my appearance on the stage of life, my mother being then at the advanced age of fifteen years and six months—my father was about six-and-twenty. He went on making money, for he naturally expected more children; however, none came, and I must inevitably have been quite spoiled if it had not been for my father's good sense. From the very first he taught me to understand that I owed everything to trade, and he taught me also never to be ashamed of it, nor of anything but meanness and falsehood. So when the boys in the streets or at school called out 'butcher!' or 'pots!' as the young vagabonds were sure to do, hoping to annoy me, I only laughed, and called out 'butcher' and 'pots' as loud as any of them. Of course they left off directly, for there was no fun in trying to tease a fellow that would not be riled. That's the plan I have always followed, till I came here; and in this instance I was overruled by my mother. You must know, between ourselves, that this is the first

time I have been at school as a boarder, but I have kept that to myself, lest any of the fellows should try to take advantage of me in consequence. When I was coming here, a long way from home, where no one was likely to know of my humble origin, and where all the other boys would probably be young scions of aristocracy, the poor little dear begged of me to put my republican, plebeian notions into my pocket, and not to boast, as I sometimes did, that my father was a tradesman. So I promised her to do as she wished, unless my honour demanded the contrary. I am sorry now that I gave that promise, for if I had announced the truth at first there would have been a little hubbub no doubt, but by this time I should have had quite as strong a party as I now have against that fool Barrington; because, you see, both boys and men always like a fellow that tells the truth boldly, even though it may seem to tell against himself. Whereas, as matters now stand, when it oozes out through other channels, I shall have the appearance of having sailed under false colours."

"I don't see that," replied Roderick; "all the boys in a school are equal if they behave like gentlemen; and as no one is bound to recount his pedigree, so no one can be blamed for keeping it to himself."

"That would do very well if they were all as reasonable as you are, Roderick. But you must not judge them by yourself. You will see there'll be a nice opportunity for studying character when this gets known. It will cause me some little annoyance, I know; but I'll take my own way of settling it." And he chuckled complacently.

"You may reckon on one friend at least, to stand by you through thick and thin in such a quarrel," exclaimed Roderick, with enthusiasm.

"I'll remind you of that promise when the time comes, as come it will, though not just yet perhaps."

"Who is it that you suspect of knowing so much about you? I have not heard a hint of it."

"I must tell you the rest of my family history before you'll understand it fully, and there's no time for that now. But you know that old fox—Whew!" and he broke off suddenly, and added in a whisper, "talk of the old gentleman, et cetera. Not a word more! I'm after an owl's nest."

And he darted up an aged oak-tree with the activity of a squirrel. Roderick

very naturally looked round to see the cause of this sudden change in his friend's demeanour.

On the other side of the hedge, advancing very slowly, and deeply absorbed in his book, was the master who instructed the higher classes in Greek, Latin, and mathematics. He was a man of exceedingly gentle and amiable manners, with a soft, well-modulated, persuasive voice, and an unwearying patience in the performance of his arduous duties. He had on many occasions shown great kindness to Roderick, and even a kind of preference that was very flattering to a schoolboy from his teacher; making him his companion in their walks, and on those occasions talking to him as though he considered him to be intellectually his equal. Roderick fully appreciated all these marks of friendship, and had felt angry with himself sometimes because he could not return for them a warmer sentiment of gratitude. There was one peculiarity about the tutor which prevented this. His step was so soft and stealthy that the lad frequently found him by his side, or close behind his back, when he had no idea that any one was near him. Roderick's nature was particularly open and manly, and there was something in this cat-like movement which roused up every nerve in his body to active rebellion.

When, suddenly looking up from his lesson or his book, or even—out of school-hours—from a letter of his dear sister Mabel's, he found Mr. Dodsley standing at his elbow, he generally had a strong inclination to "punch his head."

Hitherto, however, he had succeeded in quelling this pugnacious impulse; and when not under its influence, he considered the teacher as a kind, gentle, friendly, and honourable man, as his uniform kindness and mild, inoffensive character seemed to warrant; and if any of the boys spoke disrespectfully of him, he espoused his cause all the more warmly to compensate for his own involuntary injustice during his fits of irritation. He had never heard his friend Tom express any opinion about him, and now the epithet of "old fox," and the reference to another *party* of questionable character, both applied clearly to this harmless Mr. Dodsley, who was walking along so quietly, with his eyes fixed upon the volume in his hand, and apparently unaware of their proximity, made him quite indignant.

He was about to call out, "It's only Mr. Dodsley, Tom!" when his eyes being fixed upon that gentleman's face, he detected a glance so rapid as to be almost imperceptible, and unaccompanied by the slightest movement of feature or attitude, which convinced him that the tutor's air of abstraction was assumed, and that he was, in fact, playing the spy upon their movements and conversation.

It was well for Mr. Dodsley, perhaps, that a hedge intervened between him and his favourite pupil, for the pugnacious instinct was so strongly aroused in Roderick's breast at this moment, that every nerve and muscle of his vigorous right arm tingled and itched to plant a good knock-down blow upon his tutor's unoffending Roman nose. Taking the cue from Tom Slingsby, for this long account of who and what Mr. Dodsley was, did not, of course, intervene in fact, as it does in my narration, he called out to know if he had found the nest.

"Yes! it's here," was the reply; "and the two old fogies snoozing away like a couple of lazy old monks. We'll have some of the young ones in the summer."

"What is that, young gentlemen?" asked the tutor, as if he had only just observed them; "what have you found?"

"An owl's nest, sir," replied Tom.

"And I saw traces of a fox just now," observed Roderick, winking at Tom, who at that moment alighted from the tree.

"Ah!" responded Mr. Dodsley; "yes, these woods are full of game, I believe."

The two boys burst into laughter.

"Why, sir," cried Roderick, "you don't call owls game, do you?"

"I don't know really whether they are game or not, in sportsman's language," replied the tutor, joining good humouredly in the laugh; "but I can see that you are making game of me. Now, can you jump this hedge? It will be our shortest way back, and we must not play truant."

The active lads sprang lightly over the impediment, and walked home in company with their tutor, who conversed the whole way so pleasantly, and placed them, by some magic of the tongue, on such good terms with themselves and with him, that Roderick heartily repented his momentary suspicion and consequent ill-feeling; and Tom—but I don't feel myself at liberty to state what Tom's thoughts or feelings might have been.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. THORBURN PAYS A VISIT TO DR. MATHER'S ACADEMY.

ABOUT a week subsequent to the conversation related in the last chapter, Roderick was much surprised by a visit from his father.

As the distance from Thorsghyll was not above fifty miles, it would not in any other case have appeared singular that a father should drive over to see his son; but that Mr. Thorburn should go out of his way for the purpose of seeing Roderick, was indeed remarkable. The apathetic indifference with which he had treated him when a baby, instead of giving place to more natural feelings as the noble boy approached maturity, only seemed to increase with years, until the very sight of his tall, graceful figure, or the sound of his clear voice and loud ringing laugh, brought an additional cloud on Mr. Thorburn's already gloomy brow.

Roderick's affections were warm and his feelings were acute, and he therefore could not remain insensible to the great difference in his father's behaviour towards himself and all his other children. He was wholly unconscious of any lack of duty or filial affection which might have given rise to this estrangement, and at times the sense of unmerited injustice roused a resentful and rebellious tempest in his heart. But this never lasted long, for his love for his father was deep and tender, and the abiding sentiment of his young heart on this point was sorrow, and an humble self-consciousness that he must be unworthy of that place in his parent's heart which he longed so earnestly yet so vainly to attain.

His wonder may, therefore, be imagined when that stern and unsympathising father paid him a visit at his school.

Mr. Thorburn did not spend much time in Roderick's society; he took up his quarters at the village inn, notwithstanding Dr. Mather's urgent proffers of hospitality; and for several days, during which his visit continued, his sole object seemed to be an intimate study of the dispositions and characters of all the teachers, beginning with Dr. Mather himself.

That honest, straightforward, thoroughly English gentleman required but a brief study to be completely understood; and, consequently, after devoting one evening to his society, the visitor turned his at-

tention to the teachers, until he finally appeared to select Mr. Dodsley for an extra amount of scrutiny.

"It is very singular that my father should come here, and stay so long," observed Roderick, musingly, as he and his friend Tom strolled about, apart from the rest.

"What is there singular in it?" responded Tom. "If *my* daddy were living only fifty miles off, he would be here every week."

"But my father is not like yours," said Roderick, sadly; "or perhaps it may be that I am not like you. There must be a difference somewhere, and as he is the kindest father in the world to Mabel and the others, and is quite like a loving father, too, to my cousin Felicia, I can only conclude that the fault must be in myself."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Tom, in accents of amazement. "Is it possible that Mr. Thorburn treats you unkindly?"

"Not exactly unkindly," replied the poor boy, "but not kindly—not as he does the others. In fact, though he never speaks angrily to me, and never does anything that I could even call severe, yet I feel convinced that he actually dislikes me. It is very hard to bear, Tom, and if I were a girl I should cry till my heart broke; but a boy can't do that sort of thing, you know."

"And how does your sister take it?" asked Tom; "does she not try to influence her father's conduct?"

"I don't think she has ever remarked it. At all events she has never said anything to me about it. He is never savage, you understand; never kicks up a row, nor does anything ungentleman-like. He gives me plenty of pocket-money, and I have the pick of the stable and all that sort of thing; but I'd give it all, Tom, for one such letter as you get from your father."

Roderick's voice, which had been very unsteady during the whole of this conversation, here fairly broke down, and the two lads walked on in silence for some minutes. The strong and tender-hearted Tom was even more affected than his friend. He quietly wiped his eyes, and passed his arm caressingly through Roderick's, but did not trust his voice to speak.

"Now tell me what you were going to say that day in the wood, Tom, when you saw old Dodsley coming, and cut up

the tree after the owl's nest," said Roderick, recovering his self-possession by a strong effort. "What has made you take such a dislike to him?"

"I'll tell you all about it," replied Tom, glad to change the conversation. "My parents were as happy as it is possible for any two human creatures to be till about two years ago, when some officious friend took my poor little mother to a Methodist chapel. Since that time she has been in a state of despondency closely bordering on melancholy madness. She fancies herself in a state of deadly sin, and what grieves her still more is that my father and I are both on the high road to perdition. You can't suppose that we feel very amiably disposed towards the folks who have turned her brain with their impious ravings; and I am sorry to say that one day I so far forgot what is right and proper as to lay my horsewhip across the shoulders of one of the saints whom I met sneaking out of our house. He said but little, but the look he gave me seemed to promise me something for myself one of these days. I don't know his name, for I never asked it; but I am much mistaken if it is not Dodsley."

"You don't mean to say he is *our* Dodsley?"

"No—but his brother," replied Tom; "he was just such another long-backed, lank-haired, lantern-jawed, ill-looking varmint. He *must* be his brother, there's no other way of accounting for the likeness, and I think I can also guess why he came here."

"Do you think it was to work out his brother's vengeance upon you?"

"Indeed I do. No one in the school knows of my low birth except Dr. Mather, you, and Dodsley. Dr. Mather has given his word not to divulge it, and I need not say that I know you to be true as steel. Therefore, should the secret get abroad, we shall know that Dodsley alone can have divulged it, and from no motive but that of revenge. Look through the railings, Roderick. There he is, walking about in the front garden with Mr. Thorburn."

"I wonder what my father can find in him to induce him to spend so much time in his company," said Roderick.

"Dodsley's trying to convert him, perhaps, and so makes himself agreeable to begin with," suggested Tom. "Has he never wanted to convert you?"

"He has often talked on religious subjects, but I never detected any direct

attempt at conversion further than what all those people do, when they want to arouse your fears about the state of your soul."

"He succeeded in frightening you a little, didn't he?" asked Tom, dryly. "You looked uncommonly grumpy for a few days."

"He did not exactly frighten me; but he threw my mind into a state of doubt that was not at all pleasant. And once—I don't well know how it happened, 'Tom," continued Roderick, blushing deeply, "and I feel quite ashamed to own, even to you, what a fool I was—but once, after he had been talking to me in that friendly, solicitous way that he has, when he seems to be thinking so much more of you than of himself——"

"I know what you mean," interposed Tom, with a cynical twist of his handsome mouth.

"Well, he made me tell him a great many things concerning my family, which I should have been much wiser to have kept to myself. That can't be helped now; but, thanks to you, my eyes are opened to his true character, and for the future I've done with him."

"Don't flatter yourself that he has done with *you*," said Tom, laughing. "I'm very sure that he does not like to see us so friendly, and he will try to make a diversion by whispering among the boys that I am the son of a butcher, or a publican, or both, and so get me driven out of the school. There's another little item he may add, too," he continued, in a gleeful tone; "he may tell them I am the son of a prize-fighter, for my dear governor has always been a devoted admirer of the ring, and even won the belt once; and if old Dodsley don't tell them that,—*I shall*."

"You will tell them?" repeated Roderick, rather astonished.

"Yes, and accompany the information with practical illustrations. Now for the cricket! It may be the last friendly game I shall have with them for some time. I don't think the week will pass over without my ears being saluted with the old cry of "Butcher," and then I shall have to tackle the whole school single-handed. It is not an agreeable idea, for there are many among them that I like."

"Don't say the *whole* school, Tom, nor single-handed. Remember what I once promised, and whatever happens,

'Thou shalt not want one faithful friend,
To share the cruel fate's decree.'

Besides, I think there are some of the fellows who will stand by you like Britons. Indeed, I should not wonder if it came to a general fight."

"No, no," said Tom; "we must have no general fight, with black eyes and broken heads to tell tales. I'll manage it all, and I rather think I shall astonish their weak minds."

Their conference was here interrupted by Mr. Dodsley, who came to inform Roderick that his father desired to bid him farewell before his departure.

Whatever the subject of Mr. Thorburn's conversation with the tutor might have been, it seemed to have left the latter in a state of considerable mental uncertainty. He was absent-minded, and constantly communing with himself. In one respect alone did he appear decisive and persevering, and that was in his endeavours to ingratiate himself with Roderick.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHT-MARE.

THE Night-mare may be considered a sympathetic affection of the brain during our sleep, generally arising from a derangement in the digestive functions. We therefore observe it after a heavy supper, or the use of any article of food of difficult digestion. It is to these circumstances more than to the "unusual loss of volition," which some physiologists consider as its cause, that we are to attribute this unpleasant perturbation of our repose, which impresses the sleeper with the idea of some living being pressing upon the chest, inspiring terror, impeding respiration, and subduing all voluntary action that might endeavour to remove the unwelcome visitor. It has been observed that persons of a melancholy and contemplative disposition are more subject to it than the gay and the vivacious. Sedentary employment and anxiety of mind often bring it on; and it has been noticed in *nostalgia*, or regret of home, in soldiers and sailors. The sense of apprehension remains after the sufferer is awakened, and the fluttering of the heart and quick pulse are observed for some time after, while drops of cold perspiration frequently trickle down his brow. When the night-mare is the result of too much repletion, it is possible that its symptoms denote a pressure of the loaded stomach on the solar plexus.

It is said that the *night-mare* derives its name from *Mara*, an evil spirit of the Scandinavians, which, according to the Runic theology, seized men in their sleep, and deprived them of the powers of volition. Our old Anglo-Saxon name for the disease was *Elf-Sidenne*, or elf-squatting; hence the popular term "hag-ridden."

There is a variety of the malady which makes its attack by day, and when waking: it has been called the day-mare, or *ephaltes vigilantium*. This affection, although uncommon, has been noticed by Forestus, Rhodius, Sauvages, and Good. Forestus has known it to return periodically like an intermittent fever.

It is not always that the patient experiences unpleasant sensations in these nocturnal attacks, which were not unfrequently of a curious nature. The ancients thought that these intruders were sometimes sportive Fauns; hence Pliny calls the affection *ludibria Fauni*. At a sub-

sequent period, superstition replaced the Fauns by *Incubi*, or evil spirits, who visited the earth to destroy virtuous women; and it was once gravely discussed by the Sorbonne, whether the offspring of such an union should be considered human, or the fair lady's reputation injured by the involuntary act of giving a young incubus to the world.

Ephialtes has been known to be epidemic, and has attacked numbers at a time. Cælius Aurelianus informs us that Silimachus, a disciple of Hippocrates, observed the phenomenon in Rome, when the disease generally proved fatal. It is more than probable that in these cases the night-mare was merely symptomatic of other complaints. A French physician, Dr. Laurent, however, has related a very curious instance of a species of night-mare attacking an entire regiment; he thus relates the singular occurrence:

"The first battalion of the regiment Latour d'Auvergne, of which I was the surgeon, was garrisoned at Palmi, in Calabria, when we received a sudden order at midnight to march with all possible speed to Tropea; a flotilla of the enemy having appeared off the coast. It was in the month of June; we had a march of forty miles of the country, and only arrived at our destination at seven o'clock the following evening, having scarcely halted during those thirty-one hours, and suffered considerably from the heat of the sun. On our arrival the men found their rations cooked and their quarters prepared; but, having arrived the last, our regiment had the worst accommodation, and eight hundred men were pent up in a building scarcely capacious enough for half the number. The soldiers were in consequence much crowded, and slept upon the straw without any bedding, and most uncomfortably. The building was an abandoned monastery; and the inhabitants warned us that we should not be able to occupy it quietly, as it was haunted every night. We laughed at their superstitious fears, but were much amazed when, towards midnight, we heard loud cries, and the soldiers rushed tumultuously, and in evident terror, out of their rooms. Being interrogated as to the causes of this alarm, they all affirmed that the devil was in the abbey; that they had seen

him enter in the shape of a large black dog, that had jumped upon their breasts and disappeared. To convince them of the absurdity of their fears was of no avail; not a single man could be persuaded to return to his quarters, and they wandered about the town until daybreak. On the following morning I questioned the most steady non-commissioned officers and the oldest soldiers; and though under ordinary circumstances they were strangers to fear, and never gave credit to any tales of supernatural agency, they assured me that the dog had weighed them down and nearly suffocated them. We remained that day in Tropea, and had no other quarters to occupy but the same monastery, and the soldiers would only take up their residence on the condition that we should remain with them: the men retired to sleep—we watched; all was quiet until about one in the morning; when they awoke in the same terror, and fled from the building in dismay. We had looked out most attentively, but could not perceive the cause of this commotion. The following day we returned to Palmi; and, although we marched over a great part of Italy, and were frequently equally crowded and uncomfortable, a similar scene never recurred."

Dr. Laurent very judiciously attributes this singular attack to the pernicious local influence of some deleterious gas, and the very crowded state the men slept in. It is also probable that they did not take off their accoutrements, and lay down with their belts on: might they not also have eaten some unwholesome fruit upon the line of march, for it was in the month of June, when various berries grow in abundance along the road-side?

Hippocrates's theory of the night-mare was, that, during our sleep, our volition being suspended, the soul, still awake, watches over all the functions of the body. It is rather odd that the animal that most persons pretend to have thus annoyed them, is a long-haired black dog. Forestus assures us that it was a similar visitor that tormented him in his youth. This circumstance can only be attributed to vulgar superstition and tradition. Dubosquet has preceded his *Treatise on Ephialtes* with the engraving of a large monkey who had perplexed a young lady whom he attended; the monkey most probably came on horseback, as his steed is also delineated looking over the sleeping victim.

Various medicines have been recom-

mended to prevent these attacks; amongst others, saffron and peony: and several learned commentators have endeavoured to prove and disprove that they were only specific in the form of an amulet. Zacutus Lusitanus recommends aloes, and his advice is perhaps as good a one as could be given. The ancients attributed many powerful effects to saffron, and, amongst other properties, it was considered as an effective narcotic, and was said to occasion violent headaches. The ancients called saffron the king of plants, the vegetable panacea, and the soul of the lungs. In modern times we do not recognise any peculiar property in this production; and in Spain and Italy it is used as a condiment with perfect impunity. Peony was also deemed a valuable remedy, when gathered as the decreasing moon was passing under Aries: the slit root being then tied round the neck of an epileptic person, he was forthwith cured. "Unlimited scepticism," Dugald Stewart observes, "is as much the child of imbecility as implicit credulity." How difficult it is to steer the vessel of our understanding between those shoals!

Medical writers have divided the night-mare, according to its phenomena, into complete, incomplete, mental, and bodily. The complete night-mare, in which the suspension of the functions had been so powerful, has been known to prove fatal. In the incomplete, we fancy ourselves placed in a peculiar situation, opposed by some unexpected obstacle, and all our efforts seem of no avail to extricate ourselves from our difficulties. There is an incubus, called indirect, in which the dreamer is not the individual arrested in his movements; but he is impeded in his progress by the stoppage of his horse, his carriage, his ship, which no power can propel. In the mental or intellectual night-mare, the flow of our ideas is embarrassed, all the associations of our very thoughts appear to be singularly unconnected; we think in an unintelligible language; we write, and cannot decipher our manuscript: all is a mental chaos, and no thread can lead us out of the perplexing labyrinth. In the corporeal ephialtes, we imagine that some of our organs are displaced, or deranged in their functions. One man fancies that a malevolent spectre is drawing out his intestines or his teeth: a patient of Galen felt the cold sensation of a marble statue having been put into bed with him. These, however, are nothing else than the actual

sensations we experience at the time. Thus Conrad Gesner fancied that a serpent had stung him in the left side of the breast; an anthrax soon appeared upon the very spot, and terminated his existence. Arnauld de Villeneuve imagined that his foot had been bitten, and a pimple which broke out on the spot soon degenerated into a fatal cancerous affection. Corporeal night-mare may therefore be simply considered as a symptom of disease, and not as a mysterious fore-warning.

The cold stage of fever that often invades us in our sleep is the natural fore-

runner of the malady. This was the case with Dr. Corona, the physician of Pius VI., who upon two occasions was attacked with typhus fever, ushered in by a distressing dream or incubus. These physical phenomena only strengthen the opinion, that in our sleep we are equally alive to mental impressions and bodily sufferings; and that, correctly speaking, there is no suspension of our intellectual faculties of perception, nor is there any interruption in the susceptibilities of our relative existence. The various doctrines regarding dreams illustrate this position.

THE OLD YEAR'S GRAVE.

Go to the grave of the year that is past,
And weep for the wasted days that have cast
No light on life's stormy way;
Weep for the words in thine anger sent,
Weep for the hatred and discontent
That swept thy pleasures away.

Go to the grave of the year that has flown,
And bury the wrongs that thy soul hath known,
The grief and the anxious care;
Bury thy jealousy, wrath, and strife,
All that is evil in heart and life,—
Go, bury it deeply there.

Come from the grave of the year that is gone,
The swift-wing'd present is yet thine own,
Return with a glad good will;
Come to the world with a loving heart,
And a trusting spirit to bear a part
In the duties left thee still.

FIGHTING AND WAITING.

"Oh, and did you know Luther is going?"

She grew just a shade paler, the pretty little creature who listened, but she answered calmly—

"Indeed! I think he has enough of the combative element in his composition to make a good soldier."

Ella Mason was disappointed. She had expected a scene. She had fired no random shot. It was one aimed straight at her listener's heart, sure to find its mark, she thought. She had not been quick enough to note that sudden pallor, and Mrs. Letchworth's cheeks were blooming a moment after. We have all read of the general who never reeled in his saddle till the fierce charge was over, though the first shot tore its way to his heart with a mortal wound. If men would take lessons from women they would do such things oftener.

"Yes, he is a lieutenant in the Thirteenth. I heard that he persuaded his brother, who thought of going, out of the notion, and went in his stead. He said that men with happy firesides ought to stay at home until all those who had nothing to leave, and no one to mourn for them, had been used up."

"Used up!" Mrs. Letchworth winced again at those words, but Miss Mason was not sharp-sighted enough to perceive it, or skilful enough to hold her ground when her hostess adroitly turned the conversation. Presently she took her leave, and marched off with an uncomfortable sense of defeat. It was well that she did not bethink herself to look back through the window. She would have seen pretty Ada Letchworth frozen into a pulseless calm, like some pale statue of despair. She sat there, no one ever knew how long, with clasped hands and dry lips, and eyes that longed to weep but could not. She did not realize what had paralyzed her. She had not fainted; but, for the time, thought and sense were blotted out utterly.

At length her limbs shook with a sudden shudder. Passionate tears started from her eyes, and she sat there with thought only too active, a helpless, sorrow-stricken girl.

She was only seventeen, five years before, when Luther Letchworth married her. She was only twenty-two now, poor

desolate little thing, all alone in the world. How had it happened? She asked herself this question, as a stranger might have done, with a sad wonder.

Surely she and Luther had loved each other when they married. She was an orphan, and he had taken her and her fortune from her guardian's hands, and promised to be to her instead of all lost ties—father, mother, brother, as well as tender lover, cherishing husband. Whose fault was it that after three years he had given her back her fortune unimpaired, and they had each gone again on ways as separate as if their lives had never been joined together by God and man? There was a bond between them, it is true, however widely they might be parted. He could never give her back the light, care-free heart of youth; and, for the present, she could form no other ties, for there was no loophole by which even the law could give her absolute freedom. Whose fault was it all? Not hers, she had always said positively, hitherto, in answer to all such questionings of her own heart. Now she hesitated a little, and tried to think honestly where the just blame lay.

I wonder if all such doubtful points will be clear in the light of the last great day? They puzzle one sadly now. They had loved each other, she and Luther, but—; and where the disjunctive conjunction began she could scarcely tell. In the first place perhaps seventeen ought not to have wedded thirty. Luther Letchworth was a grave, scholarly man of affairs. He had been used to be master of himself and of others. His habits were fixed, his tastes matured. He thought the fair, sweet child he loved and had chosen would have no will of her own. It was the old dream of moulding a wife—was there ever a case in which it was not a failure?

Ada was not made of material so flexible as he had imagined. She had been used to her own way also. Her tastes were as decided as his own. Her guardian had been a bachelor, for whom a maiden sister had kept house. These two quiet, middle-aged people had never thought of counteracting their ward's wishes, or opposing even her whims. They had not been sentimental over her, but they had been kindly careful of her health and her beauty, for the rest

letting her please herself. It did not suit her after her honeymoon was over, to be expected to submit her judgment to her husband's, though she would have been ready enough to acknowledge that he was wiser and more judicious than she. He had given up everything to her in their wooing days—nearly all men do—and then, after they have won a bride on such false pretences, they wonder, when the mask falls, that she turns a Kate on their hands instead of a Griselda.

She was happy a little while. They travelled a few weeks, and Mr. Letchworth had no thought or care but to pleasure his young bride. When they went home he thought it time for the reign of common sense to commence, while her six weeks of indulgence had only strengthened her belief in her right to rule. Then, like most men who marry at thirty, Letchworth really held the reins more tightly than reason warranted. An older and better-disciplined woman than Ada might have been pardoned for growing restive.

It would be too long a story to trace the growth of the bitter root. At first there were quarrels alternating with reconciliations so sweet, so tender, that Letchworth half longed to anger her again for the bliss of such a making-up. She could not sleep at first without the good-night kiss which sealed her pardon. She would rage internally, or weep, or say some bitter words; but it always ended by her creeping to his side and putting up her innocent child's lips, with the penitent whisper—

"I shall not sleep, Luther, unless you are friends with me."

But after awhile, naturally enough, she grew tired of this. When she was conscious that the fault had been hers she was ready to make atonement; but it was not quite so easy when she was well persuaded that the blame was on the other side. She went to sleep one night without the kiss, because she waited obstinately for Luther to offer it.—She slept well—did not cry, except a few silent tears once, when she woke in the middle of the night, and saw by the moonlight which came in at the window how much at ease he looked, and how sound his sleep was.

After that the periods of alienation grew longer. She began to be proud and petulant—ah! looking back now she could see that she had been far from faultless. She made no allowance for his pride, that would not bend because it

could not. She expected the oak to sway with the wind like the aspen, and called strength coldness and want of heart.

So it went for three wretched years, until they both began to believe that they hated each other. And then she had taunted him one day with having married her without knowing or caring whether they could make each other happy, because she was rich. She had not been prepared for the stern change that darkened his face, the steel glint in his eyes. Yet he spoke calmly:

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, and it was your blame. I was too young to judge about it. I only believed you when you said you would devote your life to making me happy. You have cheated me!"

She wondered to see how calmly he took her words. It was a suspicious mildness. He did not commit himself. He looked at her quietly, and only asked—

"What would you wish *now*? I cannot change the past. Dead is dead."

"Now!" she cried, confronting him with glittering eyes and cheeks aflame—"now I want what I am not likely to get—to be left mistress of myself and my fortune. I ask nothing from you. Give me only my own, and I will go away from you. It will be what the law calls desertion; so that by and by you can get your freedom again, and find a better fate."

He only smiled, a calm smile, touched with scorn, and went out.

For three days after that, except in the necessary courtesies of the joyless meals to which they sat down together, he never spoke to her. Nights she heard him moving round restlessly in the room over her head. Sometimes thoughts of their olden love would be almost too strong for her, and she would half resolve to go to him, like a penitent child, and beg him to take her back on any terms. She would shiver with exquisite pain to think how near he was—only a few words of confession, of entreaty, and she might be taken home to that only heart in the world upon which she had a claim, which had been such a haven of rest so many times. But some sly demon—which she baptized by the names of proper pride, womanly self-respect—came to her aid, and she would only weep some passionate tears and crush her own hands fiercely against the heart whose mad throbs she could not still, though she forced herself to stay away from Luther.

The morning of the fourth day he spoke to her, courteously as one might to a stranger, calling her Mrs. Letchworth. Would she favour him with five minutes' attention? He had something to say to her.

She followed him into the parlour with a terrible foreboding, a sense of coming doom that almost choked her. He laid before her some papers which she tried to look at, but she could not see them.

"All your fortune is there," he said, quietly. "Invested in your own name, precisely as it was when I married you. All except this house and furniture. I have spent the past three days in effecting a transfer of everything I had held differently. I waited to consult you before making any arrangements about this house. I did not know but you might prefer living here to going back to your guardian's."

"Shall I? Would it be proper—alone? Had I better?"

Few things could have touched him as did those helpless, child-like questions. He knew how poorly she was fitted to decide for herself. It was the old confiding tone, used by habit and unconsciously, in which she had appealed to him in so many of her little perplexities. His heart smote him—his conscience pricked him. Was he doing right to leave her to struggle with all the difficulties and disheartenments of life alone—that child! Then he hardened himself again. She was rich, he thought. She had that fortune by which she had accused him of being won. She need not be helpless in a world where money is king. He answered her coldly:

"It is for you to decide what you prefer. The house is yours, deeded to you in your own name. With such a housekeeper as you could easily secure there would be no impropriety in your living here, if you like that way best."

"I think—I am sure I should," she said, meekly.

Did he guess that she clung to that house even then for his sake, because no other spot could ever be to her like that one, consecrated by the ghost of so dear a love! He showed no emotion.

"There is nothing more to be done, then," he said, quietly. "My own effects are already arranged for removal. I will send a man for them at noon. They are in the room over yours; if you will be kind enough to let them stay there three

hours longer, I will give you no farther trouble."

She longed to sob, to shriek, to wail out her agony; but he was so calm it made her calm also. She half put out her hand towards him, and she said gently, humbly even—

"Good-by, then, and may God bless you by and by with some one that will make your life happier than I could! Remember, Luther, I do not blame you. It was only because we ought never to have come together."

Was he afraid to touch those little fingers? He pretended not to see the outstretched hand. He made short work of his "good-by," but when he was out of her sight he stopped a moment in the hall, and looked round for some token of her. He saw only one, a little blue bow which had been used to fasten her collar, and fallen unnoticed to the floor. She would never miss it. He picked it up, and thrust it into his bosom.

No matter what she felt when he was gone—how she wore her sackcloth and ashes—what cry of mortal pain was forced from her lips by the pressure of her crown of thorns. Her sorrow developed a strength unknown before. She felt that inaction would kill her. Before night she had suited herself with a housekeeper, given to her guardian the only explanation of her situation which she would ever vouchsafe to any one, and settled down to her lonely life in the house which would be no longer a home.

Hearing of all this, of course Luther Letchworth misjudged her, as men almost always do misjudge women, and thought that she was not suffering.

It was a nine days' wonder to the good people of Sturbridge, one and all. Mr. Letchworth added to the excitement by quietly removing his business to Boston; and, as the absent are always wrong, his going away transferred to his wife the sympathy even of the women. He had ill-used her dreadfully, they were sure. They began to besiege her with visits of condolence. When they found that she resolutely refused to open her lips upon the subject the tide of popular feeling turned again, and they were confident that she must have been altogether to blame because she had nothing to say for herself.

Ella Mason was Mr. Letchworth's cousin. She liked him, had loved him even, as such selfish natures do love, before Ada's fair face won him. When the

separation took place she would have cut Mrs. Letchworth's acquaintance but that she could not deprive herself of the happiness of going to see how she bore her trouble. She stifled her resentment for the solace of her curiosity, and had kept up a sort of one-sided intimacy with Ada ever since, making her frequent visits which were never returned. They were borne patiently because she was the only one who ever spoke in that dwelling the name which still had power to thrill all the pulses of that lonely, suffering heart.

When the war broke out some dumb, foreboding instinct had told Ada that sooner or later he would go; therefore Miss Mason's words had not surprised her. Perhaps they would not so much have pained her but for the insinuation that he went because he had no happy home to leave. If he had been her loving husband still, she thought she would not have held him back. She could have blessed him and sent him forth to do the noblest work of the centuries—work for God and man. Then, if he had fallen, she could have gone to him some time—hers hereafter as here. But how if he went now—went because his life was blighted and worthless? Would not a curse lie at her door? If he died, would not his blood be required at her hands? and would she ever dare, in all the ages, to creep to his side and pray for pardon? Alas! she felt now that unless she could be at peace with him she should hardly know whether even heaven was bright. And again she asked herself whose the blame had been, and grew more and more ready to bear it all herself.

It was nightfall of the day on which she had heard of his enlistment when a light—a sort of inspiration, twin-born of hope and agony—came to her. A lieutenant in the Thirteenth! Had they yet left Boston? Might she not be in time to see him before he went? She would try. She could tell when she met him whether his heart clung to her still. If any love was in his soul, it would look out at her through his eyes. If those eyes were pitiless, she would only ask him to forgive her for all the pain she had ever given him, and go away home again with no kiss or blessing, only that prayer for pardon. But if she saw love in his looks—she fell a-weeping there at the thought of what might be, of a full reconciliation, of feeling his arms close round her, his lips on her cheek, hearing

his whispers in her ear. Would it not kill her to be so happy? In such an hour even death would not be terrible.

The next morning she went to Boston. She took a carriage from the depôt to the State-House, making sure of learning there all she wished to know. As they were about to turn into Washington-street, the driver drew up his horses and stopped. Impatient of the delay, she looked out. A regiment was marching by. She heard the martial music pealing exultantly. She saw the banners wave, the bright arms glitter in the sun; and straining her eyes to watch each man as he marched she saw him—Luther. She shrieked aloud, calling his name with a passionate cry, which she thought should have gone straight to his heart; but the exultant music swallowed up her weak woman's voice in its great waves of melody, and her husband marched on with the rest. When the last man had gone by she wrenched open the carriage door and made the driver hear her. He dismounted respectfully, and wondered why she was so pale, and what had changed her so in such brief while.

"I have altered my mind," she gasped, huskily. "You may drive back again to the depôt. I shall not go to the State-House."

She went home again—poor desolate child, only twenty-two, and so solitary in the world. She wondered how she was going to live, and was surprised, after a day or two, to find that she was less listless and miserable than before. She had an interest now in watching the movements of the Thirteenth; and, though she hardly confessed it to herself, she lived on one hope. He might not be killed; he might come back; he might forgive her. She would account no humiliation too great now which could restore him to her.

Months after months passed on. She was not idle. Womanhood grew on her rapidly. She used her wealth and her time for the war. Perhaps something she sent might help him. This was motive enough in itself, though I think even without that motive she would have done her utmost, for she had just begun to learn the meaning of life.

She shivered when the autumn leaves fell and the winter came. Where was he? how sheltered? how faring? The spring brought her, for his sake only, a flutter of rejoicing. For herself, bird-song and springing verdure, breath of blossoms,

murmurous music of stream and fountain, passed by unheeded. She lived only in her work and her waiting.

So it went till the breathless, turbulent days of the raid into Maryland, when every heart stood still in a wordless silence of terror and expectation. Then one night she read his name in the list of the dangerously wounded. She waited for no confirmation, no farther tidings. The next morning she started. She hurried on night and day, without pause or rest, guided by some subtle instinct which seemed to tell her where her way led, until at length she reached the temporary hospital where lay the sufferers after one of those fierce fights. She went toward it with fainting heart but firm pulses—they would not think her fit to take care of him else.

A tall man in the uniform of a lieutenant was just coming out. She met him on the threshold. She fell fainting across his arms, which opened involuntarily to support her. Surely he knew that white face? but how three years had changed it! He gathered her close to him jealously. He took her to his own quarters and laid her down. He did not know what to do for her, so he waited for her to recover. He had two or three questions to ask then. He was so earnest that his voice sounded stern.

"Why are you here, Ada?"

For answer she drew from her bosom the list of the wounded, and showed him his name. His voice trembled a little as he asked his next question.

"It was a mistake in the returns. Did you come because of that?"

She bowed her head mutely, holding her hand tight over her breast.

"Did you think I would want you to take care of me, Ada—you whom I had not seen for so long?"

"Oh, I did not know! I did not know!" she cried, wildly. "Do not blame me! I came because I could not stay away. I thought you might die, and I wanted to hear you say first that you could forgive me!"

"Had you forgiven me, Ada?" He was looking at her with a gaze which would have eased her heartache had she dared to meet it.

"I do not know, Luther, that I had anything to forgive. I wonder only that you had patience with me so long. I was such a weak, foolish child. I must have tried you sorely, and that last accusation was so unjust. I knew

you better all the time than to think you married me for anything but love. I am a woman now, and if it were not too late I think I should do better."

"Is it too late, Ada? The chief fault was mine. I was too old and too hard to wear such a delicate flower in my bosom. I was stern with you, and expected you to give up more than any woman could. And yet, child, I loved you to madness all the time. I have never ceased to love you just as well. I have been too proud to go back to you—that was where you have shown yourself nobler—but I have cherished your memory as a lost angel thinks of heaven. See this knot. You had dropped it from your collar the morning we parted. It has never left my heart. I have worn it into battle as other men wear breast-plates. See, as yet no blood has stained it. It has been my talisman. Ada, I was not worth your seeking for me thus and here."

"I thought you were," and that blush and smile made Ada young again.

Their joy—but why dwell on it? Who has ever rendered into mortal language the song of the spheres? They had been happy when they were bride and groom, in the old honeymoon time. They were something more, now that long pain had chastened and purified their hearts, and they had learned what love and union were worth by the agony of separation and solitude.

After a few days he sent her home. She was to wait there for him. He is a brave man, and he has no fear of death. He dreams fond dreams of a life beside which the brightest days of the old time were dull and colourless; of happy years with her, and an old age when they will look together toward the sunlight on the distant hills, and the land where the dawning is eternal.

But if they never come, those years, if some bold charge is his last, and the dear eyes waiting at home never see him more, he will not murmur. Her love is mighty to give him peace. He knows that there is a life above and beyond this world, and in the country of souls they who were one here will be one hereafter. So she waits and he fights, and neither will repine whether God's will brings them the fruition of their hopes on earth, or ordains that they shall wait for it till love and faith are glorified with immortality. Sure, let fate do what fate will, they cannot be long apart, they have courage for their work.

D.

HINTS ABOUT EYES.

THERE are some very prevalent habits by which the eyes are liable to be injured; especially when they are predisposed to debility and inflammation; and which are indulged in without the least idea that they constitute a cause of danger.

The first of these which I shall mention, is the practice of rubbing the eyes on awaking from sleep in the morning, in order to relieve the uneasy sensations experienced at that period of the day—the feeling of stiffness and weight that is so apt to be present in the much-used eye. It occasions irritation; produces a determination of blood to the organs; and not unfrequently slight degrees of redness, which, by frequent repetitions, may easily degenerate into a troublesome disease. If much force is applied in this way, it may so derange the functions of the nerve as to occasion permanent and incurable blindness, of which the following case, related by Beer, is a striking and melancholy example. Its relation may not be without its use, in impressing the importance of the above caution upon the mind. “I was once called,” said he, “to a man who had enjoyed a remarkable vision, and who, but a short time previous, had suddenly become ‘stone blind.’ He was in the company of some familiar friends, when a stranger suddenly came behind him, and covered both his eyes with the hands. Now he was to tell who was behind him. Whether he knew or not I cannot say; but without speaking a word he endeavoured to free himself from the pressure. But the more he endeavoured, the more firmly did the other press with his hands; until, when they were removed, he found, on opening his eyes, that the sight was for ever gone.”

Many cases are on record, and many annually come under the observation of physicians, which exhibit the injurious and fatal consequences of pressure upon the eyes. It is, therefore, very easy to conceive, that even a moderate degree of pressure, if frequently repeated, as in the above-mentioned habit, may not only increase the tendency always existing in many eyes to irritation and inflammation, but may sometimes actually produce it, and lay the foundation of weakness that might otherwise have never occurred.

The eyes, especially when they are

predisposed to weakness, are not unfrequently injured by exposure to strong currents of wind. Many date the first attack of what they consider serious disease to this cause. All whose eyes are weak are rendered uncomfortable by it. It should therefore be avoided, especially by those who are subject to ophthalmic diseases. When it cannot be wholly avoided, such individuals ought to adopt some measures to modify the impression of the wind upon the eyes. A neglect of this precaution has often converted simple weakness into acute inflammatory disease.

Another bad habit is the custom of reading while the body is in a recumbent position. It is a lazy posture, as inconsistent with the health of the eyes as with the graceful propriety of the scholar. The blood, while the body is thus conditioned, flows more readily to the head and eyes, and subjects them to increased danger, especially when the reading or study is combined with mental labour.

The eyes are often seriously injured by being put to too early or too great use after the system has been affected with grave and important disease: as acute inflammations of the vital organs, nervous fevers, or any disorder accompanied with great depletion. Such affections often leave the eyes exceedingly debilitated.

The habit of exercising the eyes in the examination of very minute objects, is also very injurious to vision. Its debilitating and fatal consequences are not unfrequently seen in those mechanics who are continually obliged to strain the sight in this way, in the manufacture and manipulation of very small and very delicate objects. It is this that renders so many of them amaurotic in advanced age. The student who is ever reading small print is subject to the same danger. Indeed his danger is greater, since there are few, perhaps none, of the objects about which the former is occupied, that strain the sight so much as the small type of the latter. For this reason, while we rejoice at the abundant facilities for acquiring knowledge, which constitute one of the peculiar features of the age, we cannot help regretting the multiplication of books printed with very small type as among its dangerous errors. It has made our eyes ache and water to see the spirit

of a dozen reviews crowded into the narrow space formerly needed for one. Much as we should rejoice to know that the poor student, for a small pittance of his earnings, can secure an amount of literature once attainable only by the more favoured sons of fortune—yet, when we consider the unspeakable value of sound, permanent eye-sight, we feel that the privilege may be purchased at too high a price. The constant habit of reading very small print is dangerous to strong eyes—to weak eyes it may be fatal. It should therefore be carefully avoided.

The use of green glasses, so common of late among those who have weak eyes, is another bad habit, wholly contrary to the nature of the organ, and to the true principles of treatment in such cases. Their very general adoption is probably founded on the fact that nature has spread this colour so profusely through her works, and the very natural inference that the colour provided by her, and so eminently beneficial to healthy eyes, must of necessity be useful to those which are weak. It has been proved, however, by the experience of thousands that this opinion is incorrect. Instead of diminishing weakness, in a vast proportion of cases they increase it. They throw a sombre, melancholy, and disagreeable hue upon all objects, wholly unlike nature's soft and pure colour. The eye is strained by them. When they have been worn for a long time, its sensibility becomes morbidly elevated, and it is unfitted to bear the light, which is its natural healthy stimulus, without uneasiness or pain.

They are only useful when the individual is obliged to be exposed to a bright glare of light for any length of time which cannot be moderated in any other way—as in travelling over snow when it is highly illuminated by the rays of the sun, or in sailing upon the water, where he is subject to the dazzling and dangerous reflections from its surface. The weak-sighted, therefore, should only have recourse to them on these and similar occasions, and avoid crippling his eyes by their continual employment.

Among habits which exert an unfavourable effect upon the eyes, the use of tobacco ought not to be passed over unnoticed. There can be no doubt that this powerful poisonous narcotic is highly detrimental to the health of sedentary, studious men. Of the numerous patients with diseased eyes annually presented to

the notice of medical men, a great proportion indulge in the use of tobacco.

Before leaving this branch of our subject, let me warn my readers against another practice that has aided in the destruction of thousands of eyes. It is the ignorant and injudicious use of eye-waters. None know the amount of this evil except those physicians who have had extensive opportunities of observing the diseases of the eyes. It is so great, and its consequences are often so melancholy, that the very word eye-water occasions pain almost as often as it meets the ear of an intelligent oculist.

When from neglect of any or all the above directions, the eyes have become weak and irritable, crowded with blood, and requiring only a little more action to run on to serious disease, nine men out of ten, nay, nineteen in twenty, have an unhesitating recourse to some nostrum which goes under the name of an eye-water. In other words, they use some stimulating application, whose only legitimate operation is to give additional irritation to parts already too much irritated.

The indiscriminate employment of these as a remedy is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, unscientific and unphilosophical, and wholly at variance with the simple principles of disease. The experience of every sensible observer proves, that in an equal proportion of cases, they produce or keep up disease, instead of alleviating or curing it. Among the host of specific eye-waters, in such general use, there is not one that has not done infinite harm. There is no specific for the diseases of the eye; I had almost said for any other disease. The only rational mode of treatment in these, as in all other diseases, is that which looks to their causes and removes them, and afterwards applies such remedies as are in accordance with the philosophical principles which regulate the removal of disease in all other organs.

Among the various nostrums vended and used under the name of eye-water, to the injury or destruction of much good vision, there is one, however, which forms an exception to the above reprobations, and which, should it supersede all others, and be introduced into the same general practice, would doubtless, till the people gain a better light, prove a blessing. This is the famous Paris collyrium:—

“An old lady of Paris, whose husband had become famous for an eye-water, had

the misfortune to lose her spouse and his secret together. In this dilemma, harassed by applications for the nostrum, she had recourse to the water of the river Seine, and was not more gratified than surprised to find that the collyrium had lost nothing of its virtue. After having enriched herself by a successful traffic, it so chanced that she fell sick, and, conscience-stricken at the prospect of death, she applied to an eminent professor of surgery instead of a priest, to relieve herself of the burden of sin with which her soul was encumbered."

"Make yourself easy, my friend," said the professor, "you are the most innocent of doctors; your remedies have done harm to nobody."

From the above observations the following inference is drawn, viz., people whose eyes are affected should never use a collyrium stronger than good river water, without the counsel of some skilful, well-informed physician.*

Whatever care has been taken of the eyes, however judiciously they may have been managed, they must, after a certain period, begin to be imperfect. As age advances, one of its inevitable consequences is a change in the conformation of the eye, which will, in some measure, impair vision.

Happily, art has provided an admirable remedy for this difficulty, in the invention of spectacles; by which a person may continue his labours and prolong his usefulness.

Some incorrect opinions prevail respecting the period when recourse may be had to the aid of spectacles. Many, influenced by these opinions, have seriously injured vision by deferring them too long. Not a few have laid up cause for repentance by using them too soon. It is therefore important to lay down some directions, by which each one may determine with accuracy the rule of safety, and ascertain with correctness when his sight may be assisted by spectacles.

The proper period is various in different individuals. Some men require them in very early life. Others enjoy perfect vision without them even to old age. Therefore the question cannot be determined, as has been supposed, by the number of our years. Whether they are

to be used earlier or later, depends upon a variety of circumstances, upon the original structure and conformation of the eye, upon the care with which it has been managed, upon its wise or unwise use in youth, and upon a great number of peculiarities and diseases, ever varying in a thousand different degrees, in different individuals.

But fortunately, whatever are the precise nature and variety of these, there are signs uniformly presented in every case, by which each person may determine accurately the precise time when the use of spectacles will be consistent with wisdom and the preservation of his sight. They are the following:—

1. The focus of vision is farther removed from the eye. In other words, in order to see small objects distinctly, they must be removed farther from the eye than the student has been accustomed to view them. The usual length of this focus of vision in a sound, healthy, perfect eye, is from sixteen to twenty inches.

2. More light is required than formerly for distinct vision. Hence the habit of old men of holding the candle between the eyes and the paper when they are reading.

3. Very small objects, when they are closely examined, appear confused, and run into each other. This is especially the case when they are of bright, brilliant colours.

4. The eyes are very easily fatigued by slight efforts and straining, which would not have affected them previously. There is a sense of weariness on viewing near objects, with watering of the eyes, and headache, and sometimes redness of the eyelids—so much so, that there is a necessity of directing them frequently to other objects, in order that they may obtain repose.

5. The sight is generally weak on awakening from sleep, and does not fully recover its accustomed power until some hours after—until it has been, in some degree, aroused by the action of light and air.

6. There is always more difficulty in reading small print by candle-light than by the light of day.

Whenever any or all these signs are present, the assistance of spectacles is not only proper but necessary. The prevalent opinion, that the longer they are deferred, the longer the vision will retain the strength of youth, is a mistake. It is a mistake which has often brought

* Many solutions, lotions, and liquid applications, under the direction of an oculist, surgeon or physician, are, in some diseases of the eye, of great use and importance.

extreme old age prematurely on the eyes. As soon, therefore, as the eye has become sensibly flattened, and the above-mentioned inconveniences arise, not a moment should be lost.

But this is not the only mistake that is made. The eyes may be also seriously injured, and premature old age induced, if the glasses are not properly adapted to the actual condition of the eyes. If the glass is bad, in other words, if it be not accurately conformed to the actual condition of the eye, the vision will be in greater danger of being injured with it than without it.

Let the principle, then, be well understood. Many err by obtaining glass of too great magnifying power. But this is wrong. A proper glass is not one which magnifies the object, but which presents it as nearly as possible of its natural size—which shows it in a clear, distinct manner, and at the same distance at which the person was accustomed to distinguish objects when the eye was in its most perfect condition. The lens is always too convex, if, in order to procure distinct vision, the object must be brought nearer to the eye than before the sight became impaired.

If glasses of too great magnifying power are chosen at first, the eye will endeavour to accommodate itself to an improper focus, and become so much flattened that it will be difficult, sometimes impossible, as age advances, and the sight grows more imperfect, to find any spectacles which will benefit. On the contrary, if they are selected on a right principle, if the focal distance is sufficiently long, so as only to relieve the sight and render it natural, it sometimes happens that the individual is able in future life to diminish rather than increase the power of the glasses, and at last to give up the use of them altogether.

Short-sighted persons require also the assistance of glasses; and by a judicious choice these will, on several accounts, aid

the preservation of the sight. They prevent the straining of the eyes, and save much unnecessary labour. They enable a person also to avoid the unfavourable position of the body and head which the short-sighted man is obliged to assume; and which renders him more liable than others to congestion of blood about the head and eyes. The following are the signs by which he may determine whether he needs the aid of glasses:—

1. There is inability of distinguishing small objects, as common print, at the distance of fifteen or twenty inches; and larger objects, at two feet distance from the eye.

2. There is a disposition to keep the eyelids half-closed while looking at distant objects.

3. The short-sighted man distinguishes near objects in twilight better than other men. He can read the finest print, for instance, with facility, when the long-sighted man, whose eye is sound, is unable to distinguish the capital letters.

4. He feels a sense of weariness, straining, and distension of the eye, by a long examination of distant objects.

With the existence of these signs he should not delay the use of spectacles,—but, like a long-sighted person, he should be careful to make a judicious choice, and select such as are exactly suited to the actual condition of the eye. The glass should never be so strong as to diminish the size of objects, but merely to represent them clearly, distinctly, and of their natural size.

The long-sighted man, as already observed, will perform an essential service to the eyes, by accustoming them, as he advances in age, to the frequent examination of minute objects. The short-sighted man, for the same reason, should be accustomed to the examination of more distant objects. By these means, each will diminish the tendency to an increase of the changes which are ever taking place in the course of time.

THE DOBBS FAMILY IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER XV.

PRESIDENT'S-SQUARE—THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL JACKSON—VISIT OF THE YOUNG LADIES TO THE SQUARE—THE WALK AND TALK OF RUGGLES AND CLAVERS.

THE President's-square, or, as it is more frequently called, Lafayette-square, is situated in the most attractive part of the city, in front of the White House, on the north side of Pennsylvania-avenue. It is handsomely laid out in gracefully contrived walks, and is said to contain more exotics than any other piece of ground of the same size in the country. An equestrian statue of General Jackson, in the centre of the square, is the chief object of interest. The statue is colossal, and represents the general in the act of saluting his troops on a rearing charger. The design has been to portray him faithfully in the military suit which he actually wore at the battle of New Orleans. The statue was modelled and cast by Clark Mills, and was constructed principally from brass guns which were surrendered to Jackson at Pensacola. It rests upon a marble base, at the corners of which are four six-pounder guns taken from the British at New Orleans, the whole surrounded by an iron railing.

This is the first equestrian statue which Mr. Mills made, and it is said he took much pains to study the anatomy of the horse before modelling his design.

There is another equestrian statue by the same artist in the centre of what is known as the Circle, in the western portion of the city, near George-town. The site was selected by James Buchanan. It represents Washington as he rallied his troops at the battle of Princeton, by dashing ahead of them up to the cannons of the enemy. The horse is in a recoiling posture before the fire of the artillery, while the rider appears calm and undaunted.

Mr. Mills' Jackson is generally regarded as superior to his Washington.

On the side of the square facing the White House are several fine residences, the most elegant and spacious being that of Mr. Corcoran, the former banker, now occupied by the French minister, M. Mercier. Adjoining is the mansion of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles. Further on, the oldest Episcopal church

in the city, St. John's—a plain, old-fashioned edifice nearly covered with ivy. The sides of the square, at right angles with the one described, are shorter. The corner house, at the upper end of the east side, possesses more than ordinary interest from having been the residence of Mrs. Madison, who here entertained her guests famously, according to the accounts of the old residents who partook of her hospitalities, and who of course regard these latter-day entertainments as tame affairs compared with those of Mrs. Madison. The house is at present occupied by Admiral Wilkes. Mr. Seward's residence is in the middle of the block, and next to it, what was formerly known as the Club House, from one of the windows of which the signals of the well-known intrigue were carried on with the occupant of the yellow house on the opposite side of the square.

President's-square is one of the most inviting places in the city for a lounge during the summer time, when nature throws her vernal mantle over it. Then it is filled of an evening with visitors, who while away an hour or two under the thick shady trees in friendly chat, or in looking at the children amusing themselves on the green. Many ladies, in becoming summer attire, visit the place and saunter over the grounds to get a bit of country. Many young men also repair to the square ostensibly for the same object, but are possibly more influenced by other considerations than the enjoyment of the rural features of the square.

The statue of Jackson then also appears to greater advantage: he looks as if he were removing his hat and bowing to the bevy of ladies who throng around him, which, by the way, is a point often adverted to by the fair loungers as Jackson's gallantry. In the winter, when the square is comparatively deserted, the facetiously-disposed say that he makes his bow to Mrs. Lincoln, over the way.

People, in summer time, seem to have ample time for recreation, and assemble here to enjoy this nice little bit of landscape gardening, to hear the birds sing and see them flitting through the branches, and amuse themselves with the prattle and gambols of children.

Among the frequenters in the summer season are a number of convalescing soldiers, who limp in and seat themselves

on the benches, a number of which are placed around the grounds for those who wish to sit, and are of course very acceptable to those bronzed veterans who belong for the time to what they call the C's—the condemned, *i.e.* unfit for service. The round, rosy faces of the children present a striking contrast to the emaciated features of these invalids. Such a picture of peace and innocence to men who have just come from scenes of carnage and slaughter, must indeed be very grateful.

As the friends stood in a group near the centre, Alice asked Clavers, who had relapsed into his every-day mood, how he liked the statue?

"How do *you* like it?" asked he.

"Haven't you faith in your own judgment, and want to take your cue from me?" returned she.

"*Vanitas.*"

"Or do you wish me to commit myself to an opinion, and then argue me out of it with your art-talk?"

"I leave strategy to the military chieftains who think they understand it. My question is ingenuous; there are no masked batteries behind it."

"Then allow me to say—although it is so fashionable to criticise—that I like this statue very well," responded Alice.

"I think myself," said Clavers, "it is very creditable as a first attempt, as I believe this was. But, whatever may be its faults, it possesses at least the merit of representing the gallant old general in the clothes which he actually wore. Putting people in extravagant postures, and in garments they never saw while in the flesh, which was once the rule, is now going, if not altogether gone, out of fashion. Our own Benjamin West was the first to strike a blow at this custom. When he went to London it was the fashion to invest everything in toga and sandals. Artists adhered slavishly to painting all their figures in Grecian and Roman costumes. If the memory of a great man was to be perpetuated in marble, or the act of a hero immortalized on canvas, they were forthwith attired in the garments of Socrates or Caesar. They thought heroism was inseparably connected with a Roman shirt or a Grecian sandal. West was the first one who attempted an innovation on this arbitrary rule in his painting of the 'Death of Wolfe,' in which he dressed the figures in modern coats and black boots. He met with direct opposition from all sides. The

Royal Academy, of which he was a member, were in a great hubbub, and insinuated that his powers were failing him, but he stood up manfully for his principle, and finished his modern coats and black boots in spite of them.

"One of the chief objects of the art of painting and sculpture is to record scenes from history, and if the representation is untrue as regards the personal accessories of the actors, this object is defeated, and the picture, in this respect, is of no value.

"There is a picture of 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' which would be valuable if it were not historically untrue. You must have seen the engraving of it. The great French captain is swathed in a voluminous cloak, a good portion of which is thrown over the left shoulder in gallant cavalier style, the face turned, not in the direction where his frantic horse is pitching, but towards the spectator, with an air which expects applause. He looks as if he were acting.

"Another picture of the same subject was painted by David, I think. You have probably seen the engraving of that also. The 'Child of Destiny' is mounted on a mule, which climbs slowly up the snow-clad mountain side, led by a guide. The expression of the hero is melancholy and abstracted, in effect, he does not look as if he were acting; the costume, that which he really wore. It is historic—true as a page of 'Gibbon's Rome.' There can be no comparison between the pictures.

"Mills has in this work carried out the idea of which West was the first exponent, and presented the old hero to us in familiar guise, astride of a horse—for the general was a superior horseman—and in the identical military suit now deposited in the Patent Office.

"Although this statue is of the heroic order, it has its comic feature."

"Pray what is it?" asked she.

"Viewed from a certain point, the whole resembles one of the celebrated comic characters of Shakespeare. Walk round to the front, Miss Alice, and I shall endeavour to show it to you."

"There," said he, stopping at the point whence this peculiarity could be seen; "half close your eyes in order to mass the whole, and tell me what you see."

"Why! it's a man with a horse's head on his shoulders!" exclaimed Alice.

"Lengthen the horse's ears a little with your imagination, and what charac-

ter from Shakespeare do you have before you?" pursued Clavers.

"Ah, I see now what you are driving at. It is 'Bottom,' sure enough."

As Clavers and Alice seemed determined to discuss art, Ruggles invited Mary, who was nothing loth, to stroll around the grounds with him.

As they sauntered away, the editor of the *Trumpet* remarked—

"There is no getting a word in edgewise when those two people begin to talk about high lights and broad lights, and their Angelos and Raphaels. It's a good deal of a *do* is this art-subject, besides being as dry as a powder-horn. Don't you think so, Mary?"

"But then, you know," she answered, "it's fashionable to talk about it, although for my part I think it's a great bore. It is not half as interesting as bonnets, and diamonds, and dresses."

"What a little martyr to fashion you are! And pray, what can you say on the art-subject?"

"Oh, I can say, for instance, that the modern painters can't do it anything like as well as the old masters; that Mr. Düsseldorf's school of paintings is very fine; that the Greek slave of that naughty slave-holder, Mr. Power, is divine; that Tait is great in feathers; that the roan horse in Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' looks as if he were jumping out of the canvas; and some other pretty things that I don't just now recollect. Can't you teach me a few stunning speeches which will make the people think I understand all about it?"

"You precious little humbug," said Ruggles.

"One thing I have found out myself, and that is, one must find fault with everything to be considered *comme il faut* in art," observed Mary, sagaciously.

"What an astute young lady you are!"

"There is more truth than poetry in that remark," said Mary.

"But," said Mary, speaking with more animation than she had bestowed on the art subject, "are you not ashamed to be encouraging Alice to talk to Mr. Clavers?—then, too, inviting him to come with us to the Square. I'll tell ma of you as soon as we go home—there now."

"If you do, I'll persuade your ma never to let you dance the German any more."

"I won't say a word about it, good Mr. Ruggles," said the young lady, hurriedly.

"I have half a mind to do it, anyhow."

"Now you wouldn't be so cruel, Mr. Ruggles!—and I do like you so much, and I think you are *so* nice," said she, purring around the bristling editor, whose only response was—

"Blarney!"

"And I *do* think there is not a man in Dobbstown who can make half as good speeches as you can, Mr. Ruggles. Now promise me you wout."

This tribute to the orator doubtless had its effect.

"Well," said the editor, "if you promise to behave yourself as young ladies ought to do when they get into long frocks, and not interrupt your sister's *tête-à-têtes* with Clavers, I'll not mention it."

A compromise being thus effected, they rejoined their companions, one of whom, Clavers, was still mounted on his art hobby, and the other performing the part of a good listener. The new-comers tried to listen for a few minutes, but the *Trumpet* man could ill conceal his restlessness under what he considered an infliction, and the handsome Teuton face of Mary grew very listless. Clavers at length perceiving the expression of fatigue of the younger sister, brought his remarks to a close out of charity to that young lady.

The gentlemen returned with the ladies to the hotel, and said adieu to them at the door, and afterward took a long walk together.

When they had walked for some time, Ruggles, whose manner was not nearly as energetic as usual, nor his hair as bristling, said to his companion—

"Of course I have made a virtue of necessity and withdrawn, leaving the field open to you, and I think the palm of victory will soon be awarded to you. Her heart, I believe, is already yours. The ambitious head has struggled hard against the heart, doubtless, but to no purpose."

"The triangular contest between Cronier, you, and myself is over," continued the dejected *Trumpet* man. "It has lost one of its angles since I received my quietus. It is now between you two—Cronier backed by his title and the Dobbs family, and you— Well, you are endorsed by Thomas Ruggles, who, since he cannot win the fair himself, will take as much pleasure in seeing you win her as the peculiar circumstances will admit of."

"The day when she told me, in her way of mixing up the serious with the comic, that I was *de trop* as a lover, but *bien venu* as a friend, I felt as a barn-yard fowl not web-footed is supposed to feel on a rainy day. I have been so long dallying in the primrose path of Cupid, that the platonic course which she has laid out for me is hard, very hard to follow. But Ruggles the lover must be put out of the way, and Ruggles the friend alone must live. Let the sighing swain be laid upon the shelf, for he has played his play out—the lights are extinguished and the music ended. It was an illusion in which the fellow lived for a long time, and to have the veil torn away, and so suddenly to see the reality, has been *rather* trying for him—the rejection, as an eye-opener, did its business more effectually than the decoction of that name which certain old fellows indulge in before breakfast.

"The poet tells us that 'sweet are the uses of adversity.' Perhaps the upshot of this business will be my going to work in earnest, and making something of myself. If my spoony aspirations had been realized, perhaps I should have subsided into an indolent hip-and-go-easy husband, perfectly happy but unconscionably lazy. Too much contentment begets laziness, and that, you know, is incompatible with the successful running of a newspaper.

"I have been shaken off," continued the *Trumpet* man, "cast loose from the controlling idea which I have hugged delusively for years, and I have at last touched bottom; and as a man must needs hold on to something in life, I will take a firmer hold on the *Trumpet*, which shall serve as my life-preserver in the troubled sea in which I have been thrown. In blowing my newspaper horn hereafter, I shall have an eye single to the interests of number one, which I have been too much losing sight of under the shadow of my illusion. Hurrah! then, for Ruggles, and—and—well, the right kind of principles, whatever they may be. I must work; that is the prescription for my case. Many men, with such a load on their hearts as I carry on mine, would take to strong drink, and finish the chapter six months afterwards by gazing permanently at grass roots. But I trust I am not so weak as that. No, my dissipation shall be work—work incessant.

"The self-denial," pursued Ruggles, "you have practised, and the sacrifices you were willing to make for me and

your country, shall serve as an example to me now that my turn has come. I hope the lessons which you have thus taught me in magnanimity, will not be lost upon me. One would never suspect that such a great loyal heart could be in the possession of as cold and grim a looking fellow as you."

"If I were a sentimental young miss, Ruggles," said Clavers, interrupting him, "you would turn my head with your everlasting compliments. My friend," said he, with less than his usual reserve, taking the hand of his companion, "I sympathize with you in the position in which you are placed, and if you still entertain any hope, however slight, of ultimately gaining the hand of Alice, which you have so well earned by a life of devotion to her and her family, I shall take no further step with a view to securing her affections."

"Though I had such hope," answered Ruggles, "it would be an ungrateful trick to avail myself of your proffered generosity; but I have not the ghost of a hope, my dear fellow."

"I am unworthy of her, perhaps," resumed Clavers, "but my sense of duty will not permit me to deviate from my plan of life. Part of this plan is, that I must know whether she who is to be my wife will choose me for myself alone, without the aids of wealth and position. It has been my habit, as far as I have been able, until now, to make my happiness subservient to my idea of duty, and I shall not depart from it. It would be a noble sacrifice for her to choose me as I am, and when I reflect on it seriously I can scarcely hope for so great a one. But my duty is imperative, and she must either take me as the common soldier, or leave me to an unhappy fate. I shall subject her to the test in a day or two, friend Ruggles; then I shall know if my pathway is to be strewn with roses or thorns."

"Yes," said Ruggles, "you had better not let the grass grow under your feet, for Congress adjourns in a few days, when the family will return to Dobbstown. Delays are dangerous, the copy-book tells us, you know, and in this case particularly so, seeing that you have such an alert rival as Cronier. My advice," said Ruggles, as he shook hands in parting from his friend, "is to lose no time."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT—ITS BRANCHES—
THE CONTRABAND CAMP—MR. STANTON
—HIS RECEPTION-ROOM—TALK ABOUT
THE WAR—THE AFRICAN RACE.

THE war department, at this time a place of especial interest, is situated west of the White House, and fronts on Pennsylvania-avenue. A number of forest trees occupy the space between the building and this thoroughfare. The main entrance is not through the front, but at the end or side of the department on Seventeenth-street. The building formerly was of two stories, but within the last year, owing to the increased business, another story was added, and it is now a three-storied building, after a dry-goods-box pattern, extending from Seventeenth-street back to the grounds of the Presidential mansion. There is a walk leading from the back entrance to the White House, so that the President can at any time, without inconvenience, drop in upon his secretary quite informally, and talk over the military affairs of the nation. The President can be seen almost any evening entering the back-door, accompanied frequently by a little son—the little fellow's height of about three feet six presenting quite a contrast to the father's six feet three.

The building known as the War Department contains but a small part of the force of this branch of the government. The business of the Adjutant-General's office is conducted here, and takes up the greater portion of the department. A number of officers and soldiers have been detailed for duty in this branch of the service, the whole being under the superintendence of the Adjutant-General, Lorenzo Thomas. The telegraph office, where despatches are transmitted to, and received from, all the armies of the United States, occupies several rooms. Rooms for the head-quarters of the Provost-Marshal-General have been assigned in this building. The Secretary and his assistant, and the clerical force under them, occupy the remaining rooms.

The business of the Commissary of Subsistence is conducted principally in a large house on President's-square. The government bakery, which was carried on temporarily in the basement of the Capitol at the beginning of the war, is now situated in the western part of the city, beyond the horse corrals, and is

conducted under the superintendence of this branch of the government.

The Surgeon-General's offices are situated on the corner of Fifteenth and F streets, and the Paymaster-General's next to Riggs' banking-house, on the Avenue.

The Quartermaster-General's offices occupy a number of buildings in different portions of the city, the most spacious of which is the one facing the War Department, and owned by Mr. Corcoran the banker, who dedicated it to art; but since the breaking out of the war, Uncle Sam has dedicated the same to a more useful purpose, and keeps his army-clothing there. The horse corrals, of which there are three, covering several acres of ground, come under the superintendence of the Quartermaster-General. One of them is used especially for the cure of sick and disabled animals. In connexion with the corrals are waggon shops, harness manufactories, &c.

The "Contraband" camp, located out on Twelfth-street, at the outskirts of the city, is under the direction of this department. The camp contains, on an average, about eight hundred negroes, chiefly from Virginia. Upwards of five thousand have already been received here and provided for. Situations are usually obtained for them shortly after their arrival, so that the inhabitants of the camp consist principally of the sick and the infirm. Applications for "contrabands," to be employed as servants and labourers, are made to the superintendent of the camp in such great numbers that he is unable to supply the demand.

The camp resembles negro-quarters on a plantation. The tenements are low, one-storied, and all front upon a large courtyard—being in four rows, which form a square. As these tenements are not sufficient to house all the "contrabands," a number of tents have been pitched outside of the square, in the rear of the rows of shanties, where frame hospitals have also been erected, in one of which the religious services of the refugees are performed. The shanties are pretty nearly all whitewashed, and a number of them are quite clean.

Mr. Stanton, in his department, is one of the most accessible officers of the government. He holds his levees in a small room (the door of which is always open) in the second story. He stands at one end of the room, behind a desk, pen in hand, and listens to what

each one has to say. Although the accounts or stories of those having business with the Secretary seem often unnecessarily tedious, especially to those who come after them, he bears with them patiently, and replies courteously, but briefly, to all. The visitors form in a line to the right as they enter, and take each their turn, in the same manner as crowds do at the general delivery of post-offices in large cities. As soon as each one has had his say before the desk of the Secretary, he turns off to the left and passes out of the presence. Some of the bronzed heroes without shoulder-straps, in their modest estimate of themselves, on finding themselves standing in the presence of such a distinguished gentleman, are often quite abashed and almost lose the use of their tongues, but the Secretary comes to the rescue, and speaks to them encouragingly.

As Ruggles and Dobbs stood in the hall of the department, they overheard a conversation between a couple of these soldiers, one of whom had just seen the Secretary, and who said to his companion—

"Bill, you can just tell the boys when you go down, that the Grand Mogul fixed me up all right."

"Why, Sam, he ain't such a bad fellow after all. I heard some of the chaps down on the Peninsula say he was mighty cross and wouldn't do nothing for nobody."

"Bosh," says Sam; "that comes of his being down on the prigs that won't stand up to the rack. But, Heaven bless you, Bill, you ought to see the Mogul when he comes across one of the boys who has been blazing away at the rebs, and p'raps carries a crutch, or has his arm in a sling, then he's as soft as a woman. Darned if he ain't a mother to them kind of boys."

This conversation was a fair illustration of one phase of the Secretary's character.

When Mr. Stanton is absent attending Cabinet meetings, or has important business in his private room, General Canby takes his place behind the desk of the little reception-room, and performs the duties, *pro tem.*, of Secretary.

Mr. Stanton appears to be a man of order and fine administrative ability. The effect of system is now observable in all the workings of this immense department—no confusion anywhere, or lounging about of officials—everything goes on

smoothly, and each one seems to have something to do. The Secretary is one of the most industrious of men, and the work which he has gone through is beginning to tell on him. He has lost that buoyancy of spirits which he took with him into office; his mind has been on such a continual stretch that it is losing its elasticity. One of his assistant secretaries, Mr. Wolcott, tried to keep up with him, and died in harness, and now Mr. Watson, another assistant secretary, appears to be breaking down from overwork.

The duties of Mr. Stanton have been more arduous for some time past, as he has had but one assistant secretary. He formerly had three, but, by some oversight, Congress, at its last session, failed to make an appropriation for more than one.

When Dobbs and Ruggles returned to the hotel, they found the ladies, with Cronier, grouped comfortably around the fire. As soon as the editor of the *Trumpet* was seated, he gave those who chose to listen an account of the visit to the War Department; and from that branched off naturally on to the war subject, with regard to which he ventilated some of his ideas, when he was at length interrupted by Cronier, who said, in "pretty fair English, for he was somewhat excited on the subject—

"Your country is yet in its youth in the art of war. It must be learned step by step, with plenty of experience. Your country has never been much at war, and it cannot be expected that she would understand much about it. The French are the people who understand the art of war, sir."

"You are right, Count," answered Ruggles, "when you say that we have had but little experience in fighting, and I am thankful that it has been so, but the little fighting that we have done has been about as well done as any of our Transatlantic neighbours could do it, I opine. If you inquire of the English, for instance, I think they will admit that we did up our little jobs with them quite handsomely, both in 1776 and 1812."

"But," said Cronier, "the English are not much farther on in the art of war than yourselves. It is the French who have advanced in this direction."

"And their advance into Mexico is a proof of it, I suppose," returned Ruggles. "Why, twelve thousand Yankees, half of them shopkeepers who

made no pretensions to military science, took Mexico in a few months—marched right into the capital with General Scott at their head. Eighty thousand of your countrymen, with their wonderful knowledge of the art of war—the heroes of Solferino and Magenta, and the bronzed veterans of Algiers—have failed to do in two years what we did in a few months with only twelve thousand men, more than half of whom never smelt powder before, nor pretended to any knowledge of the art of war. Why, sir, every American soldier considered himself equal to three ‘greasers,’ as they used to call them.”

“But that was a dozen years ago,” said Cronier. “Mexico has since become more warlike.”

“But you say,” replied Ruggles, “experience is necessary in learning the art of war, and Mexico has had none since her war with us. A few trivial internal dissensions do not amount to anything. A dozen years or so makes little or no change in the military character of a nation at peace. The Mexicans had the same wholesome respect for us long before our war with them. Why, one of our Western trappers, Colonel Bowie, after whom the bowie-knife is called, once entered a rancho where a crowd of twenty-five or thirty Mexicans were congregated who bore a grudge against him, lay down on the floor, and had his hands and feet tied, and offered to fight any one of them with his teeth; but not a ‘greaser’ stepped forth.”

“But your military operations,” rejoined the Count, “disclose blunder after blunder, from Bull Run down to the repulse at Fredericksburg, and your blunders are shouldered on to some of your best generals. Tell me one of your fighting generals who has not made a blunder. You are no farther ahead now than you were at the beginning.”

“You talk about blunders as if they were confined to this war,” returned Ruggles. “I question if there ever was a war in which a blunder of some kind was not made. Your greatest captain, Bonaparte himself, blundered at Waterloo, and lost. And I do not think it comes with a good grace from you to say that you understand more about the art of war than the English, seeing that they whipped you. Happily we have never had occasion to fight the French, but if we should by any possibility get each other by the ears, I have no doubt as to

what the result would be. We whipped the English, and they whipped you, *ergo*——”

“But England had something else on her hands when she fought with you. She had but a small portion of her forces here,” said Cronier.

“If she had sent all her forces here, by Jove, we would have cleaned them out all the same, for the old Continentals never would have given up while a man of them was left,” returned Ruggles.

“Are you not what you call spreading the eagle a little now, Mr. Ruggles?”

“Not a bit of it. It’s the naked truth, sir.”

“Why, that is just what they say down south—that they will never give up,” resumed Cronier.

“And they wont—if they can help it,” added Ruggles. “But if it becomes necessary, we will change off with them, as the chess-players do when they want to finish the game, and have man for man killed; and as we have the greater number of men, there will be enough left to claim the victory and maintain the government intact as it has come down to us from the patriot fathers of the revolution.”

“A moment ago,” continued Ruggles, “you said we were no farther ahead now than when we commenced. Why, sir, we are gaining ground, slowly but surely, every day. We are gradually taking possession of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Louisiana, and are in possession of the rich valley of the Mississippi. Even now the flag of the Union floats over every State in the Union.”

“We admit that it is hard work whipping the South; but it is not calculated to improve our temper when foreigners tell us we don’t know how to do it anything like as well as they could, especially as we are doing our best. We are a non-interfering nation, and all we ask of others is the right to manage our affairs in our own way—a privilege which we have always accorded to them. As one of our Yankees said, all we demand is that ‘them foreign chaps will stand back out of the ring, and they will see one of the tarnationest fights they ever set eyes on.’”

“We have inaugurated more improvements in the art of war since we have been in the business than was ever done by any people in the same time since the world began. To go no further, look at the improvements in the navy department,

in monitors, rams, shells, mortars, revolving turrets, &c. We have worked a revolution in naval warfare, sir. Your countrymen have tried their hand at ship-building and turned out a *La Gloire* and several other abortive specimens of their handiwork. By Jove, sir, if you want ships, get them built in this country, for you can't make them yourselves. The King of Italy got one or two built here, and ever since I heard of it, I have had a higher respect for the man. You may rest assured that monarch has gumption.

"As for the rebels saying they will never give up, we take that as we did all that talk about dying in the last ditch, on which they rung the changes until it was played out. They fought bravely in their ditches, every one will admit; but when it became too hot for them, we found they were not willing to die there, as they had so often told us, but found use for their legs in getting out as nimbly as possible. Then we had a great deal of talk about their leaving their bones to bleach on the field of battle. But we have learned that all these fine phrases don't amount to anything when we come to test them. The point of the bayonet lets the wind out of these full-blown, high-sounding sentences, amazingly. Van Dorn was an astonishing hand at this kind of thing. His proclamations were a jumble of verbose highfalutin' phrases, such as 'Beautiful maidens of Louisiana, suffer not the craven youth to linger round your hearthstones, but send them forth to the field of glory, there to win imperishable renown or fill a martyr's grave,' &c. &c., *ad libitum*.

"Now, the fashion in Dixie is to say, 'We will never give up—they never can whip us.' The frequent reiteration, however, of these words indicates an apprehension of such a result on their part. They are like the boy in the grave-yard, who whistles to keep up his courage.

"The determination to subjugate the rebels is becoming stronger as the fight progresses. There are only a few Copperheads, of the Vollandigham and Wood stripe, who still harp about peace—'honourable peace,' as they call it. The government is only waiting for these peace men to commit some overt act, when she will soon dispose of them, by making such an example of one or two as will prevent the balance from croaking any more about peace. The mass of the American people are united in reference to carrying on the war until the Union is restored, cost what it may. There are

only a few radical Republicans and Democrats who hint at anything else. And the Border States are the most strenuous promoters of a vigorous war-policy, because their territory has been the battlefield of the struggle. They have seen and felt the horrors of war, and there a man can occupy no middle ground; he must be either Unionist or Secessionist.

"We find it a big job to purge the nation of the disease which endangered its existence, but when it is restored to a healthy condition, as it surely will be, the work will have been done so effectually that it will never need to be done again. We have already made a moral progress in the last two years, which perhaps never would have been accomplished if we had gone on in the old way, ruled over and bullied by the South. Slaves are being unshackled by thousands. The government wisely does not make slavery a *casus belli*, for that would compromise many loyal men who still own slaves; but the abolishment of slavery inevitably follows the army in whatever direction its operations are extended. It is a sacrifice for the loyal slaveholders to give up their slaves, for these bondmen represent to them so much money; then there are the social ties which have grown up between them, that must be broken. It is hard, but they must submit. The terrible engine of war has been set a-going, and everything which impedes its action must fall before it. Slavery is in the way, and must fall, as a natural result. Many of these slaveholders who foresee the end are anxious to free their slaves through government aid, and this is the favourite project of the President, which he has been labouring to establish since the breaking out of the rebellion. Missouri has already taken legislative action in reference to the abolishment, and asked the government for assistance to be made a free State. The lower branch of Congress voted a certain sum for the purpose, but the measure stuck in the Senate on the score of unconstitutionality. The senators were afraid of establishing a precedent in the case of Missouri that might have led to rather complicated results, and after a deal of discussion the matter was dropped. But whether Congress grants the sum asked for or not, Missouri must become a free State, whatever may be the political sentiment of her people; they, however, are now quickly learning this fact, and hence are desirous of disposing of such portable

property as slaves as speedily as possible, seeing that it is provided with legs and constantly taking itself off.

"The errors in which men have been educated for a lifetime are not easily eradicated, and it is hard for these slaveholders to destroy the idols which they have petted and nursed so long; but war is a terrible iconoclast.

"Another effect is the advancement of the black man in the scale of civilization. The privilege of fighting for the preservation of the Union on an equal footing with the white man, has been extended to him. If he conducts himself in a manner worthy of the privilege which has been bestowed upon him, this will prove for him the initiatory step to several others in the ascending grade of civilization. An opportunity is now offered to him to show if he really is a 'man and a brother,' and worthy of the blessings of freedom. This war should possess for him even a greater interest than for us, for he fights not only for his country, but for the freedom of his race. A philosophic historian says, that an enslaved race which is deserving of freedom should themselves strike the first blow. We shall soon see now if the black man will avail himself of his advantages. We shall soon see if the black man is going to butt seriously at the rebellion."

At this moment, Alice, who was sitting opposite, spoke up quite warmly—

"There you go, laughing at the first effort the black man is about to make toward bettering his condition. How much nobler it is to lend a helping hand to a fellow-man who is struggling upward, instead of standing by an indifferent spectator! If the African people do *not* take advantage of the glorious privileges extended to them by a wise and beneficent government, it will be because they were discouraged by the levity and want of sympathy of American citizens. The people must not fold their arms and say, 'Well, let us see what the negro is going to do for himself; we have given him a chance—let us see if he is going to seize it.' If all were to act in this way, the project for improving the moral and mental condition of the race which is now afoot would certainly fail. Who ever heard of a race that did not require moral support in conquering their freedom? And this race, so long oppressed and untaught, keenly feel the need of encouragement and sympathy in their first unsteady steps towards

that future so big with hope for them. Happily for them and for the country, there *are* men enough in this land who will perform these kind offices for this people, and thus the cause of justice and charity will and shall in the end prevail. It shall be recorded in future history that a new era dawned upon the fortunes of America in 1863, when she began to live up to her dictum, that 'all men are born free and equal,' and took the outstretched hand of Ethiopia's son, and conferred upon him some of the rights of citizenship."

Ruggles' remark in reference to the butting propensities of the negro, which he made before Alice spoke up so warmly, had by this time taken root in the mind of Dobbs, and bore fruit in the following observations—

"They are remarkable butters, are the negroes," said the worthy gentleman, shaking out the folds of his bandanna. "I remember, when I was a boy, I used to see one of them who was always butting with a ram in a field hard by for his amusement, and the negro always got the better of the animal, until one day the ram took him unawares, and butted the poor man on the shins. After that he could never be induced to butt the ram again; but a man in the neighbourhood said he took to fighting the tiger instead of the other animal; and I remember some of my neighbours were amused at the remark of the man. I suppose they thought the tiger a less formidable beast to butt at than the ram," added Mr. Dobbs, reflectively.

"Father," said Alice, "your youthful reminiscences are untimely. I am sorry to hear you speaking so lightly of this race. The subject demands the serious attention of every patriotic, thoughtful man, especially at this time."

Thereupon Mr. Dobbs, who always wished to stand well in the estimation of his daughter, recollecting two or three of the phrases in one of the speeches which Ruggles had written for him, replied—

"May this right arm be withered if it should ever be raised against a dusky son of Ethiopia! May this tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if it should ever utter a word against this suffering, down-trodden people!"

"How well he remembers it," whispered Ruggles to Mrs. Dobbs, who was sitting next to him.

"Your speaking so humanely in behalf of the negro race," said Ruggles to Alice,

"has suggested to me an idea for not only the amelioration of that race, but of the whole human family. If my idea were carried out, there would be no more wars—human strife, nationally considered, would be at an end, and all the swords would be turned into pruning-hooks, and all the cannons sold for old metal."

"And pray what is this luminous idea of yours?" asked Alice.

"It is this. Let all the nations of the world send plenipotentiary delegates to a Congress to be held once a year at the capital of each country, successively. Let a code of laws be drawn up at their first sitting, and be adopted and held as sacred as we regard our Constitution. Let the differences between nations be settled according to this code, without recourse to any other tribunal—its action in every instance being considered final; and when a nation should attempt to break this Constitution by opposing the decisions of the Congress, made according to the law of the Constitution, let all the world turn upon the offending country and punish her as a common malefactor. But in view of such a fate, no nation would pursue such a suicidal course; consequently, all men would be at peace."

"Ruggles," said Alice, "your sphere is too contracted as editor of the *Trumpet*; you should at least have control over the foreign policy of the country. I doubt not, if Mr. Lincoln were aware how much concentrated wisdom still remains outside of his Cabinet, he would make room for it and take you in."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEPARTURE—CONCLUSION.

THERE was hurry and bustle in the Dobbs family. The packing of trunks, giving of orders, and the usual confusion previous to a departure were gone through with.

The member from Dobbstown was glad the session was at an end, with a prospect of rest ahead. The poor gentleman's mind had been upon such a continual stretch in Washington, that he had lost considerably in flesh. He wanted to unbend himself—to come down from the high stilts on which he had balanced himself with difficulty during the past winter. He thought of his garden at home—the grape-vines that required laticing—the soil that must be spaded,

and the squashes and pumpkins that he would plant.

He looked forward with no little pleasure to seeing neighbours Jones and Smith, and telling them of the conspicuous part he had played in making the laws of the country, and receiving their thanks for the cuttings, and seeds, and public documents which he, from time to time, had sent them under his frank. As to political conversation, he made a mental resolution to steer clear of *that* when he reached home. He had been done to death with *that*; he would say nothing; he would refer people of an inquiring turn to Ruggles, who was always up to that kind of thing, for an exposition of his views. He was determined to keep quiet, and stay at home, and look after his gooseberries and currants, &c.

The worthy gentleman had been going under such a heavy press of sail in Washington, he felt as if he could stand it no longer, and must take in canvas and rest awhile. To be always under marching orders, to be always acting under implicit instructions, to be always reined up and well under hand of those who were driving him, was wearisome indeed to the simple gentleman.

Mr. Dobbs was knocked up with his trials at the capital, and was glad to go home. As he sat upon a trunk he looked quite radiant, and said to Mary, who did not seem to share the old gentleman's desire to leave the city—

"I'll make you such nice bouquets, as soon as the flowers bloom; and I'll buy you a nice canary bird that will wake you up early in the morning with its singing, you sleepy little puss; and if you are a very good girl, may be, in the hot weather, I'll take you to Newport. There now."

This was all very well and delightful for the young lady to hear, but still she was loth to leave Washington so soon.

"Why don't you stay until the first of May, pa? There is to be ever so much gaiety yet. Just to think of it, Mrs. Thingumbob's party comes off in a few days, and I'll be gone, when I have already engaged for the German; and you don't know how delightful the German is, pa. And then the rides, and drives, and walks—and the nice young men. I declare it's too bad."

"And can't my little puss find these things in Dobbstown?" asked the parent.

"Oh, the people are so stupid there," answered the young lady.

The old gentleman turned the remark over in his mind, and felt apprehensive that the residence at Washington had engendered a crop of "notions" in his daughter's head which might give him some trouble. Dobbs often had misgivings about mounting the political hobby. He felt as if the thing would let down some way, or bring trouble; but he always satisfied his doubts with the reflection that "Mrs. Dobbs would have it so, and if anybody knew about it she did."

Mrs. Dobbs was nearly as well pleased as her husband to leave the capital. She doubtless felt as the pilot feels who has brought his ship through an unknown sea to a safe harbour. She had reason to pride herself on her husband's success as a legislator. He was established for life as the Honourable John Dobbs, who had made a speech in Congress, and shared in the deliberations of that body. The Dobbs family was looming up—was becoming known. She was content with the winter's work.

Alice expressed no preference with regard to going or staying, but sat listless and silent. Had she buffeted so long with the waves that she had grown weary of the struggle, and allowed herself to be borne away by the current? Had the worldly-wise counsels of the mother prevailed? Had the assiduous attentions of the Count become more agreeable? Had the love of pleasure and position carried the day? Perhaps she was asking herself these questions as she sat pre-occupied waiting the moment of departure.

If her heart had been touched by the soldier—if she loved him—would she soon forget the episode? Would there be any more serious result attending the little heart-story than dropping a tear or two over a few *billets-doux*, and pressing to the heart a few withered flowers? Perhaps she was asking herself these questions.

The age is growing more matter-of-fact every day. Silk ladders, guitar serenaders, and elopements have passed away. No more scaling of walls, no more twanging of the light guitar, no more "meet me by moonlight," no more fleeing from obdurate parents. All that is changed now. Such matters are conducted in these latter days by due process of law and conventionality. Red tape, to a certain extent, has invaded the institution of matrimony. Young ladies

do not choose their life-partners now, but their papas and mammas do it for them, and they, like well-behaved, obedient daughters, submit to the selection of their parents. Occasionally the young creature casts a wistful eye on the forbidden fruit, in the person of some young gentleman who does not come up to papa's requirements; and although she stoutly maintains that she will wed none but him, papa's logic at last prevails, and she succumbs to become the wife of his selection—Mr. Smith, probably—and in a few months Mrs. S. gets reconciled to her matrimonial harness, and ambles along life's journey with Mr. Smith quite amicably. Then papa will be sure to remind his daughter of his wisdom in selecting for her such a husband as Mr. Smith, and inveigh against those artist and poet chaps who have no more idea of practical life than a hen has of swimming.

Perhaps Alice also made these reflections.

At length Cronier, with the air of one of the family, announced that the carriages were ready, when the Dobbs folk descended with that gentleman and took their seats. Ruggles stood by the vehicles to bid them good-bye for a week or so, when he expected to rejoin them. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs entered one carriage, the daughters and Cronier the other, and the face of the count wore an exultant expression as he took his seat in front of the ladies. The farewells were soon exchanged with the editor of the *Trumpet*, and the carriages started. As the one containing the young people moved off, the eldest daughter leaned over the side of the vehicle, waved her handkerchief to the cavalier of the black horse, and smiled a sad parting adieu. The horseman responded with a low bow, and the shadow of deep dejection rested upon his face. He turned his head in the direction of the receding carriage, and looked longingly after it until it was out of sight, and then turned, as one having authority, to an orderly standing near, and told him to take charge of his horse, dismounted, and the orderly took his place. As the dismounted horseman joined Ruggles, he removed his great-coat, thus disclosing the undress uniform of an officer, which he wore underneath.

As the two friends grasped each other by the hand, the officer said—

"She could not stand the test."

DOMESTIC FOWLS ;

THEIR HISTORY AND TREATMENT.

So much has been written on the subject of the breeding and management of fowls, that little that is new remains to be said. But the works that have hitherto appeared are either too elaborate and expensive to be of general utility, or too meagre and unsatisfactory to be of any practical value. It is, therefore, our intention to present our readers with the most useful advice and valuable suggestions belonging to this branch of economy.

However interesting the subject, there would be no advantage in tracing back the various breeds of domestic poultry to their common origin. They have evidently existed in a domesticated state in many countries, from time immemorial, being incidentally mentioned in the First Book of Kings, iv. 23, as forming part of the provision at the court of Solomon ; and in the course of ages have branched out into numerous varieties from the parent stock. We shall proceed first to give a description of the several kinds of fowls common in England, and afterwards the proper methods of treatment to ensure the greatest advantage and profit.

1. **THE MALAY FOWL.**—This is the largest fowl bred in this country: its general colour is yellow, intermixed with dark brown ; being very long-legged, on that account it is not well adapted for sitting ; neither is it desirable to be kept for its flesh, which is coarse, and of a dark colour. The eggs, however, are nutritious, and are of larger size than those of any other hens.

2. **THE SPANISH FOWL** is the next in size ; it is also long-legged, therefore the same objection applies to this as to the Malay. It is common in the neighbourhood of London. The plumage and legs are entirely black, and the combs very large and red. The flesh is white and good, and the eggs nearly as large as those of the Malay hens.

3. **THE DORKING FOWL** is so called from the town of Dorking, in Surrey, where they are to be seen in the greatest abundance, and are said to have been first brought thither by the Romans. This fowl is the third in size of British poultry, and has a finely-shaped body and small legs. Its colour is entirely white, and it

may generally be distinguished by having five claws on each foot ; one of which, however, is usually imperfect. The colour of the flesh is not so white as that of some of the common kinds, but inclines to a cream colour ; it is, however, of fine flavour. The eggs are large, and this fowl is an abundant layer.

4. **THE POLAND FOWL.**—Of this there are two varieties, the one black, with a top-knot of white feathers ; the other gold-coloured and spotted, with a dark-feathered crest. The plumage is not so abundant as that of most others ; their legs are short, their bodies plump ; and, next to the Game Fowl, they are considered to be the most beautiful in appearance. The flesh resembles that of the Dorking, being rich and juicy. These fowls have the least desire of any to sit, and from the greater number of eggs which they lay, they are the most valuable, and have been called **EVERY-DAY HENS**, or **EVERLASTING LAYERS**. Their eggs are scarcely so large as those of common hens, but from the great quantity they produce, and their little tendency to sit, they are the most profitable of all the varieties.

5. **THE BOLTON GREY.**—This fowl may perhaps be esteemed next to the Poland ; it is very little known in the south of England, and derives its name from the town of Bolton, in Lancashire, in which county it appears to be most reared. It is thus described by the Rev. Mr. Ashworth : "Small-sized, short in the leg, plump in the make. The colour of the genuine kind, invariably pure white in the whole loppel of the neck ; the body white, thickly spotted with bright black, sometimes running into a grizzle, with one or more black bars at the extremity of the tail ; they are chiefly esteemed as very constant layers, though their colour would mark them as a good table fowl."

6. **THE GAME FOWL.**—This is the most beautiful and rich in plumage of any of the gallinaceous group, and in gracefulness of figure excels them all ; the flesh is superior in whiteness and flavour to that of any other ; the eggs are finely formed and delicate in flavour, but rather smaller than those of ordinary fowls.

This breed, however, cannot be reared to any profit, on account of the natural propensity of the birds to fight, which, manifesting itself at a very early period, renders it a matter of extreme difficulty to bring up the young brood.

7. THE BANTAM FOWL is a well-known small breed, of which there are several varieties; some are covered with feathers down their legs, while others are as smooth-legged as the common kind. They may be made useful in hatching the eggs of partridges, as they are good nurses, and good layers. They may be used for the table instead of partridges or young chickens; the flesh and the eggs are very delicate in flavour. We have here enumerated only the principal choice varieties of fowls which are bred in this country; but besides these, there are many other kinds, which have been produced by the continual crossing of the breeds; some sorts are peculiar to certain localities which appear to be favourable to them; and the common FARM-YARD FOWL possesses the diversified characteristics of all those we have described. Some are good layers, others good sitters, these valuable for their flesh, those for their eggs; and therefore persons who are inexperienced in such matters, and wish to avail themselves of the advantage of keeping fowls, must trust to the judgment and honesty of those from whom they purchase as to the required qualities.

ON THE CHOICE OF STOCK.—No fixed rule can be adopted in the selection of ordinary fowls, experience showing that it is impossible to infer which individuals among a number of young hens will be good layers or good sitters. No dependence can be placed in the colour or form of the farm-yard fowl by which to judge of these qualities. We may, however, say, that those which more nearly resemble in appearance any of the select varieties we have enumerated will have similar characteristics. Thus the long-legged kinds are not very useful as sitters, as they do not cover the eggs so well as the other kinds; they are besides apt to trample and break them. But it does not follow, that because the form of the hen precludes her sitting well, that therefore she has no desire to do so, for we as often find the propensity as strong in the long-legged as among the short-legged breeds.

The following general directions from

Main's work on poultry may be found useful:—"The races of hens which should be bred in preference to others are those which yield eggs in the greatest abundance, and whose flesh is the most delicate; these two advantages, and especially the first, are blended in the common hens. In selecting them, they must be chosen of a middling size, of a black or brown colour, a robust constitution, having a large head, sharp eyes, the comb pendant, the feet bluish; those with large spurs, which scratch, which crow and call in the same manner as cocks must be rejected." Remember the popular distich—

"A whistling woman, and crowing hen,
The worst plagues ever sent to men."

A friend who has considerable knowledge on this subject has furnished us with his views as to the sort of hens most suitable to be chosen. "In my own experience," he says, "I have found the following characteristics worthy of being kept in view, viz., a good middle size, with white or bluish legs of proportionate length; the comb what is called 'double,' regularly.

"The fowls with large round top-knots, showing a descent from, or at least a mixture of the 'Poland,' are generally very good layers."

Mowbray says that "the green linnet is an excellent model of form for the domestic fowl, and the true Dorking breed approaches the nearest to such a model."

After all that may be said, observation and experience alone will determine the value of the hen; and the best way to arrive at any definite conclusion will be to keep memoranda of everything connected with the fowls, as to their form, colour, age, produce, &c. Such a plan, carefully followed, would no doubt lead to very satisfactory results.

It is of no less importance to be careful in the choice of the cock as of the hen; he should be of moderate size, carry his head high, have a lively appearance, a clear voice, a fine red glossy comb and wattles, a broad, well-expanded breast, and be strong in the wing, and of dark plumage. The legs should be thick, the claws sharp, the bill short, and he must be quick and energetic in all his actions.

When the cock takes a violent dislike to one or more particular hens, the obnoxious individuals must be removed,

otherwise they will be perpetually worried and harassed, and obliged to mope about in corners, and will always be subject to be torn or maimed by the cock; we have even seen a fine hen struck dead in an instant by a blow from her cruel and capricious master.

When a young cock is substituted for an old one, the hens sometimes object to associate with the new comer. This probably arises from his dulness; and the way of reconciling them is to feed the cock upon the most nourishing and stimulating food, to keep him warm, suffering him only to be abroad during sunshine, never when the weather is wet or cold; by these means the hens will be gradually accustomed to, and pleased with their new partner.

There is a diversity of opinions as to the number of hens to be allowed to one cock. Mowbray says from four to six, the latter being the extreme number, with the view of making the utmost advantage.

Other writers variously state the number of hens most desirable, varying from five to twenty-five. But the object in view must always be regarded; for if the eggs be intended for hatching, one cock to six or seven hens will be necessary in order to ensure a strong and healthy brood, while twenty hens may be allowed when chickens are not required. It is not even necessary to have a cock at all, when only eggs are wanted. When no male is kept, the eggs produced are called clear eggs, and though they are said to be scarcely so wholesome and nourishing as others, yet they have the great advantage of keeping better. A hen kept closely confined in a cage, laid regularly every other day, from March to October, during two years.

GENERAL MANAGEMENT, SITUATION, POULTRY YARD, &c.—To ensure success, and to realize profit in the breeding of fowls, it is absolutely necessary that the nature of the soil on which they are kept be of a thoroughly dry character. Damp clayey soils are highly injurious, as in such situations the fowls will be affected with asthma, diarrhoea, and other diseases, which produce great mortality among them. On the other hand, in a dry and warm situation they will flourish with scarcely any trouble or attention.

Observe the difference between fowls kept in close damp streets in London and other large towns, and those which have the advantages of light, air, and sunshine.

The same conditions we choose for ourselves are those best adapted for fowls, viz., air, light, warmth, and dryness; with all these circumstances, there need be no fear of failure. To ensure these, let the yard in which the fowls are kept be well drained and gravelled, so that there may be no collections of refuse matters, or stagnant water to produce disease, but that it may speedily become dry after rain.

If possible, the poultry house should have a southern aspect; any out-house or shed may be rendered suitable, especially if adjoining to the dwelling-house, where the warmth from the fires at the back of the wall may serve to warm the building. This will be found very advantageous to the fowls, for as they are originally natives of warm climates, an increased temperature is always favourable to their laying. Precautions must be taken to keep out the rains, and the keen blasts of winter, and during the continuance of unfavourable weather the fowls must be kept shut up in their house, as rain is so injurious to them that their laying will be retarded for a long period by a thorough wetting.

The floor of the fowl house should be formed of chalk and earth, thoroughly beaten down to form a compact solid mass, which the fowls cannot tear up, and which will bear frequent sweepings. This floor should constantly be kept clean, and well sprinkled with sand or dry ashes, and there should also be several troughs filled with either of these materials for the fowls to wallow in, as they are accustomed to do, in order to rid themselves of the vermin with which they would otherwise be infested. "A better remedy, and one far speedier, and of more certain efficacy has been discovered at Windsor by her Majesty's feeder. The laying-nests at Windsor are composed of dry heather (*erica tetralix*), and small branches of hawthorn, covered over with white lichen (*lichen raugiferinus*). These materials rubbed together by the pressure and motion of the hen, emit a light powder, which making its way between the feathers to the skin, is found to have the effect of dislodging every species of troublesome parasite."

The perches for the fowls to roost on should not be placed one above the other, for obvious reasons, but in a continuous line around the house. Pegs driven into the wall may serve as steps for them to

ascend to roost, but these must be so arranged as to form a proper slope for their convenience.

The nests for laying are recommended by some to be formed in boxes, or baskets, arranged around the room, either upon the floor or at any height that may be convenient. Clean straw is preferable to hay for nests, as being less liable to harbour vermin or become musty.

But the best form is a box with a side entrance, as the hen is not so liable to break the eggs as when she jumps down from the top upon them. The more secluded the nest can be placed the better, as the hen is so fastidious and prudish, and has so much mystery about her laying that she *will* have secrecy. If you watch her proceedings she is annoyed, and is probably prevented from laying, and may be stopped altogether for some time.

In the nests there should be several chalk eggs, in order to induce the hens to lay there.

After the fowls have gone out, the door and window of the house should be opened; and occasionally a small quantity of hay or straw should be burned in it, to renew the air and to destroy noxious insects. The nest, perches, food-troughs, &c., should be frequently scraped and washed, and the ground often swept, scraped, and covered with ashes.

Food.—Nature teaches the fowl the kind of food most suitable, and in this, as in all other matters, if we follow nature, we shall do much better than by adopting the notions of those persons who recommend the most extraordinary compounds as food for fowls.

“They are of all birds the most easy to feed; nothing is lost to them; they are seen the whole day long incessantly busied in scratching, searching, and picking up a living. The finest, the most imperceptible seed cannot escape the piercing looks of a fowl. The fly that is most rapid in its flight, cannot screen itself from the promptitude with which she darts her bill; the worm which comes to breathe at the surface of the earth, has not time to shrink from her glance, but is immediately seized. The food of fowls consists of several sorts of grain, fruit, insects, and worms. A good way to rid the gardens of caterpillars, worms, and other little creatures that eat up the produce, would be to let in hens, if by their habit of scratching the ground they did not cause more damage than service. Dressed or raw flesh is likewise suited

to the taste of these birds; and they are very fond of mulberries and some other fruits.

“Fowls that feast on seeds, worms, insects, with everything they have found, in an obstinate search on the dunghill, in the yards, in the barns, in the stables, cowhouses, &c., only want at the farms, in spring and winter, a supplementary feed, which is always distributed to them in the morning at sunrise and in the evening before it sets.”

Mowbray tells us, that instead of giving ordinary, or TAIL CORN, to poultry, he always found it most advantageous to allow the heaviest and best. This high feeding shows itself not only in the size and flesh of the fowls, but in the size, weight, and substantial goodness of their eggs, which will prove far superior to the eggs of fowls fed upon ordinary corn or washy potatoes, two eggs of the former going further in domestic use than three of the latter. The water also given to fowls should be often renewed, fresh and clean; indeed those which have been well kept will turn with disgust from ordinary food and foul water.

Barley is the best corn for poultry—it should form their staple food. Oats are sometimes used, but not so advantageously; besides, they are apt to scour young chickens. They are recommended by some as promoting laying, but for this purpose hempseed, buckwheat, and millet are better substitutes.

Maize, or Indian corn, is an excellent article of food. For either the ordinary keep, or for fattening fowls, it should be given whole, or slightly bruised, and will be found more profitable than any other grain. Sunflower seed has been much praised as food for poultry—it may be used economically in connexion with other food, in the saving of grain. The head of the flower containing the ripe seed may be cut off and thrown to the fowls; picking out the seeds serves for their amusement.

To keep fowls in health they should be supplied with a sufficiency of vegetable diet, such as cabbage, lettuce, beet, carrots, potatoes, &c., either raw or boiled. In the winter, too, when they cannot procure worms or insects, it is very necessary to give them small quantities of animal food, as bacon rind, odd bits of meat, &c., chopped small as substitutes; or the bones may be given to them to pick, which will be of great service in forwarding their laying.

Instinct causes the fowl to swallow small gravel stones and other hard substances, which are taken into the gizzard, and assist digestion by grinding the food. There should always be a good supply of gravel and pounded bricks for them to resort to.

The egg shell being principally composed of carbonate of lime, it is important that laying hens should have access to lime, chalk, or broken plaster or mortar from walls, otherwise they will not lay so plentifully, and many of the eggs will be *soft*, that is, destitute of the outer hard envelope; this must be particularly attended to in winter, when snow is on the ground, and at other seasons when they may be prevented from going abroad.

When soft eggs are laid, it would be well to put a little chalk in the water which the fowls drink. They must always have a constant supply, pure and clean; dirty water is the sure promoter of disease.

HATCHING AND REARING THE YOUNG BROOD.—The eggs for sitting on must not be more than three weeks old, for fresh eggs produce the healthiest chickens, and are easiest to be hatched. Choose those eggs which have been properly fecundated; those of your own best hens of two years old are to be preferred, as you may be sure of them, if you have taken care to allow but five or six hens to one cock, for the purpose of producing eggs for hatching. If you examine the eggs by candle-light, a small vacancy or air-bladder may be observed in the interior, at the larger end of the egg; if this be exactly in the centre, it is the germ of the male bird, but if a little on one side, it is that of the female; this is useful to be known, as then the supply of either kind can be properly regulated.

When the eggs are thus chosen, as soon as possible after they are laid, they should be put away in dry sawdust, in a cool place until the time of sitting.

The number of eggs given to a hen for hatching must be proportioned to her size and ability to cover them. More, however, may be given in summer than in winter; a hen that will hatch sixteen or eighteen in May or June, should not have more than twelve in February or March.

The desire of most hens to sit when they have finished laying is very great, but it is not enough that they appear to have a disposition for it, as it often happens that a hen will commence incuba-

tion and then forsake her nest, after sitting on the eggs sufficient time to addle them. Those most likely to perform the service best are at least two years old, not easily frightened, having large wings, and their bodies well supplied with feathers, above all with short legs, that they may sit close.

To try the qualification of the hen, she should be set for a few days on a nest with some worthless eggs; if she appear steady, and there is reason to suppose the sitting will be permanent, let the useless eggs be removed and the selected eggs placed under her; she may then be covered with a clean cloth as a necessary precaution against her leaving the nest; when her morning meal is given the cloth may be taken off, and replaced as soon as she has entered the nest. Some hens sit so constantly that it is absolutely necessary to lift them off their nests, in order that they may take food and drink; corn and water should be placed near them that if they please they may take what they require at any time. Great care must be taken that the eggs be preserved from cold, especially towards the end of hatching, or the young will certainly perish in their shells.

Spring and autumn are the most favourable times for sitting; then eggs are more plentiful and in better condition, and the temperature is more suitable.

The eggs should never be disturbed after they are in the nest; recent experiments have proved that they need not be turned, as generally practised, but that this should be left to nature.

On the twenty-first day of incubation hatching is usually complete; the little chicks peck through the shell, and free themselves from their prison. No attempt should be made to break the shell and liberate them before the time, though a little assistance is sometimes necessary, when some are found too weak to free themselves by their own effort; but this requires great care and dexterity, as the least injury inflicted results in the death of the chicken. Rather than be too hasty, it will be better to wait at least twelve hours before attempting their liberation.

The chickens first hatched are to be taken away from the hen, lest she should be tempted to forsake her nest, leaving some to perish. They should be placed in a basket with soft wool, and, if the weather be cold, put in a warm apartment or near the fire. They will not require

food for twenty-four hours, by which time all the rest of the brood will be hatched; they are then to be placed altogether, with the hen under a coop in a place apart, and supplied with food and water. Breadcrumbs or the smallest grains of wheat form the best food, or oatmeal slightly moistened, and curds chopped small may be given. The water must be very clean and fresh, and placed in such pans that they may be able to drink from without wetting themselves. The hen need not be cooped more than three days, she will scratch for worms and insects, which will be highly beneficial to her young brood. In a few days the chickens will eat almost anything, a little animal food or earthworms chopped fine forms excellent nourishment for them.

They must not be let out very early in the morning, or when the dew is on the ground, nor suffered to roam among the damp grass; cold and moisture is highly prejudicial, and frequently fatal to them.

PRODUCE, PROFIT, &c.—On this head we may quote from “Cobbett’s Cottage Economy:”—“When fowls can be kept conveniently about a cottage, three, four, or half-a-dozen hens, to lay in *winter*, when the wife is at *home* the greater part of the time, are worth attention. They would require but little room, might be bought in November and sold in April, and six of them with proper care might be made to clear every week the price of a gallon of flour. If the labour were great, I should not think of it; but, it is *none*; and I am for neglecting nothing in the way of pains in order to ensure a hot dinner, every day in winter, when the man comes home from work.”

Eggs are usually sold at such prices as to place them beyond the means of many families, as ordinary articles of food. But this need not be, for almost any one can, without much trouble or expense, have a constant supply of new-laid eggs, even during the winter, when they are most valuable. And who would not take a great deal of trouble for the sake of a fresh egg for breakfast every morning?

If you have a convenient out-house, such as we have described, put into it in October a dozen fowls—viz., one cock and eleven hens. Let their habitation be kept warm, and be well sheltered from all storms and cold blasts. With an abundant and constant supply of food and water, these fowls will furnish you with six eggs daily on an average. Lime and animal food must be regularly given, and

their apartment kept perfectly clean. If any hen desires to sit, she may be shut up in the dark for a short time, and well supplied with food, and in a few days her inclination will be gone, and she may be restored to her companions. It has been stated, that without a cock the hens will lay quite as abundantly, and without evincing any desire to sit.

These fowls thus precluded from other means of obtaining food, will require about a quart of corn a day, or fourteen bushels a year. Let them always have plenty by them in a little trough, they will then feed regularly but sparingly very often, whereas if you feed *them* instead of allowing them to take it as they please, they will ravenously devour all you scatter, fill their crops to distension, and cease laying.

These fowls, if properly managed, will afford you 2000 eggs in the year, and, if you please, one hundred chickens besides. Now, the expense of feeding the fowls and the chickens will be the cost of about eighteen bushels of corn, say of barley at four shillings the bushel, the amount will be 3*l.* 12*s.* The eggs, as they are sold retail in towns, usually averaging in value one shilling per dozen, would be worth 8*l.*, and the chickens at one shilling each, 5*l.*, thus giving a clear profit of more than 9*l.* from the produce of your dozen fowls. We must not say anything about the expense of management or attendance: this we do not reckon, as it is a pleasant occupation, rather an *amusement*, to be looking after fowls.

The breeding and fattening of fowls for the market is a profitable occupation; there is always a great demand for young fatted fowls, which realize prices proportionate to the difficulty with which they are usually obtained, five shillings per couple is considered a very moderate price. Mowbray says—“Twenty dozen fowls were purchased at Wokingham, in Berks, for one gala at Windsor, after the rate of half-a-guinea the couple. At some seasons, fifteen shillings have been paid for a couple.”

The cost of breeding and fattening one hundred chickens cannot exceed 5*l.*, and if they are sold to the retailer at two-thirds of the market-price, a profit varying in accordance with that price from 50 to 100 per cent. would arise to the producer.

We will take up the remarks of Richardson as to the profit to be derived from eggs:—“Some very interesting experi-

ments relative to the production of eggs, were made about ten years ago by Mr. Mouat, of Stoke, near Guildford. He obtained three pullets of the Polish breed on the 1st of December, 1835, which had been hatched in June previous, and they commenced laying on the 15th of the same month. They laid from the 1st of December, 1835, to the 1st of December, 1836, between them the number of 524. During the year they consumed three bushels of barley, seventeen pounds of rice, and a small portion of barley-meal and peas, the cost of which amounted to about 16s. 10d. The number of eggs being 524, gives about thirty-one eggs per every shilling expended, and assuming the weight of each egg to be one and a-quarter ounce, we have a result of forty-one pounds of the most nutritious food that can possibly be procured at the low cost of 4½d. per pound; or if these eggs were, instead of being consumed, sold to a retailer, a profit of about 100 per cent. would have accrued to the producer."

Out of 72,000,000 eggs annually imported into England from France, Germany, the Netherlands, and other countries, France contributes 55,000,000. Calculating the first cost at 4½d. per dozen, England pays annually to France for eggs about 77,000*l*.

It will surely be worth while for the cottagers, and other industrious classes of this country, to endeavour to carry out in practice the instructions we have given for poultry management, and thereby be enabled to supply the constant demand for home consumption, both of eggs and chickens. By doing this they will realize considerable profit, add to their individual comfort, and increase their independence.

In conclusion — we use, with some trifling alterations, the words of a writer before quoted—"If only one person in every district exerted himself to disseminate among his humbler neighbours such knowledge as I have endeavoured to convey in the course of these articles, they would treble the amount of their gains; nor need selfishness interfere with the good work, there would be an abundant market for all. Let landlords only give a little advice and encouragement to their poorer tenantry; let them furnish each townland with a good SPANISH or DORKING cock, or a brace of them, and let them give to such as deserve it, either by industry or some other description of merit, a few good eggs, and they will diffuse much benefit at a trifling cost."

PARACELSUS THE MAGICIAN.*

His present mind
Was under fascination; he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never fill'd the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for
him!

WORDSWORTH.

FOR the thoughtful observer, as an acute French writer remarks, there exists a class of individuals fully as worthy of

* This article is derived from a new and most interesting work, entitled, "DWELLERS ON THE THRESHOLD; OR, MAGIC AND MAGICIANS, with some Illustrations of Human Error and Imposture." By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. [Two vols. cr. 8vo. MAXWELL AND CO., 122, Fleet-street, London.] At a time like the present, when spiritualistic manifestations are undergoing most searching examination, this book can be read with the deepest interest and profit, treating, as it does, in the highest philosophic spirit upon the mysteries of ancient and modern magic, and presenting many comprehensive biographies of the accredited magicians.

investigation as those great men whose genius revolutionizes science, and promotes the unresting progress of humanity. We refer to the illustrious order of Charlatans: of men who delight to throw dust in the eyes of the world; who impose upon us—with equal impudence and good faith, for he is a sorry quack who has no belief in his own quackery!—their sophistry for knowledge, their speculations for facts, their dreams for discoveries. But mankind often derives a large amount of benefit from their very errors; their falsehoods often put us in the road to truth. The misadventures of the pioneer in the wilderness direct the unerring steps of the settlers who follow in his track. In our strange wanderings through deserts and morasses we are beguiled by the *ignis fatuus* into what proves to be the securest highway. So the delusions of our morning dreams are not seldom

realized in our actual life; and the guesses of our excited fancy fulfilled by positive facts. And such an intimate relationship exists between man and man that the errors and follies, the sufferings and sorrows of our fellows have more than an individual importance,—they affect *us*, and they will influence our successors—

“Striking the electric chain with which we’re darkly bound.”

Of some of those splendid charlatans—those magnificent impostors to whom I have alluded—it may be said that they came into the world too early or too late. Had they figured in earlier ages we should have gazed upon their superb proportions with admiration. Looking back through the mists of the past we should have seen them exaggerated into gigantic phantoms. They would have been invested with that air of mystery and solemnity which surrounds the Egyptian Magi or the Persian Verdushts. On the other hand, had they lived at a later time, when knowledge became more exact, and an inductive philosophy trained the judgment and guided the imagination, their chimerical speculations would have been reduced to scientific theories. They would have imagined less; they would have investigated more. In the one case the world would have regarded them as prophets—seers—the inheritors of a mysterious wisdom; in the other, humanity might have blessed them as great inventors, or remarkable discoverers, to whose labours it owed increased happiness and additional appliances of good.

Notwithstanding, then, their extravagances, their follies, their errors, their deceptions, no thoughtful critic will treat with an affectation of contempt such men as the prophet Nostradamus; the adventurous Raymond Lulli, alchemist and missionary, who believed himself able to transmute souls as well as metals, and at the age of eighty was stoned to death by the incredulous; Jerome Cardan, who died of starvation rather than falsify his horoscope; Cornelius Agrippa; Albertus Magnus, who figures in the sublime epic of Dante side by side with St. Thomas Aquinas,—

Alcerto

E di Cologna, ed io Thomas d’Aquina;

the monk Gerbert, who was sorcerer enough to exchange his augur’s cap for the papal tiara; or Emanuel Swedenborg, mystic and enthusiast, who belonged to the present day by the accident of his

birth, to the past by the delusions of his fancy and the idealism of his creed. Unless we carefully analyse characters so eccentric, and intellects so erratic, we cannot hope to arrive at a full comprehension of the depths and shallows of the human mind. The mental and moral phases which they display must not be neglected by the student. We estimate the magnitude of the solar sphere by the spots which obscure the splendour of its disk. And the glory, power, and dignity of genius are best understood by contrasting its occasional follies and extravagant littlenesses.

One of the most remarkable of that sacred order of semi-charlatans, semi-heroes—men who were the Dwellers on the Threshold of Science, had a glimpse of its marvels, but never penetrated into its arcana—to which we have dedicated these pages, was the “profound philosopher and physician, *Areolus Philippus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombast von Hohenheim*,” born at Einsiedeln, near Zurich, in the year 1493. The true name of this “zenith and rising sun of all the alchymists,” as Naudé reverently calls him, was therefore Hohenheim, but he chose the prefix of PARACELSUS for his common designation, and by that name is renowned in the annals of human error and imposture. His father was a physician, and a man of good family—in fact, the illegitimate son of a prince—and he bred up the young Paracelsus to enter his own profession. He received the education taught by the learned of his age; a farrago of old wives’ fables and absurd traditions, in which nature was held of no account, and the utmost value was placed upon split straws! His intellect, naturally predisposed to promote fancy at the expense of reason, was thus directed in an unhealthy channel; and it was further his misfortune to have for his first master the Abbé Trithemius, one of the obscurest teachers of the Hermetic philosophy. He also lighted upon the abstruse dissertations of Isaac Hollandus, and at an age when most lads are busy with the mysteries of hexameters and pentameters, was already seized with a mad longing after the philosopher’s stone. Alas, for that wild hot dream of boundless wealth! When once it had taken possession of the youthful soul, farewell to the calm delights of assiduous study, the tranquil pleasures of accumulated knowledge! The unhappy enthusiast was dead to the concerns of everyday life;

passed on from delusion to delusion; saw all things through a bewildering mirage; revelled in the intoxicating visions of inexhaustible treasures; and beginning by deceiving himself, too often ended by deceiving others!

Thus, after he quitted the Abbé Trithemius, Paracelsus abandoned himself to a nomadic life. He wandered from city to city—from village to village—like the peripatetic scholars of his generation; selling prophecies, drawing horoscopes, fabricating destinies, dining and supping upon the past and future! A true Bohemian life—a life of continual chance and change—of sudden pleasures and frequent anxieties—of alternations between the banquet at the rich man's table and the dry crust in the solitary garret! But where dupes are so numerous it is not often that men like Paracelsus starve, and for his quick imagination the rapid succession of incidents common to such a life had an infinite attraction. He not only told fortunes and interpreted dreams, but even ventured upon summoning spirits from the vasty deep. The dead, however, have a will of their own, and could not always be induced to obey the commands or gratify the curiosity of the living. Sometimes, therefore, the ambitious student was mortified by an inconvenient *éclaircissement*, and finding that little could be gained by raising the dead, resolved to resume his practice of the noble art which aims at preserving the living.

He took for his second master in the "Ars Medicinæ"—medicine was "an art" then; it is "a science" now—the worshipful Sigismond Fugger, of Schwatz, who sought the healing power in chemistry, and practised in metallurgy; who had remedies for every disease, and, alas! diseases for every remedy. He enjoyed an immense reputation; due, we think, to the extreme obscurity of his teaching, for men usually admire what they cannot understand. He astonished his disciples without instructing them—a result which even now-a-days is occasionally perceptible!

Paracelsus remained with his second master no longer than with his first; and his eager intellect, unsatisfied with the arid dogmas of the ancients, sought on every side for fresher and more nourishing food. He travelled from country to country—from the mountains of Sweden to the hills of Bohemia—closely questioning the miners on all metallurgical difficulties, and in Poland and Transylvania

investigating the properties of salt, minerals, and metals. He then set out for the East to gather if he could from its treasury of precious things; in his researches omitting nothing which had a bearing upon his favourite studies. In the dusky catacombs of dead Egypt he interrogated the dust of the mysterious Isis and the tables of the immortal Hermes. He conversed—or said he did—with the mummies of the Pyramids. He pretended to collect the secret instructions of the Gymnosophists of Ethiopia and the priests of Zoroaster. At the same time he could sink at will to the ordinary level of humanity. He could talk with gipsies and strollers, players and musicians, merchants, beggars, wizards, witches, and quacks. From them he said he learned more than from the doctors of the schools. But he not only learned; he taught, or, at least, rewarded. He cured the diseases of his new friends, and instructed them how to cure the maladies of others. Thus his fame as an erudite and generous physician preceded him at every stage of his journey, for Paracelsus—wise in his generation—had enlisted the services of the most indefatigable and enthusiastic of trumpeters.

His long travels (A.D. 1513—1524) were terminated by a walking-tour through Spain and Portugal, and into Basle. Having amassed sufficient stores of recondite information, he resolved to settle down into a permanent practice at the latter town. Among the learned pundits for whom it was famous he hoped to find companions; among its opulent citizens he looked for patrons. His nomadic career had enlarged his views, ripened his judgment, and augmented his experience, but it had left him poor; and even the genius of Paracelsus was willing to exchange its divine utterances for earthly rix-dollars!

Basle, which in this 19th century is a town of stirring trade and bustling commerce—where the din of labour, and the chink of the gold which labour earns, sound and resound through each toiling street—was in the 16th century the rendezvous of science and learning, the gathering-place of a host of men of letters, scholars, empirics, professors, astrologers, and fools. Paracelsus, whose reputation had been his herald, was warmly welcomed within its walls. For the learned of that age formed a compact, freemason-like guild, whose sympathies were not with the world, and whom the vulgar world

hated as well as feared. They existed as an independent community, with laws and lawgivers, priests and shibboleths of their own—a world within a world—a secret and exclusive society, whose members were attached to their own craft by the bonds of mutual peril, and which, torn by jealousies and internal commotions, presented nevertheless an unbroken front to a hostile attack. Not as now, distributed promiscuously through the various social classes, but a class *sui generis*, which regarded every other class as hostile or subservient—as a source of danger or a means of profit—men of letters eagerly extended the hand of fellowship to a new-comer, and if they feared or despised his genius, acknowledged his claims on their order. At first, therefore, the much-travelled philosopher—who shook off the dust of Italy and Denmark, Hungary and Muscovy, at the gates of Basle; who had visited the myrtle-groves of Persia, fallen a prisoner to the Tartars, and been despatched by their Cham on a mission to Constantinople—was well received by the illuminati of the famous city which he proposed to honour with his presence. But the new-comer soon showed himself a man of aggressive and bellicose genius. Almost immediately on his arrival he disgusted and angered his brother leeches by a bold stroke of practice. And then, as now, the faculty was eminently conservative, and much opposed to every means of saving life which had not the odour of antiquity about it!

There was a printer at Basle, named Jacob Froben, suffering from an intense agony in the right foot which not all the doctors of Basle could relieve, and which permitted its victim neither to sleep nor eat. He summoned to his aid the strange physician as a last resource, for Paracelsus boasted of having “turned over the leaves of Europe, Asia, and Africa,” and it might be presumed that he had discovered some valuable knowledge in so vast a volume.

Paracelsus attended: prescribed fomentations, and administered a specific which he had brought back from the East in the shape of three black pills, *tres pilulas nigras*—the said specific being opium. Froben quickly tasted that luxury of repose which had so long been denied to him; sleep restored strength and energy to exhausted nature; he speedily recovered; and everywhere extolled the wonderful merits of the healer. The cure raised Paracelsus to the very apex of pro-

fessional reputation, and he was unanimously elected to fill the Chair of Medicine at the Basle University (A.D. 1526).

Never had Basle known so popular a professor! Paracelsus, with all his charlatanry and extravagances, was a man of genius; a man of bold and original genius, despising conventionalities, treating the most venerable traditions with terrible irreverence, stripping the mask off every sham and pretension, and infusing into his teaching the ardour of his free and vehement spirit. Here was a scholar who had seen something more than the interior of his study, and learned something more than was to be learned in books. Here was a layman who laughed at the solemn hypocrisies of priestcraft, and had drunken of that fiery enthusiasm which was preparing the minds of men for the Lutheran Reformation. Here was a lecturer who had not forgotten his youth, but poured it into his dreamy, mystical, bewildering eloquence. What wonder that his lectures were frequented by admiring crowds? They flocked to him from every country—the studious brains of Germany, the quick, hot minds of France, the passionate and yet subtle souls of Italy! Layman and monk, physician and poet, soldier and scholar; all who were weary of the eternal platitudes of the schools; who longed for more wholesome food than the elaborate quiddities of Saint Thomas Aquinas; who partook of the indefinable emotion that seizes the world on the eve of a great revolution; repaired to the Gamaliel of Basle. They listened and wondered. Paracelsus did not fetter his eloquence in rigid Latin; did not pour the new wine into old bottles; he spoke in German, and he spoke too with that self-assertion which strikes the multitude, with that arrogance which seems the inalienable privilege of genius. He delighted the youthful and enthusiastic by his attacks on the venerable leaders of the schools. Youth has little sympathy with the *laudatores temporis acti*. It is all for the present and the future. He beguiled the old and experienced by the brilliancy of his mysticism, the dazzling incomprehensibility of his dogmatism. His philosophy was a *mirage* of purple and green and gold—an evening mist, bright with the gorgeous colours of the sunset; and men, unable to gaze steadily on so glorious a vision, accepted it perforce as a very true and beautiful reality.

“There is more knowledge,” he was accustomed to assert, “in my shoe-strings

than in the writings of all the physicians who have preceded me! I am the reformer of medicine! You will all follow my new system, you, Avicenna, Galen, Rhazis, Montagnana, Méseré,—you will all follow me, gentlemen of Paris, of Montpellier, of Vienna and Cologne! All you who dwell on the banks of the Danube or the Rhine—who inhabit the islands of the sea—you also, Italians, Turks, Samaritans; Greeks, Arabians, Jews; you shall follow ME! If you do not freely take service under my banner, it is because you are but as the stones that the very dogs defile! Rally, then, unto me, for the kingdom shall be mine, and sooner or later you must swallow the bitter draught of obedience!" Then this splendid charlatan-enthusiast brought forward a vase of fire, upon which he flung handfuls of nitre and sulphur. And as the lurid flames shot upwards he flung into them the ponderous tomes of Galen and Avicenna, and while his audience gazed astonished at this novel *auto-da-fé*, he exclaimed—"Thus, O ye doctors, shall ye burn in everlasting fire! Get ye behind me, Sathanas! Get ye behind me, Greek, Latin, Arab! Ye have taught nothing but absurdities—the secret of nature is known only to myself!"

A philosopher who dealt so fiercely with his predecessors was sure to incur the hatred of many of his contemporaries. A physician who had had the sagacity to discover the value of mercury and opium—drugs abhorred by the timid and bigoted practitioners of his time—was certain, by the success as well as the originality of his treatment, to arouse the jealousy of his brethren. His manner of life peculiarly laid him open to their animadversions. He was addicted to the wine-cup, according to the testimony of his pupil and friend Oporinus:—"Adeo erat totis diebus et noctibus, dum ego familiariter per biennium fore convixi, ebrietati deditus."* He was sober for scarcely an hour at a time, says his disciple, while he fared from Basle to Alsatia amongst the noble rustics and the rustic nobles, healing them and instructing them, and everywhere welcomed like a second Æsculapius. He was the marvel and admiration of everybody. Meanwhile, in his most turbulent moments, he would return home and dictate to Oporinus his extravagant philosophy. "Nor," says the disciple of this mad,

bibulous, clever, fantastical philosopher, "did he ever put off his clothes at night during the two years I remained with him; but, with his sword belted round him, would fling himself on his bed, filled with wine, towards the hour of dawn. Then he would start up in the depth of the darkness, and deal blows on every side with his naked sword; now striking the floor, the bed, the doorposts, and that so furiously that I often trembled lest he should smite off my head."

This sword had formerly belonged to a headsman; Paracelsus pretended that its pommel was the hiding-place of Azoth his familiar, who lay there imprisoned in a jewel. He often embraced it, and held mad converse with it, and gave out that it had in its charge the famous *elixir vite* by which he could prolong the lives of men to the protracted date of the antediluvian fathers. He boasted that his word controlled an entire legion of spirits. Another of his attendants, named Wetterus, relates that he frequently threatened to summon a vast host of demons, and show him how his lightest breath directed their movements. But amidst all these follies and excesses—the follies and excesses of an enthusiast who half believed, half doubted his possession of the powers to which he pretended—his medical ability asserted itself. He effected numerous cures, and especially one of a certain canon residentiary, which cut short his career at Basle.

The canon lay at the point of death, having been abandoned as past cure or recovery by all the physicians of the town. In this extremity he had recourse to Paracelsus, promising him a magnificent recompense if his treatment should be successful. The doctor administered his favourite three small pills—*tres murini stercoris pilulas*—which the canon swallowed, and—recovered! But with monstrous ingratitude he then refused to pay the fee. What! a "magnificent recompense" for three small black pellets! The canon, like many a modern invalid, estimated the value of the cure by the quantity of the medicine. Paracelsus summoned him before the magistrates, who decided that he could only recover the customary fee. In an excess of the most violent rage the discomfited philosopher poured out a torrent of abuse on the hapless heads of the unjust purveyors of the law; and, the next morning, stealthily quitted Basle to avoid their wrath, leaving his laboratory and his

* While I lived with him familiarly for about two years he was drinking day and night.

chemical treasures in the charge of his pupil Oporinus. With whom he also left his *magistrate arcanum*—laudanum, so called from *laudandum*, on account of its praiseworthy qualities, which some time after saved the pupil's life.

Paracelsus now resumed his erratic course, wandering from town to town and village to village, traversing Hungary and Germany, and living upon the credulity and ignorance of all classes of society. To such mean ends was this man of genius reduced, who, had his judgment been equal to his imagination, might have accomplished many things worthy of a world's gratitude! He cast nativities; he told fortunes; he beguiled dupes into fruitless but expensive search for the Philosopher's Stone; he effected wonderful cures; but he did not accumulate wealth. Nothing so surely beggars a man as an unholy greed of gold. At length he came into collision with the Church, as he had already battled with law and physic. Summoned to the bedside of a moribund peasant, he observed that a priest was holding something to his lips. "Has the patient taken anything?" he inquired. "Nothing replied the priest; "but I was about to give him the *Corpus Christi*." "Then," quoth the profane Paracelsus, "since he has called in another physician, he does not need me," and he strode out of the room. This irreverent speech provoked the fierce wrath of the priesthood, and fatal murmurs of "heresy" and "sorcery" warned Paracelsus of the danger he had incurred. He fled to Bavaria, taking with him his drugs and his self-confidence. Oporinus, who had previously rejoined his master, now finally abandoned him, stole what he could of his secrets, and swelled the outcry raised against him.

The itinerant leech, after working some extraordinary cures in Bavaria, passed into Poland, where he healed a sick nobleman. Many opportunities of permanent distinction and wealth presented themselves, but there was a Bohemian taint in his blood which rendered him incapable of steady application or regular habits. He loved to wander from country to country, speculating on the follies of mankind, and giving up his great intellect to vague speculations and confused dreams. He was infected by the restlessness which pervaded all European society; by the spirit of an age which saw the old order

breaking up, and was not prepared for the establishment of the new. Something of success gilded the last days of his wild and romantic career. In 1536 he established his claim to his patrimonial inheritance, dedicated his "*Chirurgia Major*" to the Emperor of Germany, and having secured a patron and a believer in the Archbishop of Salzburg, prepared to settle quietly in that city. But when seemingly bent on doing work worthy of his genius, he succumbed to the malice of his enemies or the effects of his own vices.

He was poisoned, it is said, at a debauch of wine; and while labouring in the lethargy of intoxication was deprived of the antidotes which he usually carried about him. When he awoke to a consciousness of his position, the poison had so mastered his enfeebled constitution that remedies were no longer useful.

Such is the vulgar tale, but it lacks authenticity. As Paracelsus at the time of his death, was patronized by an archbishop, it is not likely that he was poisoned by any emissary of the Church. And why introduce the agency of poison at all? A frame shaken by loose living and constant trial would easily give way to an excessive fit of drinking. Howbeit, Paracelsus after his debauch was removed to the Hospital of San Sebastian, where he speedily expired, on the 24th of September, 1541, in the forty-eighth year of his age. By his will he bequeathed most of his property for charitable purposes, and the hospital wherein he died was rebuilt by his executors. A tablet on its wall thus preserves the name and memory of the charlatan-enthusiast:—

Conditur hic

PHILIPPUS THEOPHRASTUS,
Insignis Medicinæ Doctor,

Qui dira illa vulnera, lepram, podagram,
hydropem,

Aliaque insanabilia corporis contagia,
Mirifica arte sustulit,

Ac bona sua in pauperes distribuenda
Collocandaque honoravit:

—Anno MDXLI die XXIV Septembris
Vitam cum morte commutavit.

Aurea pax vivis, requies aeterna sepultis.

With this brief outline of the career of a remarkable man we are fain to be satisfied. [Whoever desires to know more will have their curiosity most amply satisfied on referring to Mr. Adams' admirable work on "*MAGIC AND MAGICIANS*."]]

ADVENTURE IN THE BRAZILS.

BUT little is known to the general reader of the characteristics of the vast Empire of Brazil. The laws which govern it; the social condition of its inhabitants; its productions and its resources, but rarely find a place in general literature. That it is a slaveholding empire; that it exports coffee, sugar, hides, tapioca, and a number of delicious fruits, is about all that is known of this immense territory. Yet its history is replete with useful and valuable information, and its study would amply repay the seeker for knowledge.

But at present I have nothing to do with general facts, but merely to recount an incident which befel me during a visit to that country.

In the city of Rio Janeiro are to be found citizens "of all nations." Portuguese, Spanish, English, French, Germans, Italians, Danes, and Americans swell the population of this great city. European families, and foreigners generally, reside from three to five miles from the city, others again preferring a still greater distance. The reader who has been there will recall with pleasure the delightful residences in the Laranjeiras, the Rua de Sao Clemente, and Sao Christavoas. Still further off, but few can cease to remember the lovely retreats of Bennet's Hotel at Tijuca, or Carpenter's Hotel at Petropolis. The two latter places are situated in the Organ Mountains, which fence in the city, as it were, on three sides. At the altitude of over two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the sojourner finds all that is essential for his health and necessary for his comfort. Enjoying the best of society—which is always to be found here—he has nothing to do but to enjoy himself. To be one of a pleasure excursion from Bennet's is no mean privilege. On one such excursion my present tale is founded.

On a lovely morning in August, 1856, a party of ladies and gentlemen were engaged in discussing the merits of a proposed ride to the summit of a high mountain called the Corcovado. (This word, in the Portuguese language, means the "Hunchback," and the mountain is so called from its appearing like a man with a spinal deformity.) It was proposed that as several of the company were going to the city that day, those who wished to be of the party should meet at the village

of Santa Teresa the next morning at two o'clock. The ascent was to be made on mules, and the party were to number thirteen—ominous number! An English lady (the only lady in the party) made the thirteenth person, she having determined to go at the last minute, much against the will of her brother who was to accompany her, and of her friends who remained behind, preferring the *dolce far niente* in the grounds of the hotel to the fatigues of climbing a mountain. Soon after, the company dispersed. Those for the city had their mules saddled, and, bidding a friendly (and in some cases an affectionate) adieu, started for Rio. Arriving, there they separated, some to proceed to their offices, and others to their residences on the outskirts of the city. Our lady friend was accompanied by her brother to their residence in Santa Teresa, the rendezvous for the next day.

At two the following morning, amidst the gleaming of lanterns, the shouts of negroes, and general hilarity, our party moved forward. There were three Americans, four Englishmen and an English lady, one Portuguese, one Brazilian, a Dane, and two Germans. For about a distance of six miles the road from Santa Teresa to the ascent to the mountains was very good; but, as the moon had set, it was necessary to use great caution in advancing, as there was a deep ravine on either side of us. In fact, it was across a ridge that we had to pass, the sides of which were steep, and covered with young virgin trees; very steep at the top of the decline, and shelving away gradually into the beautiful valley of Laranjeiras (Orange Valley). Four of us carried a lantern each, which cast a lurid light on the surrounding objects. The morning air was crisp and bracing, and, as we were going pretty briskly (it always being safe to give the mules "their head"), we soon arrived at the side of the Corcovado, where we were to make the ascent. This was on the south-west, and we reckoned on being at the summit in ample time to see the sun rise—a sight that, once beheld from the top of the Corcovado, can never be forgotten.

From the point we had now reached, called the *Cascada* (water-fall, from the torrent of waters which rushed into the aqueduct built by the Jesuits in the six-

teenth century, and which supplies the city with water), we had to commence the steep ascent. It was quite practicable to go up on the mules for about a distance of eighteen hundred feet, and this we determined to do. As our road now was only a footpath, it was necessary to go in single file. Mr. Montrose, an Englishman (who had been to the summit before), leading by a bridle-rein the mule on which Miss Cust was seated, led the way. The fire-flies flitted about by hundreds of thousands, and ever and anon a huge lantern-moth, with its long neck and head filled with a brilliant, bright blue flame, left a track across the path like the passage of a meteor in the heavens. After a steep ascent of about fourteen hundred feet, we reached a place called the *Pineiros* (apple trees covering this portion of the mountain). The path we were now on had been made right through these plants, which bear fruit twice in the year, which belongs to any one who is at the trouble of cutting it.

Another half-hour brought us to a hut, at the extremity of this region, which was kept by an uncultivated black person—black in its very intensity—but nevertheless of the genus homo. Adjoining the hut was a rude shed, in which the mules of visitors were kept until the return of their riders from the summit, it not being practicable to take them any higher. Dismounting, therefore, and giving the mules in charge of the zealous contraband, the gentlemen took the slightest charge from the contents of their “pocket pistols,” to give them extra strength for the labour they had now to perform before they reached the summit.

There was still about three hundred feet of very bad ascent to be gone over. Mr. Montrose and Miss Cust (his *fiancée*), and her brother led the way. Toiling over broken boulders and loose stones, with here and there the trunk of a tree, is not pleasant by broad daylight; imagine, then, what our scrambling—must have been by the starlight alone, by which we travelled! Our lanterns had been left at the hut, as they would have proved cumbersome and almost useless. Bear in mind that in many places we had to go literally upon our hands and knees. But, as we were now at an altitude of over two thousand feet, our spirits took a corresponding rise, and it would have taken a good deal to destroy the almost boisterous hilarity of our party. We kept pretty well together, that is, as well as

the *backslidings* of some of us would allow. Once only we felt rather disturbed; and as silence suddenly reigning in the place of mirth and jocularity, is wont to give rise to certain palpitations, I, for one, admit of the presence of some unaccountable flutterings in the neighbourhood of the heart. The cause was soon ascertained, and then the hearty laugh that followed made the mountain ring again. Miss Cust, with a slight scream, had seen “something” on in front of her. Her companions in her immediate vicinity had plenty to do to guide her footsteps as well as their own, and did not pay immediate attention to the admonition. But presently, after her warning had been pronounced “nonsensical,” and the little scream got up for effect, the two gentlemen suddenly called out as with one voice, “*Que vai la?*” (“Who goes there?”) Upon which a shrill voice answered, “*Sou eu Antonio, Senhor,*” (“It is me, sir, Antonio.”) It was a black servant of Mr. Cust’s, and a friend of his (the negro’s) who had preceded us with a basket of provisions. A cheerful amount of “chaff” ensued on our reaching them. The only thing which really affected us was the announcement of “*algum cousa quebrado*” (something broken inside the basket); but what it was Antonio could not conjecture, nor could we ascertain until we reached the summit.

It was now about half-past five, and in about twenty minutes we should be at the top of the Corcovado. Courage! and we needed courage: scrambling, crawling along, or rather upwards, as we were. We now began to see the very faintest appearance of light. The reader is doubtless aware that there is no twilight in the tropics. In seven minutes in the winter season, and ten minutes in the summer months, from broad daylight it is dark; and *vice-versa*. After the usual amount of groans, and “I wish I hadn’t come,” &c., &c., we all safely arrived at the very summit of the Corcovado, two thousand one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Atlantic ocean, which washed its southern base.

Here, sitting down, we breathed freely after such unusual labour, and some of the party again had the slightest “dip” from the flasks. Watches were then compared, and it was found to be about ten minutes to six. The morn was gradually breaking; the far-off horizon could be dimly discerned; the outlines of the splendid harbour of Rio could just be

made out, dotted with small objects of a greyish hue, but whether ships or sea-gulls could not be determined. The city itself looked like an immense giant taking his rest, while the verdant covering of the sides of the mountain we were on, and on the smaller ones in its vicinity, was the only colour we could distinctly make out.

But in a few moments Mr. Ernst, a German, called out—

“Now for it!”

In an instant we were all on our feet, as we had purposely waited for the signal which was to be given directly the sunbeams were visible. Then did our “Vivas!” “Hurrahs!” and “Magnificents!” rend the air.

The sunbeams at this moment were illuminating the peaks of the Organ Mountains as far as the eye could reach, and they looked like burnished gold, and yet glittered with prismatic radiance like a diamond. As the sun rose above the tops of these peaks, others in rapid succession were lit up, whilst every colour in turn seemed to be lightly laid upon hill and dale, to be renewed over and over again. The bay at our feet glistened with a million sparkles, and the large frigates and the merchantmen of all nations were like small boats. The city was soon fully exposed to view, and its enormous magnitude was apparent. Containing at this time more than six hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, its extent may be imagined. The whole panorama was perfect. The ocean and its roar, which could be distinctly heard, reminded us of Him who “holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand.” The ships sailing for distant ports, and others arriving from foreign lands, were objects of the greatest interest.

Soon we began to feel the effects of the sun’s rays. The buzzing of insects and the flight of numerous birds of every hue, and gorgeous butterflies with wings like satin and velvet, sprinkled with gold, told us that the day had fairly set in.

After admiring the beauties of nature until seven o’clock, it was determined to see what sort of a breakfast Antonio had brought up for us. We accordingly sat down on the hard rock; a wall built by order of the Brazilian government round the apex, formed a kind of screen from the wind, and yet was just the height to enable us to retain the sight of the lovely scenery, whilst satisfying the “inner man.” In justice to Antonio, I must

describe the breakfast. A *Camerao* pie—shrimp pie; the shrimps about six inches long. This is a delicious dish, and needs to be tasted to be duly appreciated. Then some cold *Pera*—turkey—ham and tongue sandwiches. *Quejo de Rhino*—Dutch cheese—biscuits, and some preserves. Ale, porter and wine were also brought, but the porter had “exploded,” excepting one bottle, and fortunately being at the bottom of the basket, had damaged nothing, but had merely run down Antonio’s steaming sides, and caused, I imagine, a slight improvement in his condition. His “assistant” was also in the same plight, as a bottle had “gone off” whilst the basket had been carried in turns on their heads. We did justice to the repast, first giving thanks to Him “whose works are manifold,” and “whose ways are past finding out.” Then we drank to the rulers of our respective nations, and to “absent friends, God bless them,” with a ringing “three times three.”

At 7.30 we commenced our downward march, and reached the Pineiros in safety, where we had left our mules. We decided to rest in this lovely place for a short time, and sent the servants home with the basket and the lanterns. It was then suggested that some one should recite some piece of poetry, which was cheerfully complied with by Mr. Cust. Mr. Montrose then sang a very sweet song of Tom Moore’s, which was *encored*, but another was substituted for it. Miss Cust was not in a singing way, having had, I think, a scolding from Mr. Montrose for coming, as he feared the exertion of the whole journey would prove too much for her. She however recited Defoe’s lines on “Alexander Selkirk,” with much sweetness and taste. In this way a very pleasant hour was spent, and a little before nine we gave the word to start.

We had not, however, proceeded more than two hundred feet, when Mr. Montrose, who led the way, deemed it necessary to urge the greatest caution, and by no means to attempt to curb the mules. Whilst attempting to seize hold of the rein of Miss Cust’s mule, his saddle (which had not been properly fastened) slipped, and he fell. The mule finding itself free, made a sudden start, and Mr. Montrose let the reins from his hands. The mule, being thus free from any restraint, bolted down the steep descent, closely followed by those of Miss Cust

and her brother. Mr. Cust urged his sister to keep cool, trusting that, when once on the level road, he should have no difficulty in stopping the mules. But in this he was mistaken. The mule with the empty saddle went flying down the hill, and outdistanced the other two who had caught the infection, and who followed after. Miss Cust was quite unable to stop her mule or regulate its speed. It bore her with frightful rapidity down the rugged and uneven slope, but she, nevertheless, retained her seat. But the danger was not in this part of the road. Her brother knew what a frightful ravine lay on either side of the "pass" to which they were now approaching.

At last this was reached, and the mules tore away faster than ever. The riderless one was nearly out of sight; still, on the others went furiously. A slip or a stumble would cause either ruin, and death seemed to stare them in the face. On, on they went, until the *Cascada* was reached. Whilst turning round this point a party of pedestrians were passed, who, with faces blanched with fear, cried out—

"*Elles esta perdidas!*" (They are lost! They are lost!) and some of them started in a vain pursuit.

But a terror, unexpected, soon appalled our adventurers. At another bend of the road a new cause of alarm caused Miss Cust to shriek with fear. A huge snake was descried by her crossing her path. The mule suddenly stopped, and Miss Cust was instantly shaken out of her saddle, and disappeared over the edge of the pass. The mule turned and fled the way it had come, and Mr. Cust, horrified by the incidents that had taken place in less time than I can narrate them, and uncertain as to the fate of his sister, threw himself from his mule and fell to the ground, receiving, as he landed, a severe kick from the frantic animal that rushed past him. Soon the mules were out of sight, and Mr. Cust, feeling much shaken, and suffering severely from the kick in the side, managed to crawl with difficulty to the spot where his sister had fallen. His hopes were raised when he heard her cries, and on reaching the spot, he found that she had been caught in the branches of a small tree, and that she was held there securely, leaning against the trunk, her riding-habit being perforated by the smaller branches. There she was overhanging a mighty chasm.

"Charles," she said, "I feel that I am safe here for a time, but, oh! what will

be the fate of anyone who attempts to save me!"

She was twenty-five feet from the surface, and the brother, looking over whilst extended at full length, could see her distinctly underneath him. Bidding her "be of good cheer," and breathing a prayer to Him "who alone could save" for her rescue, he prepared to seek assistance from a house which he knew was not far off. But as he started the sound of hoofs gradually broke upon his ear, and, to his extreme delight, Montrose and another of the party galloped up.

Montrose had not been hurt by his fall, and, being naturally anxious for the safety of Miss Cust, he persuaded Mr. Ernst to dismount, and, getting into his saddle, followed on with as great speed as he possibly could. He was also closely followed by Mr. Lockwood, an American gentleman, and these two now reached this sad spot. Looking over, Montrose descried the poor girl weeping and sobbing hysterically. She instantly saw him, and said—

"Oh, George, this is my punishment for resisting your wishes! You will forgive me, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, Florence," he replied, "do not talk of such things now, but trust in God for your deliverance, whilst I do what I can for your rescue! Recollect, loving hearts and willing hands are here to lose their lives, if necessary, to save yours."

Turning to the others, a hasty consultation was held, and it was decided that Mr. Lockwood should ride to the Sentry House in the pass, which was situated about half a mile on the road, and get a rope, if it could be procured. He immediately started, just as the rest of the party came up. Fearing to agitate the poor girl, Montrose decided that no conversation should be held with her, and then informed her of what he had desired. This she acceded to, but wished that he would not move out of her sight for an instant, as "then," said she, "I shall know I am safe." And she smiled on him through her tears, and sent a thrill of love and hope through his bosom, which annihilated the despair that was beginning to take hold of him.

But to return to Mr. Lockwood. He had not gone very far when he perceived some men in uniform approaching him, and, on getting up to them, found them to be the commander of the British frigate *Indefatigable*, the flag-lieutenant,

and two of the midshipmen. They had left the frigate intending to have a stroll, and it was with no small feelings of hope that he informed him of the disaster, and begged their assistance. This was of course instantly promised, and, commending him to use speed in reaching the guard-house and get the rope, they set off at full speed for the scene of the accident. Their arrival was hailed with joy by all, but especially by Montrose, who was in a wretched state of nervous horror. Still he would not move out of the dear girl's sight, and, eschewing conversation with her, managed, nevertheless, to give her every hope.

In about twenty minutes Mr. Lockwood arrived with a soldier, who carried a long piece of stout rope. I should have said two pieces, each about eighteen feet in length. Commander Luard immediately proceeded to splice them together, which done, every test was applied to prove its strength. Finding it capable of bearing a much greater weight than would be applied, it was passed over the edge of the cliff, immediately over the tree which supported Miss Cust, who watched the proceeding with fearful and breathless interest. Commanding her not to give way to her feelings, and if possible to avert her eyes from the means of her rescue, Commander Luard selected one of the midshipmen (who were both clamorous for the post of honour) to go down the rope. He chose Arthur Lyons, a youth noted by his companions for indomitable pluck, and beloved by his officers for his incorporate qualifications, which became him as an officer and a gentleman. The rope had a loose loop made at the overhanging end, and the part that went over the side ran easily over the edge of the cliff. The gentlemen, all sitting down in the road, held the other end of the rope, with the exception of Montrose and Ernst, who held the saddle firmly in its place, and the commander who looked over to watch progress and to give orders.

Kneeling down and taking the rope in his hands, Lyons descended to the tree, and, securing his foot in the loop, balanced himself on the trunk by the side of Miss Cust. He then took a small flask from his pocket and poured a few drops into the lips of the almost exhausted girl. Calling out to the commander to watch his signal, he desired Miss Cust to brace her nerves for the final effort, and causing her to place both arms round his neck, he

encircled her waist, and, giving the signal, the rope was pulled up until his head appeared above the edge of the cliff, when the strong arms of Commander Luard and the soldier lifted him on to *terra firma*, with the now inanimate body of Florence Cust, which he placed in the arms of George Montrose. A short time elapsed before she was restored to consciousness, and Montrose then had the happiness of seeing her beaming eyes looking lovingly at him for forgiveness, which he readily gave as he imprinted a kiss on her white lips. She looked the gratitude she could not speak to her young deliverer Arthur Lyons, and pressed the hand of Commander Luard with deep emotion. A rude kind of litter was constructed out of the tough rind and long, fan-like leaves of the banana-tree, and willing hands laid her on this impromptu couch and carried her to her house.

Our nautical friends were the heroes of the day, but more especially Arthur Lyons, who, at the earnest request of Florence, was admitted into her room before he left, and received the heartfelt thanks of the fair girl, which he was very bashful about accepting, muttering something about "always being ready to do his duty, but especially when a pretty-looking craft had got on a lee shore."

The runaway mules had been secured; every one had returned safe, and many and fervent were the ejaculations of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the great mercies that had that day been vouchsafed to them. Nothing further was seen of the snake at that time, but its whereabouts was afterwards ascertained, and it was captured and placed in the private zoological collection of Senhor Souts, in the Rua Nova de Imperador.

Eight months after this a happy wedding took place. Florence Cust was united by the Rev. George Graham, at the British Legation, to George Montrose, Esq., of Arbroath. In the evening a ball was given, and many of the English residents were present; amongst them were Commander Luard and (now) Lieutenant Lyons. The handsome youth was again a hero. His vivacity, his wit, his singing and dancing, and withal his manly bearing and sensible conversation, won for him a way amongst the ladies, as effectually as afterwards he cut his way through life with his sword. In returning thanks for the health that had been proposed of "the ladies," and refer-

ring to the incident that has been narrated, amidst the most profound silence, he made the following characteristic speech :

"We are all creatures of circumstances. Some circumstances into which we may fall may make life a burden and a misery ; other circumstances throw a flood of sunlight on our path. Some commence fortuitously and terminate miserably ; others begin dubiously, and end happily. But the incidents of that day, some six months

ago, when, by the dictates of Providence, I was selected to be the one who should rescue the lovely bride of to-day, will be for ever indelibly impressed on my mind, inasmuch as it gave her back, from the fangs of death, to her agonized lover, who to-day wears the jubilant look of a happy bridegroom ; and gave to me the happiness and privilege of responding on behalf of the ladies. To my dying day I shall always remember with heartfelt emotion, that day's adventure in Brazil."

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

PROGRESSION is Nature's great and unchanging law, and under its rule all things move onward along a glorious pathway resplendent with brilliant achievements, bearing the signet of that mighty controlling power which sprang from the very fountain-head of truth and wisdom, the gift of the Creator himself. Of all created things man stands pre-eminently at the head, for to him has been given a living, thinking, progressive principle, the intellect, from which has emanated a brilliant light that now illumines the world, and set in motion a tide that has flowed on through successive ages, deepening, widening, and increasing in force until all the nations on the earth acknowledge its sway.

The powers of the mind are boundless, and every succeeding age bears evidence of its rapid development. The current of ideas is always flowing ; the wheels of our mental engine are ever revolving with perpetual motion, and, since the time that reason began to exert her powers, thought has been active. It travels with the rapidity of lightning ; it flies around the earth, encircling the vast globe in a moment of time, and not content with viewing terrestrial objects, it still passes on and soars from star to star far into the depths of space, seeking, if possible, the very outskirts of this boundless universe.

The capacity of the mind for knowledge is one of its most wonderful attributes, and it is now generally conceded that whatever it acquires it can never lose, and that there are no limits to its expansion, but goes on for ever drinking in the stream of knowledge, its ca-

capacity being increased as it accumulates strength, yet remaining through eternal ages infinitely inferior to that of the Deity. There are many reasons for believing that no idea which ever existed in the mind is ever lost. It may seem to ourselves to be gone, since we have no power to recall it, as is the case with a vast majority of our thoughts ; but numerous facts go to prove that it needs only some change in our physical or intellectual condition, to restore the long lost impression. If this be true, what an amazing power does it prove to exist in the soul of man, and what a storehouse of thought does every mind possess.

This vast intellectual power enables man to trace out cause and effect, grasp mighty subjects, and solve intricate and complex problems. In its progress it has revealed new principles, developed new theories, and multiplied the facts of observation a thousandfold, and yet it has reduced them all into a few simple rules and principles, which may be easily acquired and understood by all who seek to store their minds with the pearls of wisdom. It has broken the chains of ignorance, cast off the shackles of superstition, built up the great structure of erudition, and reached a point best fitted for the investigation of truth, the contemplation of excellence, and a more rapid advance through fields yet unexplored, and to more glorious conquests to be achieved in coming ages.

Few indeed would have been the improvements in any branch of industry had it not been for intellectual development, and age after age would have passed

away, and still man remained in a state of primitive darkness. But through its influence the light of knowledge has been diffused, inventions have sprung into existence, science has established her dominion, and improvements have gone forward until the contemplative mind may well pause and consider if indeed we have not reached our limits in that direction. If for a moment we roll back in imagination the curtain of time, and review the triumphant advance of science, and regard the beauty and mechanism with which the hand of art has filled the world, we shall find abundant evidence of the mind's inexhaustible powers, and the influence it wields in all human affairs.

Talent we understand to be that faculty of the human mind, or development of the intellectual, which enables persons to exercise the powers of thought and bring them to bear upon the materials which Nature so bountifully furnishes and invites us to investigate. Hence it lies at the foundation of all great efforts, and its influence is felt in every sphere of action. It has founded kingdoms, empires, and republics, and then again swept them out of existence, as it were, in a moment. Society moves under its direction, and the tide of public opinion is turned into any channel by its controlling will. It has given man the control of the ocean and of the air; increased the comforts of the poor and the wealth of the rich; established the kindred of humanity and united the ends of the earth. We are not now the servants of the winds and tides, but their masters; we have learned to combat Nature with her own weapons, and in many instances have employed with advantage the very impediments that so long opposed our efforts.

Science is knowledge, that is, knowledge reduced to a system—the result of intellectual research; and talent is the agent employed for its advancement. The entire material world comes under its cognizance. It embraces the investigation of matter in all its conditions, the peculiarities of each element in itself and in its combination with others, and assumes to have established the laws and principles by which the universe is governed and all things therein. Without its aid objects of the material creation would seem insignificant in value and composition; but when brought within its influence they immediately assume a new character and command

our study and admiration. We look at the little flower with its varied hues and tints, and through the medium of the eye it becomes imprinted on the brain as a thing of beauty; but if for a moment we stop to consider its relation to science, we find that all those varying tints which combine to give a charm to the tiny leaf are parts of the seven primary rays which the great sun scatters from day to day over the earth, it then becomes an object of far greater interest to us, and we ponder long over it, studying out the process by which Nature paints such beautiful colours upon each diminutive leaf.

Unaided by science we might also look upward to the celestial vault, and admire its splendour and magnificence, deeming each little star, perhaps, only a shining point in space, or as so many brilliant tapers which Nature has so bountifully provided wherewith to illumine the dreary shades of night. Or, like the heathen mythologist, we might view the heavens as the book of fate, wherein to read our future—the destinies of men and the fate of empires. True, we might hazard conjectures and advance theories respecting their distance, size, motion, and the laws by which they are governed; but how fallacious would be the attempt—how baseless our theories—how uncertain all our conjectures! But science enables us to determine that each one of those shining orbs in the starry firmament are worlds like our own, all performing their various revolutions with regularity and precision, and all arranged in beautiful and harmonious order in the vast circle of space, “where worlds unnumbered run their ample rounds,” where suns revolve around suns and systems around systems. It is by the contemplation of such a sublime and beautiful scene, which the light of science enables us to view with intelligence and understanding, that our thoughts become elevated above the low, contracting prejudices of ignorance; our minds enlarged with the grandeur of the ideas it conveys, and better prepared to receive the great truths that are constantly being developed.

The progress of intellect has made vast accessions to every department of science; and still it goes on developing its gigantic powers and displaying its inexhaustible resources. From the ages of darkness the tide of time has brought us down to the living present, from which standpoint we can look back over the brilliant

achievements of intellect and treasure up for the future the great truths thus revealed.

Among the most important results of the researches of science, none are more interesting or startling than those presented to us in the beautiful field of Astronomy; for there it has unfolded to us the mysteries of the universe—pointed out the position the earth occupies therein—its relation to other planetary orbs—accurately determined its size, form, and the laws that control it, and has also demonstrated the fact that our sun, with all the worlds which revolve around it, is but one among many other systems which fill the circle of the universe.

To Geology is due the explanation of the structure and phenomena of the earth. It has investigated the different strata of which it is composed, established theories respecting the various layers of deposit, the formation of rocks, the cause of its internal heat, and the successive changes it must have undergone during the several periods of time in which it was being prepared for the abode of a race of intelligent beings.

Philosophy has kept pace with her sister sciences, and throughout the world has done much for the benefit of mankind. The laws and effects of the attractive forces, of motion, and the four great imponderable agencies of light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, which play so important a part in the earth's phenomena, all come within her province, and the investigations therein have progressed to an unlimited extent, and form the chief corner-stone of the beautiful structure of erudition.

The science of Chemistry has for its object the study of the nature and properties of all the materials which enter into the composition or structure of the earth, the sea, and air, and of every object accessible to man. Thus it has much to do with all the arts of life, and there is scarce a branch of industry at the present day which is not indebted to it for many valuable improvements. The world owes much of its progress to the researches of intellect in this department.

Linnaeus, as he beheld the riches of the vegetable kingdom for ever spread out before him, inviting his observation and study, was induced to construct a system of Botany, having for its aim a scientific inquiry of the nature and laws of the plants which constitute an inde-

pendent kingdom of nature between the mineral and the animal. Since that period the science has assumed a greater interest and more diversified attractions, until the study of the plants in their relations to other parts of the creation, and the part they perform in the general economy of the world, has become one of exceeding beauty and interest, enlisting in its behalf the monster intellects of the present age.

Everywhere over the wide earth—on the land and in the sea—in the air above and the soil beneath, are scattered a great variety of animals, differing in species, habits, and peculiarities, and occupying each a portion of terrestrial space best adapted to their respective states of existence. To arrange them into classes, orders, and families, describe their nature, habits, and order of succession and distribution, is the province of that portion of natural history termed Zoology. Naturalists, from the time of Aristotle, that great mind of Greece, and the leader of all intellectual culture at that period, have each in turn pursued their researches with great vigour, and added the results of their labours to the common fund. By them the animal kingdom has been divided into four primary divisions, or classes, based upon the principle of the four plans of construction, ascending from the sponge, the lowest type of the radiata, through the mollusks and articulata to man, the highest class of vertebrates.

Science having determined the position man occupies in the scale of created things, it proceeds to examine the conditions under which he exists as demonstrated by Anatomy and Physiology. The former teaches us the structure and organization of the body; points out the use of each of the bones which constitute its framework, the position and action of the muscles by which it is moved, the formation of the tissues that give it symmetry, and traces out each vessel, duct, and nerve that goes to make up its exquisite mechanism. By Physiology we are taught the functions of each organ—the process by which life is sustained, the phenomena by which the organs of sense contribute to our enjoyment and appreciation of the beauties with which the Creator has surrounded us.

Man is then the highest of the scale, the crowning work of the Creator's hands, possessing, in addition to the highest type

of beauty in form, the priceless gift of intellect which is ours to nobly use or to abuse. We may be but little above the lowest of the animal type in thoughts, feelings, and moral sentiment, or we may so employ our faculties as to rise to the very summit of human excellence and progress.

Feeble at first, the young mind seems unable to rise to a proper standard for the accomplishment of great results; but, as the body accumulates strength and tension of nerve, the intellect increases in vigour, and, breaking down its prison walls, soars away on the wings of thought, seeking new fields of labour, and receiving fresh supplies of vitality from the inexhaustible resources of eternal power. Unlike the sensual appetite, which soon becomes gratified by satiety, the more the intellect receives the more is its capacity increased; the more knowledge we obtain the more we are desirous of acquiring; for the more we study the more we discover our ignorance.

In considering the vast accessions which the march of intellect has made to every branch of science, we must not forget the talent and genius of the ancient world, for that was the fundamental basis of all the knowledge of succeeding ages—the foundation of adamant upon which modern intellect has reared the present grand and lofty structure of erudition. Still it is very evident that the developments of the present day, which so often startle us with their magnitude, are far beyond the conceptions of even the greatest minds of primitive ages.

The ancients could only bring their minds and talents to bear upon material objects near at hand, within their immediate reach; but modern intellect has invented the telescope, and we now study even the distant heavens, with the ease we would point out cities and towns upon the map of our country. It has built the printing press, and scattered light and wisdom over the dark corners of the earth. It has drawn the lightning and the terror of man from the clouds and forced it to

become our servant; not the slow messenger that waits the moving of wind and tide, but one that courses with the speed of thought over the wide earth and under the sea at our bidding. It has covered the sea with the white wings of commerce, and brought together the products of the four quarters of the world. It has built the steam engine, and brought to light a powerful agent which men employ at will. It has laid an iron rail across the plains and sent the locomotive whistling through our valleys. Time and space are in a measure annihilated, and no longer bar our progress.

The march of intellect has achieved much, but how vast are the truths yet to be revealed, and what an insignificant relation do those already discovered bear to the great mass of knowledge which human minds have not yet been able to fathom. The deeper we go down from the surface the more we find to interest us; the more we search out the great mysteries of nature, the more are we impressed with the mighty power which controls the universe.

Thus, from a rapid review of the past, we are irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that the tide of intellectual progress which has rolled onward through successive ages, achieving the most glorious conquests, has not yet reached its terminus, but will advance as far beyond its present brilliant position as its triumphs surpass those of the primitive ages. The grand and mighty powers of the mind cannot be estimated; it admits no precincts, it knows no boundaries; hence it will ever preserve the mastery over the material world, and in its victorious march bend all things to its will.

The light of science, which on this day burns so brilliantly, discloses to us many dim, vast tracts in the distance, of which nothing has been seen or imagined before, and though we gaze earnestly and long through the undulating waves that intervene, we catch only the dazzling sparks which denote that more brilliant developments await the progress of intellect.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE "FORTY-FIVE."

UNDER the majestic cupola of the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, the traveller often pauses to glance, with a mournful smile, at the inscription on a certain monument—a handsome memorial, from the chisel of Canova. The tablet is raised in memory—so it tells the visitor—of "James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England." In all the crumbling ruins of the City of the Cæsars, there is not a more impressive satire on the vanity of human greatness, than appears in the last chronicle of three descendants of a long line of kings, with their titles all unfamiliar to English ears, asserting after death the pretensions their owners, during their lifetime, were unable to maintain.

The only one of these aspirants to the kingly title who ever had anything like a prospect of establishing his claim, was the second on the list, Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Chevalier" of the Scottish song. The rebellion of 1715, under his father, was a reckless, ill-advised attempt at invasion, unmarked by one noteworthy success, or one high action on the part of those who undertook it. The "Forty-five," on the other hand, was a formidable attack on the Government, and, at one time, really seemed to carry with it some hope of success. There still survive among us old men who remember hearing their fathers tell of the horror and alarm of "Black Friday," in London, when the news spread among the citizens that the Pretender was at Derby, and had got, with his wild Highlanders, between the Duke of Cumberland's army and the capital. But the chief element of success—determination and force of character in the leader—was entirely wanting; and when we sympathize with Charles Edward Stuart as one of an unfortunate race, we must not forget that the misfortunes of kings, like those of private men, are usually to be traced back to the faults and failings of the sufferers themselves. Nearly every man, whether his career be private or public, will, at some period of his life, be placed in a position of doubt and difficulty; but the strong man will mould the circumstances to his will, or at least rise superior to them; while the weak will sink under the evil fortune, and not even be competent to take proper advantage of the good.

This is particularly exemplified in the

career of Charles Edward Stuart. His life has been invested with all the glory that could be cast upon it by the heroic devotion of a host of generous men, magnanimous in sentiment, if they were mistaken in opinion. Female patriotism and courage have contributed to heighten the romantic interest of the story; and what might have been wanting to complete its charm has been supplied by the issue. Charles Edward, the descendant of so many kings, a wanderer and an outcast, begging shelter in Highland cabins, hiding his head among freebooters and cattle-lifters, destitute of food, shelter, and clothes, could scarcely fail to excite sympathy in every generous mind; and in compassionating the misfortunes of the chief, the sufferings of the men he so recklessly led to ruin, disgrace, and death, are almost overlooked. All our pity is for the chief who had everything to gain, and little to lose; the generous friends who embarked their all in the treacherous ship of his fortunes, are too frequently dismissed almost without a thought.

The chief incidents of the invasion of 1745 are as follow:—The young prince landed from a small French vessel, the *Dontelle*, on a rugged and desolate part of the Scottish coast, bringing with him a few adherents, some muskets, and a small sum of money, to procure which he had pawned his jewels. By dint of much persuasion he induced a few chiefs to join him, and marching southward, seized the town of Edinburgh without striking a blow; but the citadel held out against him. At Preston Pans he encountered a royal army, which fled ingloriously at the first attack; Sir John Cope, the leader, setting the example, and, as the witty Jacobite ballad has it, carrying "the news of his own defeat" to the first fortified town. Thence he pushed southward, entered England, and marched on through the northern counties towards the capital. By the time he reached Derby, however, the hopelessness of the enterprize appeared so plainly to the chiefs, that they determined to return, and obliged Charles to abandon his intention of marching further southward. At Falkirk a second royal army was encountered, and as completely routed as their predecessors had been at Preston Pans; but the Duke of Cumberland, with the veterans who had

fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, pushed forward in pursuit of the weakened band of Highlanders. At Culloden they were attacked with artillery, in regular form, and, after a brave resistance, chased from the field. Then begun a sanguinary vengeance, in which not even the women and children were spared, and which has cast indelible disgrace on the leader, whose voice was ever raised for "greater severity," and on the officers who pitilessly executed his cruel commands. The prince became a fugitive, and for months was compelled to skulk in disguise, like his grand-uncle Charles II., after the battle of Worcester, with a price of thirty thousand pounds upon his head. After almost incredible dangers and sufferings, he succeeded in making his escape to France, together with several of his followers, to live and die in exile.

How was it, then, that an enterprise begun with such small means should be considered sufficiently formidable to throw a whole nation into confusion and alarm? Such is the first question naturally suggested by the circumstances of this invasion; and a second will probably occur, namely, how could an attempt, carried on at first with such success, end in such utter defeat and disaster?

To answer these queries, a proper view must be taken of the Highland character, and its prominent features must be well understood. Charles's hopes, from first to last, were based entirely upon the support he met with in Scotland. In France his cause was looked upon with distrust, and he himself seems not to have inspired the French Government with any degree of confidence in his abilities. His friends in Scotland had indeed been made to believe that very considerable means and appliances, both in money and troops, would be placed at his disposal, and not even the most sanguine and hot-headed of the Highland chiefs ever contemplated embarking in an attempt to subvert the existing Government, trusting to their own powers alone. When, therefore, Charles reached the Highlands in a small vessel, with only a few stands of muskets, and three or four thousand pounds in money, several chiefs whom he endeavoured to persuade to join him, dissuaded him from attempting anything with such small means, and seemed at first to have looked upon him as little better than a madman. Two of them came on board the *Dontelle*, and Charles walked to and fro on the deck with them, persuading,

expostulating, and entreating; but all in vain. A Highlander, however, who had come on board with his chief, overheard enough of the conversation to gather that the tall stranger was "the prince." His eyes flashed with enthusiasm; he grasped his claymore, and shifted his place un-easily. Charles observed his excitement, and turning suddenly towards him, asked—

"And will not *you* assist me?"

"I will, I will!" was the Highlander's eager response. "Though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!"

"I only wish that all the Highlanders were like you," said Charles.

Incredible as it may appear, this one expression of enthusiasm was enough to light up the martial flame in the breasts of the two chiefs who had hitherto resisted all Charles's entreaties. The Macdonalds joined him at once, and then the enterprise may have been said to have fairly begun.

Scarcely less remarkable was the next step in this wonderful train of adventures. Lochiel, the head of the Camerons, had decided to have nothing to do with the enterprise, and went to give Charles his reasons for refusing to join him.

"Don't go," said his wiser brother: "if you see him, he will persuade you."

Lochiel, however, went, and his arguments were unanswerable. But as he was going away, Charles, in bitterness of spirit, cried out that he would proceed in his attempt with the few friends he had. "And you, Lochiel," he continued, "whom my father has often mentioned to me as our warmest friend—you, Lochiel, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of your prince."

Again the old Highland spirit was roused, and the chief, who had from the first seen nothing but hopelessness in the attempt, was not proof against the reproach for his want of loyalty.

"No," he cried, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power!"

Upon the sentiment of mistaken but generous loyalty the whole enterprise depended, and the same feeling which animated the chiefs with regard to the prince, moved the humbler clansmen to follow the chiefs unhesitatingly and without question, wherever it pleased them to lead.

When, however, the frontier was once

passed, it became apparent to the chiefs, and even to the reluctant eyes of the prince himself, how exclusively "*Highland*" a feeling this enthusiasm was. Scarcely a single recruit joined the rebel standard, and though the inhabitants of the northern counties were disaffected towards the Hanoverian rule, they had no idea of embarking in any hairbrained scheme with "the wild petticoat men," as they dubbed the mountaineers; and, in the meantime the little army was thinned by the continual desertion of stragglers, and all the other chances of a hurried march. When the retreat from Derby was ordered, the enterprise, as far as any hope of success was concerned, was at an end; and the miserably mismanaged "night attack," which preceded the battle of Culloden, entirely dispelled any lingering confidence the chiefs might have had in the military qualities of Charles Edward. Indeed, in spite of the efforts his friends have made to vindicate his fame, the prince has never been completely exonerated from the charge of something very like cowardice. Considering the magnitude of the stake he had to play for, he certainly, on several occasions, betrayed both weakness and levity.

From the moment the Highland chiefs lost confidence, the fate of the expedition was therefore decided; for on the Prince personally little reliance could be placed—and now, when we can look, with unprejudiced eyes, upon the whole attempt, and judge of its merits apart from the halo of sympathy shed upon it by the misfortunes and gallantry of the actors, there can be but one feeling upon the "Forty-five," and that feeling must be one of thankfulness that it did not succeed. For these Highlanders, with all their fiery loyalty, were labouring unconsciously to restore the despotic sway of a family who had abundantly proved, through the troubles of a whole century, that they learned nothing and forgot nothing, during years of exile, and of sorrowful experience,—and had Charles Edward been permanently seated on the throne, there is little doubt but that much of the work of the revolution would have necessarily been re-enacted.

But Heaven willed it otherwise. The

forces of Charles Edward, virtually subdued already by famine and discouragement, were utterly routed by the Duke of Cumberland's forces at Culloden. The leader of the vanquished skulked as best he might among the mountains and moors of Scotland; while the conqueror, by his detestable cruelties, earned for himself the detestable title of the "butcher." While his unfortunate adherents were still being hunted like wild beasts among the Highlands, and the trials and executions, with all the ghastly accompaniments of that period, were still going on, the Prince escaped to France, and excited much enthusiasm by his appearance at *the Opera*. Such a scene would scarcely have been chosen, under similar circumstances, by William of Orange, or even by George II.; but the Stuarts were never remarkable for any extraordinary consideration for those who lost life and land in their cause.

The rest of Charles Edward's life was very dreary. After having been for years deceived by hopes of succour from France, he became an object of suspicion to the Government, and was expelled the country under circumstances of peculiar barbarous ignominy. He married a woman many years his junior, by whom he was deceived, and ultimately abandoned. Never of very vigorous mind, his spirit gave way entirely under the pressure of adversity; and he gave himself up to such degrading intemperance, that a contemporary writer declares, "No street porter could equal him." To the last he entertained a vague hope that some turn of fortune would seat him once more on the throne of his ancestors; and when his mind had become enfeebled by self-indulgences, he actually slept with a sum of money under his pillow, in order to be ready, as he said, for any sudden emergency. He died, at last, in Rome, and was buried, as already stated, in St. Peter's Church. A few years afterwards, his brother Henry, Cardinal York, the last descendant of the direct line of Stuarts, was laid by his side, after for a long time enjoying a pension from the Hanoverian Government, which had more than once been threatened with overthrow at the hands of the noble-hearted followers of poor, weak "Prince Charlie."

THE ORANGE TRIBE.

DOUBTLESS most of our readers are much better acquainted with the taste of this delicious fruit, than with the details of its history and growth.

Though the orange, lemon, lime, citron, &c., are natives of India and China, from whence they were introduced into Europe, they are, nevertheless, grown in great abundance in various parts of the world.

The orange-tree being a native of warm southern climates, it forms a prominent article of commerce from the southern to the more northern European nations. They are exported from Italy and Malta, as well as from the South of Spain and from Portugal, and also in large quantities from the Azores. The orange-tree affords not only a fruit of a very luscious and refreshing character, but is extremely prolific in its produce, which is manifest by the extreme cheapness with which they are sold in England, being sometimes much less than even our own apples and pears; and many thousands of the poorer classes of our population earn a livelihood by the sale of them. Thus it has become a peculiar blessing to us; for while it affords employment to vast numbers who might otherwise possibly be lacking the means of support, it offers a gratification within the reach of those whose means are limited; it is also a staple fruit with those whose tables groan under the more costly but less grateful products of other countries. Oranges, as articles of diet, combine richness in flavour, abundance in quantity, cheapness in price, and healthfulness in quality.

Oranges, as well as lemons, are imported in boxes, and wrapped up separately in bits of paper, or slips of flags, or broad leaves, so as to prevent their coming in contact with one another. The duty upon oranges for home consumption, in 1829, was £68,000 per annum. They are taxed at the rate of 2s. 6d. a box not exceeding 5,000 cubic inches. Each of those boxes contains about 500 oranges of the middling size, so that about 272,000,000 of this fruit were thus annually imported; allowing about one dozen per annum to every individual of the population. Since that time no doubt the consumption has at least doubled. This extraordinary consumption of a fruit which is brought here

from very distant parts of the world is the natural consequence of its rich and health-giving qualities, which fit it in a remarkable degree for being the universal fruit of commerce.

What pleasing thoughts and recollections flash across our minds while writing upon this subject. It carries us in imagination back over the sterner time of life to that happy, joyous period, when we anxiously waited the returning footsteps of our parents from the fair or the market; and our little feet and hearts danced with ecstacy as we peeped inquisitively underneath the cover of the reticule and saw the golden-coloured treasure. It was with those, too, that we commenced our experiments in natural philosophy by compressing the skin or peel between our fingers, so as to force the inflammable oil which it contains into the fire, or candle-flame, and thereby causing an explosion. And even now we have a similar attachment to them: whoever thinks of having a party of friends around him to enjoy themselves without introducing those little foreign friends to minister to their pleasures? Nuts *may* be there, and apples too, and figs, but oranges are sure to be.

It is supposed that this fruit was introduced in the fourteenth century by the Arabs into Spain, "whose fruits of fragrance blush on every tree," and where are seen "the orange tints that gild the greenest bough." They are grown in the open air also at Nice, Genoa, and Naples; but at Florence and Milan, and often at Rome, they require the temporary protection of a shed. They are usually planted in boxes, and removed from the conservatory into the open air in summer, in France as well as in England. The orange blossom was at one period held in great esteem, and almost veneration, in our country; and even now it is; and, from its sweetness of smell, chasteness of construction, and delicacy of colour, deserves ever to be the cherished companion of the bride, in that interesting time of life when Hymen steps forth to heal the wound that Cupid has made; and to consummate the beautiful idea of "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat like one;" nor is its beauty dimmed by being brought in contrast with the fresh and rosy blush of the

bride. Since the introduction of the great variety of flowers from all countries, orangeries, and fine specimens of orange and citron trees, have been less in fashion, though more and more desirable on account of the combination of elegant verdure, the grateful odour of the flowers, and the rich appearance of the fruit. The first oranges, it is stated, were imported into England by Sir Walter Raleigh; and it is added that Sir Francis Carew, who married the niece of Sir Walter, planted their seeds, and they produced the orange trees at Beddington, in Surrey, of which Bishop Gibson, in his additions to "Camden's Britannia," speaks as having been there for a hundred years previous to 1695. But, in reference to this, Professor Martyn observes, and reasonably so, that those trees having always produced fruit, they could not have been raised from seeds, but they may have been brought from Portugal or Italy, where orange trees have been usually obtained, as early as the close of the sixteenth century. Some writers say they have been cultivated in England since 1492; and Mr. Loudon states that, at the Wilderness, Kent, there are three trees in boxes, not surpassed by any trees so grown in Europe; and that, at Saltcombe, in Devonshire, there are, in a few gardens, orange trees which have withstood the winter in the open air for upwards of a hundred years. The fruit of those trees is said to be as fine and as large as any from Portugal. At Hampton Court there are many orange trees, some of which are stated to be three hundred years old. When they are removed from the orangery to the open space, the air becomes freighted with a fragrance which adds no mean attraction to the otherwise delightful spot; and, when sitting under the boughs which bend beneath their golden load, to screen yourself from the warm, genial sunshine, you may almost imagine yourself transported to some tropical climate; this imagination being materially assisted by the surrounding beauties of the spot.

The author of "Vegetable Substances," in speaking of the country westward of the Rhone, where the Alps descend gradually by successive elevations from the high summits of Mont Blanc, Mont Rosa, and St. Bernard, to the sea, says:—"The vegetation there is at once luxuriant and choice. The finest bulbous flowers, the myrtle, the cactus, and many others, give more the air of the perpetual summer of

tropical countries, than is to be found, perhaps, in any other country of Europe,—certainly in any other of the same extent. But the glory of that delightful country is the orange tree, which, when full grown, attains the height of about twenty-five feet, and is graceful in all its parts. The trunk and older branches are of a delicate ash colour; the twigs so soft and green that they appear almost transparent; the leaves are moderately large, beautifully shaped, of a fine healthy green, and shining on the upper side, while the under one has a slight appearance of down. The flowers, which are in little bunches, and very graceful in their form, are, in the sweet oranges, of a delicate white, and in the more acid varieties of the family lightly marked with pink. Some plants have a more powerful odour than others, and are, for the moment, more rich; but there is a freshness in the aroma of an orange grove which never offends or cloy; and the tree is at one and the same time in all the stages of its bearing, in the tender bud and full-blown blossom mingling in loveliness with the dear old brown leaves, with the embryo fruit just peeping out from underneath the foliage, and the rich round golden fruit nodding a welcome to the hand to gather it, and the palate to partake of its refreshing juice. It is this peculiar character of the taste that renders it such an appropriate symbol of marriage; showing at once both the promise and the fulfilment of womanhood, and of those rewards of married love which give at once the charm of domestic life, the endearing bond of well-pledged hearts, and the provision for the future of another and succeeding race to take their places. It is one of those beauties in nature that scarcely knows a superior, even in the perfumes of Arabia, and the aromatic groves on the north of the Mediterranean, where bloom the Provence rose and tuberose, and blend their sweets with that of the orange."

One peculiarity of the orange is, that man may have it fresh in every region of the world, and at almost every season of the year. The aromatic oil and the rind preserve it from the effects both of heat and cold, and the acidity of the former renders it proof against the attacks of insects. It is true they rot, like other fruits; but not for a long time, if the rind is preserved from injury and they are kept from moisture, and so ventilated as to prevent fermentation. Most of the

oranges intended for exportation, and which we get in this country, are gathered while they are quite green; for, if it be allowed to come to maturity, it would spoil before it reached a foreign climate. The gathering of oranges and lemons for the British market generally occupies from the commencement of October to the end of December. They are not fully ripe till the spring has commenced. It is a remarkable fact, that the orange-trees from which the fruit is gathered green bear plentifully every year; while those upon which the fruit is allowed to ripen afford abundant crops only on alternate years.

There are four distinct species of the orange genus: the lemon, or citron; the orange; the mandarin orange; and the shaddock; and of those there are many varieties. They are, even in the East, where they are natives, not a little capricious in their growth, the fruit and even the leaves frequently altering; so that it is not easy at all times to determine which is a distinct species and which only a variety.

Having dwelt so lengthily on oranges, we shall only briefly touch upon the other species of the genus.

The SHADDOCK is a native of China and the adjacent countries: it derives its specific name from having been first introduced into the West Indies, from China, by Captain Shaddock. In China it is called "sweet ball." The tree is of much larger growth than the orange; and the fruit varies from eight to twelve inches in circumference: there are many varieties; in some the pulp is white, in others it is almost red; some are sweet, and others acid. The proper way of propagating the Shaddock is by budding it, as it is done in China. But the planters in the West Indies, instead of doing this, have adopted the mode of rearing it from seed, and the consequence is, it is much

degenerated; the fruit being very sour, and of little value.

The LEMON is a native of India, or that part of it situated beyond the Ganges. It was introduced into the West by those mighty Caliphs, who, from the heart of Southern Asia, extended their conquests to the foot of the Pyrenees. It being thus transplanted by the Arabs into every part of their vast empire where it would grow, was found by the Crusaders in Syria and Palestine towards the end of the eleventh century. It was introduced by them into Sicily and Italy, though it is probable that at the same period it was already multiplied in Africa and Spain. The rind of the lemon is much smoother than that of the citron; the bark of the tree is also rougher; the leaves are oblong, of a pale green, with a winged stalk.

The LIME, or sour lemon, is a small fruit, much less than the citron or lemon, being from an inch to an inch and a-half in diameter. The tree is small and shrubby, and is not much cultivated in Europe. It is grown in great abundance in the West Indies, where it is a great favourite, because of its acid juice: it is drank as a beverage, because of its cooling qualities. There is, also, a sweet lime, somewhat between the lemon and the sour lime.

The CITRON. This fruit, in its native state, is a thorny tree which grows about eight or ten feet high; its leaves are of a pale green; the flowers are white, and emit a very sweet fragrance. The fruit is oblong, about six inches in length, with a rough, yellow rind, the outer part of which contains a considerable quantity of highly aromatic and inflammable oil; the pulp is white and edible, but very acid. They are grown plentifully in Spain and Italy; but with artificial heat in winter, and with care generally it may be grown to perfection in England.

MADELEINE ;

OR, THE MAID THRICE MARRIED.

I HAD just returned, wet and exhausted, to my small, comfortable home, about eight o'clock on a cold stormy night towards the end of November, when a hasty summons called me to attend a stranger who had fallen in an apparent fit on the pavement in the adjoining street, the most fashionable quarter of a celebrated watering-place.

Casting a lingering look at the cheerful fire I was not permitted to approach, and a wistful glance at the brightening faces of my wife and the group of little children gathered round it, who rose with eagerness to meet and welcome me home (for I had been out all day), I hastily seized my hat, and shaking off the rain from my coat like a Newfoundland dog, turned from the room, and hurrying after the messenger, stopped by the new object of my professional care.

The figure, as it lay across the wet flags, and seen by the dim reflection of the street lamp and the flickering candles of the domestics of the mansion before which the body was extended, appeared highly prepossessing. The person of the unknown was tall and graceful, and dressed in a costume that, though now worn and soiled, betrayed evidences of taste and fashion; while his short, dark moustache showed in marked contrast to the cold whiteness of his countenance and the death stillness of every feature.

In his right hand he held a white silk handkerchief, with which, before his fall, he had attempted to wipe the clammy dew that stood in large drops on his high, smooth forehead; while his long, wavy hair, saturated with the night fog and the exhalation drawn from exhausted nature, hung in matted locks about his face.

"Pray, sir, make use of my house," observed Lord Daymer, at the door of whose mansion the group was assembled, as I knelt to examine the condition of my patient, and found the action of the heart almost suspended. "My servants shall carry the gentleman in; and pray adopt every means that art or humanity can suggest to restore the unfortunate sufferer to life and consciousness."

I immediately embraced the humane proposition of his lordship, and had the

stranger conveyed to a warm bed, and adopted all those remedial means that experience and the obscurity of the case seemed to call for; but restoratives, stimulants, and heat all appeared powerless, and neither produced effect nor benefit. After again examining the eyes and testing the thin and indistinct pulse, a sudden light seemed to break upon me, and hastily unbinding the arm I had proposed to bleed, I exclaimed—

"There is no effusion here, my lord; no loaded organ to relieve. It is a case of pure exhaustion, perhaps starvation;" and ordering some warm wine and arrow-root, I administered frequent and repeated quantities of such genial sustenance as the new view of the case warranted. But not till after several hours of assiduous care and watching had I the gratification to feel at last that the throbbing arteries were giving slow evidence of returning life.

Acting under my advice, Lord Daymer had summoned the overseers of the parish, that they might bear witness to the examination which I deemed it necessary to make of his apparel, as the chance of his recovery was still far from probable, and to discover either his name or some clue to his friends and residence. But though his dress bespoke the wearer to have once moved in the highest circles, and the whole contour of his person, his finely-formed features, and delicately small hands denoted gentility of blood and birth, yet neither card, coin, letter, trinket, nor one article beyond the handkerchief could be found by the strictest investigation; and who he was, whence he came, or whither going, remained after the scrutiny as great a mystery as before.

"I am grateful," said Lord Daymer, when his lordship and myself were left alone by the bed of the patient, "that fortune has been so kind to me as to throw this distressed gentleman upon my consideration, rather than on the indifferent mercies of parish officials. I beg, therefore, that neither time nor expense may be considered in the treatment of this case, and that you will be good enough, Mr. Keightly, to take up your residence here till the invalid is fit to be left in perfect safety. Consider this house

your home, sir, and whatever it contains to benefit the sufferer, or enhance your own comfort, pray command. My servants are at your disposal."

"I will comply with your lordship's request," I replied, "and I will not leave him till he is at least conscious."

"Lady Daymer is somewhat indisposed," continued his lordship, "and this casualty has greatly shocked her, or she would herself have seen you on the subject. To-morrow she hopes to hear in person a more favourable account than circumstances now warrant your giving."

"The pulse certainly improves," I replied, placing my fingers on the stranger's wrist; "but it is still so weak that nothing but a nice perception could discover it. We shall have reaction in a few hours, and probably delirium. I have never seen so perfect a case of exhaustion. Life seems to have hung by the merest thread. It is wonderful how nature could have supported action upon such hollow vitality," I observed, half aloud, and in a musing tone.

"Upon what cause can you account for it, doctor?"

"On the dominant influence of the mind, certainly."

"Indeed! How so? Explain."

"This gentleman has doubtless had one paramount and engrossing object in view, before which cold and hunger, privation and physical weakness, have yielded; the one overpowering purpose supporting life and motion to the last extremity of nervous tension."

"Your supposition seems very probable, doctor," replied his lordship.

"When delirium supervenes," I remarked, "we shall hear the motive, or gain a clue to his history."

"Is that a consequence of mental exacerbation?"

"Frequently. The mind retains the harmony of the last chord struck, and though confused with obsolete and irrelevant themes, the burden of the latest joy or grief may always be sifted from the heterogeneous babblings of the tongue in such conditions of the brain."

"This must, of course, be left to your superior tact and knowledge."

"It is very evident he has travelled far—most likely crossed the sea; at all events he has journeyed from London directly," I observed, examining the stranger's clothes carefully.

"What evidence have you of such a conclusion, Mr. Keightly?"

"His coat is stained with salt-water spray, his boots are worn and grimed with various soils, and especially one peculiar red clay, found only in one part of this county, a few miles south of London; and here also," I remarked, showing his lordship the boot I was inspecting, "is seashore sand, impacted between the leathers of the ragged sole. This is medical jurisprudence, my lord," I added, smiling.

"Very likely it is as you surmise," replied his lordship, rising from the opposite side of the bed, where he had seated himself. "If any change takes place call my valet, who will bring me news how you progress. And now, Mr. Keightly, I trust this gentleman's life to your skill, and shall, independently of all pecuniary consideration, hold it as a personal favour if you will exert your utmost ability to bring him back to life and health. I feel strangely interested in his recovery. Good-night, and success attend your endeavours;" and bowing, his lordship quitted the room, and left me alone by the side of my strange and inanimate patient. "How humiliating it is," I mused aloud, as I sank into the luxurious cushions of an easy chair, and stretched out my legs in indolent enjoyment, "that the world will never permit our profession to possess spontaneous humanity, and deem us only capable of exerting skill when under the influence of a prospective fee or reward—as if there was a scale of knowledge—the zero for the poor, and the top gradient for the affluent. Pshaw! the illiberality of those who should know better makes me angry;" and leaning back in my chair, I gave way to inward meditation. Hour succeeded hour in the same state of uncertainty and suspense, varied only by the occasional exhibition of nourishment to my patient. The hands of the small time-piece on the mantel successively pointed to twelve, one, and two o'clock; yet still the stranger lay passive and insensible, though over the listless members and rigid features I could detect the spread of a dewy moisture, holding out a promise that reaction would sooner or later take place. Once more examining the eyes and pulse of my charge, I again adjusted myself comfortably in my chair, and at length, after a few abortive attempts to trace the pattern of the embossed paper on the opposite wall, and overcome by fatigue—for I had been up the two previous nights—and soothed into forgetfulness by the genial

temperature of the room, and lulled by the monotonous vibrations of the time-piece, I gradually closed my eyes (but at first rather musingly than in repose), folded my arms on my chest, and leaning back in my chair, began to ponder over my worldly affairs, the many cases I had visited in the day, and wondering how my female patients were; and then my fancy wandered to my youth, my weary apprenticeship, my age of toil and privation, and then my thoughts reverted to my home, my wife in lonely vigilance awaiting my coming; my slumbering children in their small white beds; and then, and then, I thought no more, for my head fell on my chest, and worn-out nature gave way to a deep and heavy sleep. But though my eyes were closed, their sense was open, and, like that condition of the spinal-cord in the sleep-walker, I saw and felt, but without consciousness or reason. Every circumstance around me, as in a dream or a camera-obscura, was reflected on my mind, but only as an image, opaque and motionless. I saw the neglected candles that stood on the dressing-table burn gradually down, and give out a decreasing light over the large room, their red obscure flames vainly striving to reach the tall fungus snuffs that towered over the obstructed wicks; the fire, reduced to a hollow shell, emitted neither heat nor light; one lambent tongue of flame endeavoured to substantiate a feeble life over the charred surface of the black fuel, on which it played and flitted like a sickly meteor. The room had become cold, gloomy, and cheerless; and the drowsy ticking of the mantel clock, whose index pointed to half-past three, was the only sound, save the low creeping wind and pattering rain without that broke the stillness of the silent mansion. Presently there was a slight rustling behind the bed-curtains, and without any action of the hands or agitation of the clothes, I beheld the patient sit erect in bed, still and rigid, like an awakened corpse. With a quiet gesture of the head the figure gazed from side to side, and then, with a stealthy, ghost-like action, slid gently from the couch; his tall figure and sepulchral features, as seen through the surrounding obscurity, giving a ghastly and supernatural character to the resuscitated man. Slowly traversing the apartment, he stopped abruptly before my chair, and gazing on me with a vague, inane stare, raised his arm and placed his cold, death-like hand upon my temples. The frigid

contact caused me slowly to open my eyes, and with a half-conscious look of inquiry I encountered the hollow orbs of the spectral figure bent directly on me. The look startled me, and I gasped as if a hand of ice had grappled my heart. Familiar as I was with life and death in all their guises, there was something so chill and harrowing in the form that confronted me, so unexpected and corpse-like in its collapsed features, that I felt the cold drops of perspiration oozing out of my contracting flesh.

"Where is Madeleine?" inquired the phantom, in a hollow whisper.

"Good heavens! how came you here, sir?" I cried, springing to my feet, and comprehending the whole in a moment. "You must go back to bed, sir, directly."

"Well, well, I will; but tell me first where is Madeleine?" he replied, in subdued accents.

"What Madeleine? I know of no Madeleine," I rejoined, leading him back, and compelling him to return to his deserted bed. "Who is it you mean?"

"Who do I mean?" shouted the stranger, the re-action each instant becoming more powerful. "As if there could be two Madeleines in the world!" and he laughed derisively. "Why, I want my wife: she is in this house—I know it, and I will see her."

"Well, quiet yourself, and I will assist you as far as possible; but you must first give me all the particulars," I observed, endeavouring to glean from him some account of himself while soothing him with a vague promise. "Now, tell me, Mr. Smith, what brought——"

"Smith! Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed, interrupting me. "As if you didn't know that my name was Raby—Lieutenant Raby, of the Blues! Come, come, Jenkins, don't pretend such nonsense, but tell me how on earth you contrived to come to life again? for I could have sworn, when I shot Clark, I fractured your skull with the butt-end of the pistol. Ha, ha! I was too sharp for you that time. Yes, I felt the bone crush under the blow. Let me feel, let me feel!" and before I was aware of his purpose he clutched at me, and with the grasp of a giant seizing my arm, drew my body forward and pressed his bony fingers on my temple, as if he would drive the bone into my brain.

"It is all healed now, I assure you," I replied, disengaging myself by force from his powerful gripe, and pressing him down

on the bed; "but as you know my name, probably you also know what I am."

"So you will keep up the farce?" he cried with a laugh. "Why, the keeper of the mad-house, o-ho!"

"Indeed! and whereabouts, pray!"

"How should I know? Was it not you and Clark who trepanned me into the boat, and shut me up in your dark dungeon—me, me, Lieutenant Raby, of the Blues?" he ejaculated fiercely, as he struck his chest with his clenched hand.

"You mistake," I added quickly, as the repetition of the name awoke a variety of circumstances in my mind. "Lieutenant Raby was drowned crossing the Channel three or four years ago. You are confounding names."

"So you used always to tell me," he replied with a sarcastic smile. "As if I did not remember my own name! They might have told you I was drowned—that was their art. But it was a lie—you know it was!" he exclaimed, loudly. "Who knew the truth better than you?" And he endeavoured to force himself out of bed.

"Be still, sir!" I cried, authoritatively. "The truth of what?"

"Yes," he continued, following some sequence in his mind, "and did I not murder you both for it, and leave your bodies to rot in the cell that was to have been my grave? O-oh! that was exquisite revenge. Locked you into my dungeon, and robbed you of your keys. And—and have I not travelled days, and weeks, and months, to reach my wife, my Madeleine, from whom you tore me? And she is here in this house—I know it, I feel it; and I will see her, I tell you!" he cried passionately; then, checking himself suddenly, he added in a confidential whisper, "I say, Jenkins, wash the blood off your face, that's a good fellow; it makes me sick, and Madeleine might see it. Water, water!"

"I thought I had, but I will wash it again," I replied, appearing to comply with his suggestion. "But how did you manage to escape?" I inquired in a soothing tone, and taking advantage of his seeming quiescence; "for after killing us (for of course you left us dead, and unable to know what followed), how did you escape?"

"Put your head closer, and I'll tell you all about it," he whispered confidentially, "and how you at last made me mad. You remember the first day I saw you, when he, my evil genius, that malign

nant devil, set you on my track, and—and—you recollect that day, Jenkins?"

"Oh! perfectly—some months back," I observed, indifferently.

"Months! years ago. Well, that morning Madeleine and I were married secretly; for her father, you know, hated me——" Then abruptly breaking off in great excitement, he vociferated, "Madeleine! Madeleine!" and bounding out of bed, grasped me by the throat, and demanded, "Why the devil do you keep me here? Madeleine!"

"Silence!" I exclaimed, with assumed anger, and forcing him down. "Unless you instantly suppress that noise I'll manacle you. Will you obey?"

"Leave your whip alone, and I will," he replied, mistaking a gesture I made to my pocket. "Well, as I was saying, that was my wedding day, and when that villain hired you, and Clark, and Jackson to waylay and carry me off, and one of you gave me that blow on my head that knocked out my brains and drove me mad—and so—and so—after I had murdered you, I came back to England, and found my wife. My wife, I tell you, was married to—to—to—ha, ha!—but like a hound I have tracked his steps here—to this very—here I say! But why does she not come?" he cried impetuously.

"What if there should be truth and consistency," I thought, "in this madness?" as many coincidences occurred to my mind at the moment. Then addressing my patient aloud, I said, "Tell me, Lieutenant Raby, what was the lady's name?"

"My wife's, you mean. I tell you she was my wife, my light, my warmth, my soul, my earth and heaven. But you robbed me of her before she had time to call me husband. Hark!" he exclaimed, listening in breathless eagerness, "I hear her. It is Madeleine! She calls me in her sleep. She's coming. Listen!"

"Madeleine who?" I demanded.

"Take off your hands, and let me rise: she is calling me again."

"Her name!" I repeated, becoming deeply interested in his relation.

"Away! Why, everybody knows Madeleine Villars."

"Madeleine Villars!" I ejaculated in real surprise. "Why, she married Lord Frederick Daymer, and is now——"

"Exactly. Fred Daymer—I told you so all along, but you would not believe me—married the fiend who—ha, ha, ha!" he cried impetuously. "But I have

tracked her step by step, and had just reached the door when some one struck me on the old wound, and I fell dead. But I know she is here," he added, with a cunning leer peculiar to insanity, "and I have come to take her back to live with me. Madeleine!" he shouted furiously, struggling with all his force to break from my detaining hold. "I'll not be lashed! Take care, Jenkins; I am desperate. Damn your whips! Let me go! I will have my wife, my Madeleine. Madeleine! come to your husband. Help! they are murdering me;" and he struggled like an enraged tiger, while, disregarding both my entreaties and threats, he vociferated more loudly than ever, and filled the house with startling cries of "Murder!" "Madeleine!" and "Help!"

In the midst of this discord, and a most desperate and determined struggle in which we were both engaged, the room door opened violently, and a young lady of exquisite beauty, but of deadly pallor, dressed in her long night garments, rushed into the apartment, and with a bewildered stare and distracted mien exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven, I heard his voice! Walter, my husband, are you here?"

"Let go! It is my wife!" cried the patient, now completely unmanageable. "I'd burst the gates of death to reach her. Madeleine!" and with a resistless bound the infuriated madman tore from my detaining grasp, and hurling me backwards with violence, sprang to his feet and rushed with open arms towards the advancing lady, who, at sight of the pale, gaunt figure that confronted her, threw up her arms wildly, and uttering a piercing shriek, fell lifeless in the convulsive embrace of the exulting madman.

"Lady Madeleine Daymer here, and in such a position! What is the meaning of this, Mr. Keightly?" demanded Lord Daymer, sternly, as he entered the chamber, followed by a group of terrified and half-dressed domestics. But, before I could reply to so abrupt a demand, the lieutenant lifted the insensible form of the lady in his arms, and imperatively waving back the crowd, cried, as he dashed past them into the hall, "Stand back on your lives! she is my wife! I have travelled half the world to find her, and you shall tear my heart out sooner than pluck her from my arms. Back, fools! I am mad, and will kill the first who opposes me!" and with a wild, discordant laugh he made a bound forward, and

rushing through the passage, laid his hand on the portal. By this time, having recovered myself from my temporary amazement, I seized a portion of the bed-clothes, and coming quickly behind the lieutenant, threw it suddenly over his head and chest, tethering him as in a net, at the same time telling the servants, as he struggled in the toils, to take the lady from his arms, and secure his hands. Instantly half a dozen men threw themselves on the raging captive, and after much difficulty succeeded in rescuing the lady from his grasp, and ultimately in binding the hands and feet of the enraged and furious lunatic.

A few minutes later, and both were borne to their separate beds, every depleting agent within the power of art being employed to pull down the bounding blood of the obstreperous and howling madman, who, girthed and fettered to the strong bed, lay writhing in impotent fury, gnashing his teeth, rolling his dilated eyes, and shouting through his parched lips the name of Madeleine, coupled with fearful oaths and imprecations on all implicated in his detention.

A perfect contrast to this noise, impotence, and fury was the scene above, where, stretched on her bed, white as the cold sheets that covered her, and calm and passionless as innocence and childhood, lay the inanimate but breathing form of the beautiful Madeleine. Her dark chestnut hair, loosened by her exertion and fright, hung like parted curtains down her white brow and tranquil face, resting its long, dishevelled curls in many a glossy fold upon her hushed heart and snowy bosom. Happiness but seldom kills, and felicity rarely cuts the web of life. Calamity is the dire Atropos, whose fell shears sever and mow down her thousands yearly: excess of pleasure kills by units only. So was it with the Lady Madeleine Daymer; for in the very shock that struck her down there lurked a signal remedy that would lift up the prostrate mind to hope and health. She had seen the man long mourned as dead—the husband of her youth and heart; and though the sudden knowledge of his presence had in its revulsion prostrated every function of her frame, the happy truth wrought a secret cure, and she awoke conscious, but weak, and filled with silent happiness.

"Oh, tell me, was it but a mocking dream, or have I indeed beheld my long-lost husband? Oh! no, no, it was no

deception; my heart too surely tells me that I have seen again its first and only master," cried Madeleine, eagerly, and in broken sentences, as I found time to revisit my less imperative charge during the intervals between Lieutenant Raby's more alarming symptoms.

"Tranquillise yourself, madam," I replied; "your hopes are not deceptive; and as far as that gentleman is concerned——"

"Then I have seen him!" she exclaimed, interrupting me. "Thank God! Oh, my dear, loved husband!" and the beautiful woman clasped her hands with devout piety and truthful fervour, while a silent shower of tears streamed down her cheeks in a full and steady flow, as if the soul poured out its gratitude to Heaven in tears for words.

When Lady Daymer had recovered sufficient equanimity to speak uninterruptedly, and ask the hasty questions that her busy mind conceived, she told me in as few words as possible the singular connexion between Lieutenant Raby and herself, and the seeming marvel in her own position.

Walter Raby and herself, she said, had been associated from infancy, and from childhood affianced to each other; and in the full belief that all the happiness of life was in store to bless their after years, they grew up in love and fellowship, knowing no care, dreaming of no calamity. Suddenly their bright and prosperous heaven was overcast with fears and apprehensions. Madeleine's father had gradually taken a deep and rooted animosity to Walter Raby, at first the result of peevish humour, but in time settling into a confirmed repulsive loathing, that neither affection, assiduity, nor argument could overcome or mitigate. Forbid the house, and debarred the presence of his Madeleine, the lovers met in secret; and at length, despairing of softening her father's antipathy, Lieutenant Raby induced her to consent to a private marriage. But the day that made her a wife saw her, as she then and till now believed, a widow too; for she had never met her husband from the hour they parted at the church until that night. She then recounted how, during her state of suffering and alarm at Raby's prolonged absence, the fatal tidings reached her of his shipwreck and death—a tale confirmed by every circumstance that could give credence to the fact it bore upon.

Her father, too, had by some means gained a knowledge of their clandestine marriage; and to avoid his ceaseless persecution she had at length, broken in spirit and weakened in body, complied with his imperious will, and, two years after her husband's supposed death, married Lord Frederick Daymer, a nobleman whose health had been undermined by dissipation, and his youth perverted by the grossest vice—a match every way repugnant to her feelings and her heart.

Yet Providence most miraculously interposed to save her from a fate worse than death. Returning from the village church where the ceremony had been performed, Lord Daymer mounted a young and spirited horse, and either excited by the undue potations of the morning, or the unusual restiveness of the steed, as he galloped home he lost his saddle, and fell with such impetus to the ground that, though removed alive, and carried to his country mansion, it was but to linger out a few short days in dreadful agony, till death terminated his brief and prodigal career; the gay bridal party, so ostentatiously assembled for mirth and revelry, remaining to swell the mournful concourse of his untimely obsequies.

This brief recital, connected with the disjointed narrative of the lieutenant, opened to my view a history of most atrocious fraud, guilt, and villany in which the lady's father had doubtless played the chief and directing character. What horrid punishment had the wretched husband in all probability suffered from the two miscreants, whom, through the revengeful cunning of insanity, he had in all likelihood watched his opportunity and murdered, as he had vaguely recounted!

Again, what misery and privation had the victim endured, helpless and in poverty, to reach the spot where all his earthly hopes were centered! And at the last, when, guided by love's instinct or floating memories, cold, wet, foot-weary, and exhausted, he reached the haven of his wish, the long-stretched cord snapped, the mind reeled, and the enduring body sank on the threshold of his heart's desire.

As soon as Lord Daymer had been made acquainted with the revelation I had gleaned from the lieutenant in his delirium, and the further confirmation of his story by the disclosures of Lady Madeleine, he evinced the liveliest interest in the recovery of his guest; and

a courier was instantly despatched to London for one of the first physicians of the metropolis to aid me, by every means of art and science, to restore sanity and health to the unhappy mind and enfeebled body of our patient.

Long, however, before he had reached the sick man's couch, I had subjugated the disease; and, with the young and lovely form of Madeleine for nurse to smooth the heated pillow, and gaze into the sunken eyes with looks of tenderest love, and whisper words of consolation and hope, it is not to be wondered if half the cure was effected before the learned doctor met me in consultation. Life saved and reason restored by judicious skill, and the soft ministry of a fair hand and two bewitching eyes!

Days merged into weeks, and month succeeded month, each day imparting more strength to the convalescent guest; and when green May put forth her leaves to deck the earth in garlands, the restored and happy Walter Raby led to the church of T—— the blushing wife

and youthful widow, cementing by a double bond a ceremony so inauspiciously begun, and ending in a treble plight the undivided love of the thrice-wedded maid.

As the carriage containing the happy pair dashed up the quiet street, and whirled past my retired dwelling, a small white hand was protruded from the window, waving a kind greeting and a fond adieu to the humble inmate, as standing at the casement, I returned with cheerful smile and ready gesture the graceful salutation.

"These are life's vicissitudes indeed!" I remarked as the carriage rolled rapidly past. "A few weeks back, cold, starving, poor, and mad; to-day a happy bridegroom, rich, prosperous, and bathed in fortune's sunny favour! Three times a wife, and still a maid! Who will now gainsay that true love does not run smooth at last? I will not be that heretic; for here, at least, is an instance that it may."

H.

A KINDLY WORD.

GIVE but a kindly word, if thou
Canst nothing more bestow,
To comfort those who need relief,
Upon this earth below.
'Twill come like balm unto the heart,
When clouds of sadness lower;
And like Nepenthe chase away
The gloom of sorrow's hour.

A word of kindness to the one
On seas of error toss'd,
May have the power to bring him back
Unto the friends he lost.
'Twill often calm the stormy waves
Of anger in the breast;
As oil on troubl'd waters poured,
Makes them subside to rest.

A kindly word—'twill often sun,
The dark den of despair,
And cheer the downcast spirit of
The lorn one pining there.
Then give a kindly word, if thou
Canst nothing more bestow,
To comfort those who need relief,
Upon this earth below.

FAMILY CONVERSATION.

THE power of interchanging thoughts is the divinest and most practical of our endowments. It is a stream flowing between the shores of Fancy and of Fact, and bearing on its current from one to the other an inestimable mental traffic. But how frequently does it waft along an empty bark, or, at best, one laden with worthless trash! And yet if we reflect but for an instant on the bountiful source from which we derive this consoling gift, shall we not feel it our duty not only not to waste this natural treasure, but also to use it in the manner best calculated to please our great Benefactor, and to improve ourselves?

Very much depends on the conversation of those with whom we habitually mingle. How many great men have received their first impetus on the road to fame from the elevating influence of the conversation of some gifted friend! How many individuals occupying distinguished public positions as statesmen, agitators, &c., owe half their distinction to the fact of their being permitted to absorb, and elaborate afterwards in their own fashion, all the pet sentiments and clever things that circulate from mouth to mouth around them! Epictetus says, in his "Enchiridion," that "man was given two ears and one tongue, in order that he should hear twice as much as he speaks." And this maxim of the Phrygian philosopher demonstrates how necessary it is sometimes to listen, and also how important it is that what we are listening to should be instructive. Napoleon was well aware of the folly of wasting those moments devoted to social intercourse on trifling or unworthy matters. And his biographers mention, that while on the voyage to Egypt it was his custom at table to start some comprehensive topic, to be discussed by his generals and himself, the treatment of which generally called forth some large and original views, that invariably proved instructive and entertaining. Still, notwithstanding the evident importance of rendering conversation a medium for conveying knowledge, and impressing it on the memory, it is absolutely astonishing how much its capabilities are disregarded in ordinary family circles! I have often thought, if it did not appear invidious, that it would be a useful lesson if one were to take short-

hand notes of the conversation passing round an ordinary fireside for a few evenings, and afterwards present the interlocutors with the written result of their lucubrations. How startled would some of them be to find the naked ghosts of their un-ideal babbling rising up in judgment against them! How strange would it seem to see the long array of meagre platitudes which in the heat of discourse passed as current coin! How humiliating to discover that there did not exist in the long records of inane gossip one thought that deserved commemoration, or one sentiment that could benefit humanity!

A fact disclosed in the course of conversation carries with it a certain force. It is hot from the furnace of thought, and brands its register upon our memory more indelibly than it could ever do when it was filtered through the cooling medium of a book. There are many men, who, from the mere circumstance of their being attentive listeners, have acquired a degree of practical information that serves them better in their worldly progress than would the more painfully acquired lore of the secluded scholar. Not that I would for a moment hold up these "brain-suckers," as they are vulgarly termed, as examples worthy of imitation—for at best their acquirements must be superficial, and lack that impressiveness that belongs to originality; but I think that reading and converse should go hand in hand, the former lending to the latter piquancy and weight, the latter giving to the former the power of stamping itself indelibly on the mind. Plato knew this; and in the quiet groves of Academe gave an immortal example of the worth of well-directed conversation.

The man who reads a book, and does not speak of it, is like the squirrel who busies himself during the autumn in collecting treasures of beech-nuts and acorns, and buries them carefully in the earth as a store against the hunger of winter; but, having a bad memory, forgets where to seek for them when the hour of want arrives, and leaves them to rot, or vegetate, as chance ordains. Thus must it be with the silent student. He lays up stores of learning and noble thought; he fills the dark corners of his brain with well-selected and useful lore; but for

want of registering them during acquisition, for want of dipping them in the stream of discourse—which, like the fountain of eternal youth that Ponce de Leon sought for, would have rendered them immortal—they fade in time from his memory, and when he would seek for them in years afterwards, he finds, like those misers who shut up their garments in chests and never draw them forth, that nothing remains but dust and ashes.

Conversation, to be truly agreeable, should be instructive; but to be instructive, it should be first made agreeable; nor should the topics be treated in a dry and repulsive manner. Still, it will be neither one nor the other as long as it is conventional; that is, as long as it is usurped by subjects that do not tend to exercise the fancy, or enlarge the intellect.

A man naturally talks of that which is uppermost in his mind, and there is nothing strange in it; but if his mind were properly regulated he would be sensible of the propriety of selecting such topics as would give the most general pleasure and instruction, and not those which only gratify his own private inclinations. A man, if he chooses, can wear a fustian jacket at home, and no one will quarrel with him for his taste or economy; but he must not bring it with him into a society where broadcloth only is tolerated. Neither may he transplant his commonplace or business conversation into a circle that has no general interest in such concerns. We frequently see men err in this respect. The sportsman, the lawyer, the farmer, may all be known by their talk; yet when the first discourse of the odds taken on the “favourite,” no one is instructed; nor does the knowledge of what the latter’s pigs weighed, render anybody a bit the wiser.

It is a duty that people owe to one another, to render their social intercourse productive of a mutual benefit. This, however, will never be, unless there is adopted in the family circle, where friends are in the habit of meeting, some regular plan which shall guide, without fettering, the conversation; and which, while it gives it an instructive tone, need not interfere with its discursiveness, or suitability to all comprehensions. Nothing would be more simple, and nothing productive of more lasting usefulness to this and succeeding generations. There are few families, in the present age of unpre-

cedentedly cheap literature, without the means of commanding a supply of valuable and well-written books; and it would not be very difficult for the elder members of the household to establish a rule, that every evening, when gathered round the fireside, and not otherwise engaged in any important business, some book, or scientific discovery, or work of art, or historical event, should be calmly and regularly discussed by the entire circle. It may be answered that there are many individuals of a family, who, from unfortunate defects of education, would not possess either the inclination or ability to join in such a discussion; but this I think would only serve to disclose the advantages of such a system. When such a person sees himself excluded from so much general intellectual enjoyment; when he finds himself, as it were, cut off from communion with other intellects, the deficiencies, of which he was until then careless, will sit heavily on him. He will grow ashamed; he will be humiliated; and if it happens—as it will happen in nine cases out of ten—that he possesses any moderate share of pride or self-esteem, there is little doubt but that he will set himself to work seriously to repair those mental defects of whose existence he had before been scarcely conscious. Moreover, such discussions need not be always confined to abstruse subjects. That would only make the circle pedants; and a pedantic family is detestable. But music, painting, poetry, sculpture, biography, travels, *cum multis aliis*, might all be taken in the round, and made to yield a profitable return. Again, every member, however inexperienced or unlearned, should be heard with attention; for as there is no flower, however humble, from which the bee will not extract honey, there is no mind so limited or unenlightened, from which we may not gather some fruit to be garnered in our memories. Nor does it follow that the topics introduced should always be treated profoundly, for a continual gravity would very soon put enjoyment out of the question. It was Pitt, I think, who said—“I would not give a fig for a man who was not able to talk nonsense!” And the great statesman knew very well what he was saying, for it requires a positive amount of genius to talk nonsense well. A clever man will talk it for hours, and yet make it entertaining, perhaps instructive; and all the time his audience can see perfectly well

that he could talk wisdom just as easily if he chose. There need be no necessity, then, for the debates I am recommending to be always wrapped in intense gravity; a subject should now and then be started which would admit of being treated in a volatile manner; and depend on it, a little clever *persiflage* would enable the circle to return with renewed zest to profounder topics.

Should a family determine to improve and amuse themselves after this rational manner, instead of wasting their evening in idle gossip, nothing would be easier than to vary the entertainment sufficiently to give it the charm of novelty. I do not know anything more suitable for a fireside, or better calculated to encourage habits of thought and readiness of illustration, than the discussions of a family thus assembled in council. To produce a good and concise definition of a given subject requires considerable powers of concentration, a vivid imagination, and an epigrammatic style; and of course the person who possesses the largest store of facts will be able to command more striking similes, or metaphors, to illustrate his subject, and consequently will attain a corresponding excellence. Thus this council is useful in many ways: it is fruitful of thought; it prevents our acquired knowledge from rusting with inaction, by calling it into use—for if we once employ a fact to illustrate any subject, we shall rarely, if ever, forget it again. And though last not least, it is a source of intellectual and innocent enjoyment that must eventually create an appetite for what is ennobling and elevated.

However, beyond all such things, I would advocate the fireside debates. With young people they would be productive of the purest benefits. They would give them a habit of expressing themselves with propriety of diction; of arranging their thoughts and presenting them in the most forcible manner. They would impress on their memories every new fact that came under their notice, and the contents of every work whose merits formed the subject-matter of the discourses. They would teach them that patience and temper are necessary to conduct any sort of discussion properly; and, finally, by bringing the minds of the various members of the family into constant intercourse with each other, by displaying the acquirements of some, and the deficiencies of others, it would lead to

a wholesome emulation on the side of the uneducated, to rise to a level with the more gifted; while it would afford these latter an opportunity of proving their kindness and good-nature by assisting their fellow-labourers in their praiseworthy efforts with their advice and counsel; and thus by drawing the bonds of union closer, the whole family would be linked together in social ties that nothing could sever, because they would be spun from the heart and strengthened by the intellect.

Therefore I say to you, fathers of families, when you seek your homes after the labours of the day, instead of telling what Jones said of Jenkins, or how Thompson insinuated strange things about the Widow Barker and Lieutenant Gorget, or boring your family with the mysteries of railway scrip, or chancery legalities, or the culture of mangold-wurtzel, according as you may happen to be lawyer, speculator, or farmer, bring home with you in the pockets of that large overcoat which you got such a bargain the other day in the Strand, some nice new book—either history, biography, or travels; lay it on the table with a pleasant countenance; let the family read it, or if you happen to have a good voice and delivery, read it for them yourself. Then invite discussion on it: analyse it, detect its fallacies—if it has any; point out its beauties—if they are to be found; and above all, if any juvenile member of your family chooses to differ from you in opinion, permit him to do so, and do not stifle him with a “no contradiction!” kind of manner.

I have also a few words for you, venerated mothers of the household! Do not inculcate into your daughters’ minds the modern maxims, that they need not learn anything save with the view of securing a husband; that matrimony should be their aim above all else; that to preside over “a good establishment” is the height of human felicity; that in short, they are to be nothing more than so many female quagmires, adorned with a superficial verdure and attraction, but plunging the unhappy wretch into a “Slough of Despond” who, tempted by their treacherous beauty, ventures on the last fatal step of marriage!

No! on the contrary, you should teach them that there are higher attainments than a polka with an “eligible,” and more lofty aims than an establishment and a carriage. Instead of inquiring

whether Mr. So-and-so was "particular" at last night's ball, you should induce them to take part in the family debates, and fill their minds with other matters than *tarletane* and white gloves. Give them some solid information, and show them how to make use of it. Let their course of reading comprehend something more than the romantic history of Dumas and the sentimental vice of Sue; and rest

assured, thou managing mother! that a man of sense—and of course you would wish none other for a son-in-law—will pass very quickly by the young lady who sings, the young lady who polks, and the young lady who does nothing at all, and in the end settle down by the side of some young lady who he sees can take part with intelligence, sense, and becoming modesty, in a FAMILY CONVERSATION.

THE MAJOR'S MITTENS.

THE little ivory hook flew round and round on its narrow circuit, guided by Hope Bayne's slender fingers.

All the rest of the girls were busy with their four long shining needles, in the old orthodox employment of knitting, and the old orthodox "mixed" yarn streamed from the needles; and they laughed at and quizzed Hope Bayne for her daintier work—a mitten of brown zephyr wool, gauntleted with "Magenta." But Hope Bayne, through all this laughing and quizzing, kept on with her *crocheting*, plying deftly the ivory hook until the last mitten was nearly finished.

While she works at this, the party increases by ones, and twos, and threes—young officers camping out just beyond the city awaiting orders.

Ones and twos and threes.

Hope Bayne glances up as they enter, dropping a nod here and there, and sometimes a smile with it.

At last she drops a stitch with one of her nods, and somebody, stepping on the slender thread of zephyr, it snaps in twain, and out ravel two or three more stitches.

"Goodness!" cries Kitty Mills, whom nothing escapes, "that's four times your worsted has broken. Three times a quarrel, and the fourth a death, do you remember?"

Miss Bayne's lip curled disdainfully, which Kitty Mills perceiving, she went on in a break-neck style, quite in her way when provoked. "It's sure, Hope—never knew it fail. You spilled the salt at dinner too—I saw you. A dog howled under your window all last night, too, and this morning Margaret broke your hand-mirror in dusting, and flung the pieces into the street. I caught her at it."

Almost everybody has a pet supersti-

tion. This of the breaking of mirrors happened to be Hope Bayne's. That tantalizing midge of a cousin, Kitty Mills, knew it; so in consequence she knew where to send her shaft.

If it did her any good she had her revenge; for on Hope Bayne's face, usually so masked with *reticence*, a look of uneasiness sat.

This only stimulated curiosity. Kitty Mills argued to herself thus:

"If Hope cares for this, it's on account of those mittens. That's the connexion. I'll hold fast to that string."

Which she accordingly did, giving it little experimental pulls now and then. This by-the-way.

"And it all runs on that thread of wool, Hope; all the train of omens. Be careful where you bestow those mittens. He'll be sure to be killed whoever wears them."

The breaker of the thread stood, throughout this talk, quite silent, and looking down into Miss Bayne's face. For him she dropped the nod, the smile, and the stitch with it, which has raveled on to such an extent.

Hope Bayne, lifting her eyes, catches the look, and then he says, rather low of tone—

"Do not mind the omen, Miss Hope; the wearer will not, I assure you."

Kitty Mills had discovered what she had been longing to discover. There happening a lull in the hum of voices just then, all the other girls, who had been quizzing Hope Bayne for the past two days on this very subject, discovered what Kitty had discovered.

A smile went round the group. So the mittens of brown zephyr, with Magenta gauntlets, were for Major Thornly. The nut was cracked for them.

Hope Bayne sat there, cold as a statue

outwardly, but with a fire raging inwardly. Proud and reserved in all her actions, she had no power to "turn off" things of this nature. She felt her delicacy invaded, and hated, for that time, the invaders. Always on guard with the world, she could not comprehend the unguarded speech of Major Thornly; so for that time, too, she hated him.

But no sign of this betrayed itself on the cool, calm face at which Major Thornly looked, quite unconscious as he gazed that he was observed.

While he gazed the others gazed too, now and then, and wondering what she would say. She disappointed them by saying nothing, but went on with her crocheting, which was at its last stitches.

Presently the little ivory hook pulled through the final thread. Her work was done.

She put them together carelessly, then turning, handed them to Major Thornly, saying clearly, with no trace of embarrassment—

"I hope they may do you much service, Major Thornly. Colonel Grey writes that he finds the worsted ones like these much warmer than those of knit yarn."

Frank Thornly could not have told what had hurt him; but a vague sense of pain and loss stole over him. A moment ago the world was so bright and pleasant, now it was so dead and cold. A moment ago he had forgotten the room had any occupants but Hope Bayne and himself; now half a dozen people stood between them, though she sat before him.

But Hope Bayne had succeeded in her object. She had checkmated the invaders of her castle of pride; so what matter if a knight was overthrown?

Kitty Mills stood listening by, with her head on one side, plotting mischief.

Kitty Mills had such an innocent way nobody believed her malicious, yet her innocent way dealt sharp wounds sometimes.

"Oh, but Kitty don't mean anything; Kitty is blunt, has no tact, you know, but good-hearted." That was the cry. So Kitty went on dealing her blows right and left, and they were most of them left-handed blows.

This once she overshot the mark.

"Four times the thread has broken. I wouldn't take 'em, Major Thornly. They'll bring bane to the wearer;" and she glanced up into his face with her childish expression of serious superstition.

"I'd wear them though they brought my death warrant, so that they brought *one bane* to the wearer," he returned, catching at her unmeant pun with a manner half-earnest, half-playful. A faint colour dyed the cool cheek of the fair "Bayne" herself; and Charley Hayes and the rest of the boys clapped their hands, and "bravo" at the gallant major's adroitness.

So the major got his mittens. "I hope they may be of service to you," she had said to him. The words were kind, but the manner froze. A week ago she had promised them to him with a smile, and, he had thought, a little blush. How delightful it had all been, and now the pleasure was gone! What was the matter?

He would know before they separated that night; and with this determination he turned away from Kitty Mills, who had been chattering unheard for the last five minutes to him, and looked for the object of his thoughts.

He frowned as he looked. Haynes and the two lieutenants surrounded her chair completely. He was not going to play a fourth there; so he went back to little Kitty Mills, whose pretty wicked eyes sparkled brightly at this result. But leaning over her chair, and looking down upon such a pretty fairy, even as she was, both eyes and thoughts kept wandering to the other side of the room, where Hope Bayne's silvery treble rang out brilliantly in repartee and jest.

It was easier for Hope Bayne to evince levity than deep emotion. Thus she often belied herself, and got the reputation of a woman whose nature was transparently fine, but colder than the Arctic seas.

Little Kitty now—nestling there amidst the cushions and prattling away to the gentleman overlooking her; in her queer, childish manner saying such free things so naturally that they sounded prettier than anything else—*she* has the reputation of a good heart: "quite a tender little thing, indeed," some people would tell you, "and tyrannized over completely by that haughty cousin, Miss Baine." So while this "tender little thing" prattles on two hearts ache in a dumb passion which hers can never understand.

It was a bright, clear night, and the little knitting party had decided that walking home would be much pleasanter than riding; so Frank Thornly consoled himself with the determination to accompany Miss Bayne on this walk, and find out what the matter was.

But when a girl made of "spirit, fire, and dew," like Hope Bayne, decides a thing for herself, even the determination of so brave a fellow as Major Thornly is quite impotent against it. He found it so.

But what possessed the girl? What madness came over her in that hour?

As they emerged from the ante-room, cloaked and hooded, she approached him holding out her hand, saying in pleasant tones, but oh! so carelessly indifferent—

"I will bid you good-bye, Major Thornly; I am going out of town to-morrow morning, and your regiment may leave before I return."

This was a precious bit of acting! She had no more idea of staying twenty-four hours out of town than she had of making a journey to the moon. But under all that cool exterior a fiery vein of thought was running. "He thinks I like him, and he proclaims it to the public. Let the public see how cool I am!"

So in this madness they parted—she sending forth her brilliancy in a strain of restless excitement which quite overcame Lieutenant Wilmer; he stunned and silent, and too careless of the world to heed its observation.

So they parted—she thought to meet again within the week. That night when he arrived at his hotel there was a despatch awaiting him, ordering him to move forward without delay. Eagerly he prepared to obey it. Only last week what tender regrets would have saddened this news! Now it was all that was left him. "Glory should be his mistress in future! Women were false and fickle!" Thus reasoning, he marched on at the head of his troops in the early dawn of that morning.

In restless, broken slumber, Hope Bayne hears the winding bugle sound, and, half-adream, marvels what it means. And while she dreams they march on and away, to "battle and sudden death."

It was late when she came down that morning. "Too late to drive to Maywood and back; we will put it off until to-morrow, Kitty!" Kitty had been up betimes, and read the newspaper; so she handed the sheet to her cousin with her cup of coffee.

There it was, in large type, the whole startling information of the late despatch, and the hurried departure at dawn.

No exclamation escaped the reader's lips. The pure, pale colouring of her face might have whitened, but it was scarcely perceptible. Not a tremor of the mouth,

not a flutter of the eyelids; yet she felt herself turning stone cold in that moment.

If Kitty Mills, sitting there opposite her, thought to discover the state of her feeling she was doomed to disappointment. Too deep for tears, or sighs, or lamentations; too deep for conscious colouring or fluttering pulses was the regret, the remorse that instantly awoke to life. When beyond recall she realized what she had lost, and how. She saw with a shiver her mad and selfish folly, her insane pride. A thousand acts of tenderness and manliness returned upon her to prove how he had forgotten the world for love of her, while she had made it her tyrant. In this retrospect her soul came down from its haughty citadel and sat in sackcloth and ashes.

All this while she mechanically drank her coffee and went through the form of a breakfast. All this while Kitty Mills sat opposite, watching her curiously. Kitty Mills could little understand that in the solemn vigil of this stricken soul she was utterly forgotten; and when her cousin's calm face turned away, she said to herself, "Ice is not colder and harder than Hope Bayne's heart!"

* * * * *

Major Thornly sat writing in his tent until a late hour the night before the reconnaissance at Leesburg. He who was usually cheerful, almost gay, under the most depressing or the most hazardous of undertakings, felt strangely oppressed on this night. Memory after memory crowded upon him, and life seemed to wear new glories in the shadow of death which haunted him. He thought of Ellsworth—his clear presentiment—the fall which followed it. And though he smiled at his thought and its suggestions, and strove to attribute it to the hour and his imagination, yet he found it impossible to shake off the solemn forebodings that filled his soul.

At length he yielded to the mood sufficiently to indite several letters, to be delivered in case he should never return from the field of the morrow. Tender letters of farewell, brave and simple and manly like the writer.

In the midst of this occupation he opens a box for a needed envelope: beneath the package lies the parting gift of Hope Bayne—the brown mittens, with their bright "Magenta" gauntlets, untouched by soil or use. Back it all comes—the dreary evening—her cold words and colder manner, and the care-

less parting speech. Back it all comes, but with it comes a clearer sense, perhaps, of her proud, inscrutable heart. Time and absence have softened the rough edge of these memories, and he remembers hours when she was gentle and sympathetic—when she gave him many a hope, by blush, and smile, and action. "It must have been my fault," he thinks to himself; "I was a blundering fellow always, and she was kind before. But I love you, Hope—I love you!" and on the bright Magenta colours a tear dropped suddenly from eyes as brave as ever wept.

Hesitating a moment he obeyed the impulse which quickly came, and in a few earnest sentences wrote to her of his love and faith, touching lightly upon their last meeting; but in that brief mention divesting her of the shadow of unkindness by an almost playful acknowledgment of his own failings and demerits. This done, he turned to seek the repose he needed for the coming day. As he did so his eye again fell upon her gift. He took them up hastily, and thrust them into his bosom, saying aloud, "They shall go with me as a talisman."

What was it? The sound of his own voice, or the unburdening of his heart, that suddenly broke the spell? for at the action and the words a feeling of instant relief came over him. It was as if the smoke of battle had uplifted, and showed him a sure vision of safety and success. He passed his hand over his brow, as if to clear his brain, or assure himself that he was awake. "I am the sport of idle fancy," he murmured; "not ten minutes since I felt almost as if the messenger of death had claimed me, and here I am in another moment breathing free, as if just released from some near danger; and all at the touch of a pair of mittens—Hope's mittens," he utters, softly. "Perhaps, perhaps they are to be a talisman, as I said;" and with a half-smile at his "idle fancies," he flings himself down to rest and sleep.

* * * * *

"Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,"

rode on those brave leaders with their brave troops that day. Every one knows the fearful tragedy that followed—the repulse, the flight, the loss. Every one knows, too, of the heroisms that made it not all a defeat.

In the hottest of the fight Major

Thornly was urging on his men—cool, collected, and cheerful under the most disastrous circumstances. Shot and shell hurtled past him, but still he rode unharmed. He seemed to bear a charmed life in the midst of the dead and dying.

A column just beyond loses its leader: confusion and dismay run along the line. The next moment the panic would have spread, when Major Thornly dashed on to the rescue. The sight of his inspiring face as he assumed command, his dauntless air as he marshalled them together, gave them both ardour and confidence; and again they press forward through

"—flame and smoke,

And shout and groan and sabre stroke."

Again they press forward; but the gallant leader, where is he? In a charge from the enemy that swept down many a brave fellow he had fallen. Was his presentiment of death realized? Had the messenger claimed him in that hour?

* * * * *

Kitty Mills at the window, making a pretty show of her blue-yarn knitting in her white glancing hands, nods and smiles to passing acquaintances. Hope Bayne, at the piano, plays melancholy nocturns with a tense passion of meaning which Kitty Mills never understands. The October sun shines in at the window, a cheery little wood-fire crackles on the hearth, the great grey cat purrs contentedly in its rays, and everything presents a smiling scene of peace, which only the passionate player there, with her drooping head, contradicts. A look at her woeful face, and the image of peace melts away into dreams of desolation as mournful as the dreary nocturn.

The door opens. Kitty glances up with a disappointed face. "Oh, it's only you, Will!"

The lad perks his saucy lips into mockery. "Yes, only 'you, Will,'" he returns. *He* knows Miss Kitty Mills's peculiarities.

Then his face changes, and he goes on:—

"More news—all the details of the engagement," drawing the paper from his pocket. The player turns from the piano at this. Over the paper her eager eyes wander rapidly. Then, with a sigh of relief, she passes it on to her cousin. *He* is not mentioned. She may yet have hope. Kitty, giving the columns a hasty survey, yawns, drops her knitting, thinks the city "dreadfully stupid since the

camp broke up," and then goes sauntering out of the room, tossing her blue-yarn ball to the cat upon the hearth.

This proceeding seems to give Master William undisguised satisfaction; for as the door closes the saucy lips curl with an unmistakeable air of boyish triumph, and he approaches his sister with a letter.

"I waited till Kitty went; she's so curious," the lad volunteered.

Why do her cheeks pale and flush? why do her hands tremble at the seal of this letter? Ask him, who,

"At midnight, in his guarded tent," wrote those tender sentences of farewell. Ask him—ay, ask him!

But the flushing of the cheeks, the trembling of the hands, had something of expectant joy in their signs. She only thought he had written to her! But when? She knew when a moment after; and Willie, standing there, even with his untaught boy's heart, knew what that voiceless calm meant far better than Kitty Mills would have known. And as the woeful eyes uplift he realizes something more of life's stern passion than his fifteen years had ever comprehended before.

He understands so delicately and wisely that as Kitty enters an opposite door, he sends her away to the cupola by some hint of tents newly pitched, and rumours of a newly-forming camp. And while Miss Kitty forgets her indolence in the charming prospect of a fresh court of suitors, and flies off to greet the welcome sight of their floating flags, her cousin Hope escapes to her room with a burden of death upon her soul. All night with this heavy burden she keeps a tearless watch. All night she goes over that bitter, bitter parting, when her cruel words belied her heart. And all night she is haunted by the

"Never, never, whispered by the phantom years."

When Will came down to breakfast the next morning his sister was not there, and Kitty poured his coffee for him in her default; for Hope had been both mother and sister to Will five years that very month. Though her absence was by no means so unusual, Will was uneasy on this morning. He hadn't forgotten the odd effect of that letter; so he evinced his uneasiness by kicking the table-legs and quarrelling with Kitty—two accomplishments in which he excelled.

At dinner the same cause of uneasiness existed, and the same consequence ensued; he kicked the table-legs and quarrelled with Kitty. (Query: do all boys have a natural propensity to kick table-legs?—the narrator never saw one that didn't.) At tea, again he missed the familiar face; and this time forgot to quarrel with his cousin, even if he unconsciously performed the other accomplishment.

To his inquiries Kitty answered carelessly, "Hope had a headache."

Going up to bed he loitered by her door—not a sound. Then he ventured to call softly, "Hope!" No answer. Then he opened the door and entered.

Hope was lying where she had flung herself the night before, and dressed as he had seen her when she read her letter. But the white face of woeful passion was greatly changed. Fever burned upon the cheeks and parched the lips, and in the fitful slumber into which she had fallen she moaned restlessly. Unused to such signs of illness, yet the boy was well aware it was no light matter.

He turned to call for Kitty; then back he went, with a grim look of determination on his face, and deliberately turned the key upon his sister's writing-desk, and transferred it to his pocket, muttering at the time—

"You don't get into that, Miss Kitty, while I'm round!"

When Kitty came she was shocked and sorry enough. "She did not know, she was sure, it was anything serious, for Hope often had headaches."

Will growled at her, and jumped down three steps at a time as he ran for the doctor. For ten days Hope Bayne hovered between life and death; on the twelfth she awoke to sensibility and suffering. By her bedside she found watching a fresh young face, whom she had often, kindly enough, but selfishly, overlooked and half-forgotten in the past. She found it had been her most faithful watcher these ten days. It looked anxious and worn now, and her heart smote her as she realized what a fount of love she had neglected. Here was something to live for, after all; and the pang of her awakened memory softened. "Dear Will!" And the face she turned to his had resumed its calm, but the old expression of proud and lonely bitterness had departed.

A fortnight after they were *en route* for Washington to join her father, resident

for the winter there, in his attendance upon several law cases.

Hope, still pale and thin from her recent illness, had ample excuse in remaining at home, while Kitty participated in the gaieties of the season.

Left thus alone with Will one evening—he was almost her constant companion now—she asks him the question which has possessed her mind for weeks:

“Will, you were with me much during those delirious days—did I mention any names?”

The lad looked away from her as he replied, “Once, Hope.”

“Was Kitty present?”

“Not she!” and he shook his head in triumph.

“What did I say, Will?”

“You just called Frank, that was all.”

At this point Miss Kitty’s laughing tones are heard, and that young lady enters full of elation and success.

“Such a splendid time—so many strangers! That young Frenchman, D’Effeuil, and a Hungarian Count! And oh, Hope, an old flame of yours! He looks dreadfully thin and pale—wounded, you know, at Leesburg—hasn’t been out but a little while.” Hope was listening to her indifferently, until she said, “He seems as *épris* of you as ever; and I did think you liked him, Hope, until that night. It’s my opinion, *ma belle cousine*, that *you* will never be in love with anybody.”

That night! what night? She turned to Kitty, asking, quite shortly—

“Whom are you talking about, Kitty?”

“Well, you needn’t be so snappish, Hope! I was talking of your *père* *chevalier*, Major Thornly.”

Hope Bayne had never fainted in her life; but she came so near it now that Kitty Mills was frightened. When she recovered herself somewhat, Kitty began her talk.

“What was the matter Hope? Was the room too warm?” Slowly Hope met her eyes, and bravely answered—

“I thought he was dead, Kitty. That was why your sudden information overcame me.” Kitty Mills was more amazed than she cared to own. She could understand evasion, but this simple courage of acknowledgment was quite beyond her.

But Hope loses all thought but one. He is living: he loves her: the long agony is forgotten.

Early the next morning, at a very unfashionable hour, Major Thornly, in obedience to the brief summons he has received, enters Miss Bayne’s presence.

As he bends over her hand, reverent yet ardent, warm lips brush his cheek. It is a welcome he had not dared to dream of. He turns her face to his.

“Hope, is it so—do you love me?”

She tells him all the sad, sad story; never sparing herself from first to last. In it the wealth of her heart is clearly apparent. He no longer questions her love. His generous soul only regretted her suffering.

“I was afraid you had received that letter,” he said; “but I was not sure, for Lieutenant Hayes, who had charge of my papers, immediately left for the North, and I have never seen him since the engagement. He supposed, undoubtedly, not hearing of me at once, that I was dead; and indeed, Hope, I thought I was very near death myself when I fell with my horse in that last charge. But I was only stunned and wounded, and managed to escape in spite of it. But, Hope, the most marvellous part of the story is yet untold.” He drew from his breast a pair of mittens—brown mittens, with Magenta gauntlets. How well she remembered them, and shuddered as she remembered!

“Nay, do not tremble, Hope; these mittens saved my life.” He unfolded them, and showed a pressure, round and even, with the threads broken and worn in its centre. “The ball which made this glanced off and lodged in my belt. If it had entered where it struck I should not be here, for it was just against my heart. The actual wound which I received was in my left shoulder, and was neither deep nor dangerous.”

Briefly he went over his thoughts and emotions on the eve of the battle. The tears flowed down her cheeks as he added—

“God’s providence guided me, Hope, I earnestly believe. He could have chosen no dearer instrument than you.”

“If Kitty Mills was amazed at this *dénouement*, she kept it carefully to herself; but Will wickedly declares that she is outwitted for once; and his sly allusions, as they sit over their cups at breakfast, produce the inevitable result—he kicks the table-legs and quarrels with Kitty.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE last day of the departing year had seldom dawned at Grunfeld, in Germany, so beautiful as now. The sun-light became so warm, and the air so mild, that the inhabitants of this little town allowed themselves almost to believe that spring had already commenced. Under the leafless trees of the many pleasant avenues in its environs, young and old of all classes were assembled. Blooming girls were cheerfully telling one another what delightful presents each had received on Christmas Eve, and what splendid dresses they would wear in honour of the New Year. Meanwhile, their noisy brothers made the most of what little snow the southerly wind had spared in bye-corners and thickets, formed themselves into volunteer battalions, and kept up a hot fire of ice-cold missiles. Grave, long-headed men of business rejoiced in a day of uninterrupted leisure; and under the genial influences of the hour, even old burgesses wished each other many happy returns of the season, feeling for the moment as if they were still young. But there were other causes of rejoicing; after long-protracted, desolating war, peace had recently been established over the land. The town of Grunfeld, from its favourable situation, had during all the changes retained a good share of its former prosperity, and its inhabitants now looked forward to the future with reanimated hopes. During this day, grocers, cooks, and confectioners, were the only shopkeepers who could not leave their homes to bask in the sunshine. Never had there been at Grunfeld such a run for lemons, sugar, arrack, tarts, and *bou-bons*!

"This New Year's Eve we shall indeed be merry!" These words were echoed from all quarters. Never, on any St. Sylvester's day, were so many jovial meetings arranged for the coming night as now.

So passed the morning and afternoon. But when at length the eastern hills caught the last ruddy gleams of the setting sun, the promenaders gradually disappeared, for the evening air indicated more of winter than of spring. The walks were almost deserted, when for the first time appeared under the lime-trees the lonely figure of an old man of grave aspect, in officer's uniform. In his right

hand he carried a strong knotted walking-stick, and under his left shoulder a crutch, with the help of which together he moved along in strict military style.

Now meeting him, you see another burgess of the town, a man equally old, with hair almost snow-white, yet whose ruddy complexion and rapid movements show that he has not lost the vivacity of youth. This patriarchal figure is attired simply, in a suit of Saxon grey; but he carries a highly respectable cane, headed with silver, which he swings about, disdainingly to use it as a support. As they meet each other, unlike the rest of the world, they do not utter one word. Both are pre-occupied with their own thoughts. Each stretches out his hand in silence; you can see how cordial is the tacit greeting, and that each can read in the other's looks his meaning far better than language could express it.

At last says the man in grey, "Major, you will come to-night at nine?"

"Yes, my dear brother, I shall be there," responded the other. Then, as if it were not possible for either to bring out another word, he of the crutch moves on in his usual gait towards the town, and his friend with increased rapidity disappears by the opposite route.

The military man—an invalid major, was named Walter. His friend Gerald in the grey suit was the richest merchant and manufacturer at Grunfeld. Both were brave, steadfast, excellent men; who, in different departments, had rendered good service to their country and gained unanimous respect from their townsmen. For several years their lives had been lonely, for both were widowers. Walter's only son Rodolph, imitating his father, had gone into the army; and Gerald's Reinhold, by profession an artist, now travelled in Italy and other foreign lands, in quest of improvement. By similarity of circumstances, the spirit of brotherly affection was strengthened between the two veterans; and as both were of convivial, cheerful disposition, they found gradually among the citizens of Grunfeld, six (but only six) companions, whom they thought worthy of their entire confidence. By degrees the little society became so united and met so often, that in German phrase they were called *die achter*, or the Club of

Eight. This amicable circle usually held its meetings at the commodious, well-appointed house of the rich merchant Gerald. It may be inferred that they had always a jovial *réunion* on St. Sylvester's day, to which the members looked forward almost as if they took pleasure in the departure of another year. It was not till after a long series of St. Sylvester days, that they began to reflect upon this. By degrees, when one after another failed to take his accustomed chair, and was lost in the dark silent chamber of the churchyard, and when by no means could they obtain any congenial successor, they did indeed reflect sadly. Yet by the force of habit under Gerald's roof, the last evening of December brought always its bowl of punch and smiling faces to welcome in the new year.

On the present anniversary, however, these two aged men whom we have just left, could not feel as heretofore. During *one* season, recently too, the already diminished club had lost three members. Thus, of the eight pillars that had for so many years supported the temple of concord and brotherly union, only two—Walter and Gerald—were now left among its ruins. For these potent reasons it was, that when we observed their meeting to-day, neither could subdue his emotion, too great to admit of utterance.

Nine o'clock approached; the old major, with military precision, held himself in readiness and marched forth. The clock was still striking, when the well-known sound of his crutch was heard on the staircase at the merchant's. But on his entering the banqueting-hall, where Gerald awaited him, so great was his astonishment, that he again lost the power of utterance. The room was lighted up as of old; the merchant was at his usual place behind the steaming and odoriferous punch-bowl—thus much was *en règle*, and to be expected. But to the major's utter amazement, the table was loaded with a profusion of delicacies, and around it were placed seven empty chairs, as if the whole club of eight were about to meet as formerly. This was too much for the old hero. To prepare places for the dead was a *mauvaise plaisanterie*,—to invite new guests to occupy their places was to his feelings still worse.

"Left about, wheel!" he exclaimed, making a half-turn towards the door. "Don't take it unkindly, my dear brother," he added, "but in truth I did not come

prepared to meet a large party. I must beg you will excuse me."

At these words Gerald started up briskly—"No, no, old comrade," said he, "don't conclude so rashly. I have not invited any party. Yet the chairs are placed as you see, and for good reasons, as I will tell you, though our friends may never come again."

The old soldier then took his place at the host's right hand, and in sad inquiring silence, looked at the empty seats.

"And now, major, cheer up," said Gerald. "To begin the night, I will honestly make my confession, and instead of looking dolorous, your mode of absolving must be to laugh heartily at the strange fancies of an old fool like me. Now you shall hear! It was natural enough, surely, that for an hour before you came, having arranged all matters for the day, I should feel very lonely walking to and fro in this long apartment, with the portraits of our departed friends looking down upon me from the wall. I fell unawares into a mood of mind, to which you may guess I am but little accustomed. The thoughts of the past, of days long past, and of the short time that yet remains to us, got the better by degrees of every other impression, till at length, I might almost say, that to my fancy, a funeral shroud seemed to spread over the whole earth, covering thee and me, and all things!—and I will not conceal it from thee, brother Walter, that my old weak eyes overflowed. I struggled against this unbecoming mood, however, paced vehemently up and down; and at last became somewhat excited. Well, you see that portrait of our grand-master, the amiable and accomplished organist, whose death made the first blank in our society. Laugh at me, brother—I desired you to laugh; but in sober earnest, I heard from the wall his well-remembered voice, softly but distinctly whispering—'Gerald, set a chair for me!' Then all the rest followed one by one articulately, and each in his own well-known accents. 'And for me too, Gerald!'—'Don't forget old friends!'—'Set another chair.' You may smile indeed, but don't sneer, for I did absolutely hear the whispering; and you may despise the cranky nerves of an old civilian, but I frankly avow that for the moment a chill shuddering of awe, if not of terror, crept over me. It may no doubt be that the voices were only my own excited brain; but never mind, I really heard them, and felt bound to do their bidding, and so the

chairs were placed, and our table arranged as you see. But now this unexpected intercourse with ghosts—this waking dream or trance is ended. Since you have taken your place, my wonted intellects and composure are restored. And so, brother, if you think proper, we will draw the chairs back to the wall."

The major held up his fore-finger warningly, and shook his head. But after a minute, under his bushy grey mustachios became visible a lurking smile, and his brows relaxed. "In good truth," said he, "I little thought ever to hear from *you* an avowal of waking dreams such as these. I am rejoiced you think as I do, that they deserve to be laughed at. So much the better, for I have not spent the day over merrily, and am heartily glad of anything new by way of diversion. As to the chairs, by all means let them remain as they are; and let us thank God, that in His mercy He has yet spared us to fill two of them, and once more welcome a New Year."

"Suppose, now," said Gerald, also regaining a blithe tone, "suppose that our departed friends did return to take their places, what have we to fear? Doubtless they would not appear in the guise of haggard spectres and skeletons, but would come in the spirit of love and friendship, as beneficent guests. For it could only be out of the sincerest affection for us that they would leave the realms of the blessed to revisit this cold, weary earth of ours!"

"True enough," answered Walter, accepting the first proffered glass of punch; "yet there are people in the world who have half-turned their brains over the ghost stories of romance, and who would certainly feel rather nervous at the sight of these empty seats waiting to be occupied by the dead."

"On the contrary," said Gerald, "let it be a consoling thought for us that the soul one day frees itself and escapes from the incumbrance of old, worn-out earthly habiliments."

"And flings away its crutches!" exclaimed Walter, raising himself, and cordially joining glasses with his faithful comrade.

Thus, without knowing how, the two friends were led into a conversation which promised to carry them cheerfully through the hours that had yet to run before the commencement of another year. Each assisting the recollection of the other, they revived characteristic traits of the

club's departed members; and many a pleasant anecdote was called to mind, so that, for the time present, they lived their youth over again. During their dialogue, however, Gerald had frequently stopped short, listened, and turned inquiring looks towards the door, in which at last the old major participated.

"There can be no doubt about it," at length said the merchant, "we are certainly watched from the corridor. Every now and then I hear light steps rustle along the floor; and just now there was a confused whispering noise, as if a large party were communing together."

"Nay then, 'tis full time that the matter should be cleared up," said the major, moving from his chair. But at that moment the folding-doors were gently opened, and through the twilight of the distance came forward a troop of dazzling forms, attired in robes of spotless white, with many-coloured wings on their shoulders; little blooming angels, with their wreath of everlasting youth upon their glossy, ringleted heads, in solemn procession approached the now astonished old men. Their movements were directed by a Genius, who, in his attire, formed precisely the counterpart of the Elfin King, as represented by the immortal poet of "Oberon." A large white lily formed the sceptre wherewith he marshalled his five companions, arranging them round the table, each behind one of the six empty chairs. On the first sight of these voiceless, mysterious visitors, the friends involuntarily stood up with a strange feeling, not merely of amazement, but awe. Venturing, however, to scrutinize their features a little more closely, they nodded to each other with significant smiles; then awaited in silence what their extraordinary guests might further intend to do.

Now, the Genius of the lily-stalk raised the tall, nodding flower, directing it to two of his companions, who advanced at the signal, bearing wreaths of evergreen, which, raising in their tiny hands, they proceeded to the two old men. Meanwhile the Elfin King spoke slowly and metrically:—"Like the constancy of friendship, like the hopes of the faithful, like the blessings of love, the wreath of brotherly concord is evergreen." Then with his flower-sceptre, he made a sign to another of the supernatural guests, who advanced, bearing a resplendent vase of coloured crystal, filled with overhanging roses, and the Genius thus said:—

"Though roses no longer bloom in the winter garden of age, yet the gratitude of the young has preserved and cherished them for you."

At another signal the fourth spirit advanced and laid before the merchant a civic golden crown, and before his friend was laid the splendid diamond cross of a military order. Addressing Gerald, the Genius then said—"The citizens of Gruinfeld present this to their father;" and to Walter—"Our Fatherland offers this homage to its brave champion and defender." At last, with a quicker step, the fifth of the celestial group advanced and encircled the friends together with a chain of flowers; whereupon added the Genius—"Thus continue in fraternal concord on earth, and think of those who in communion with the saints, are united in Paradise."

The lively old merchant could no longer keep silence. "Ah! my dear, kind-hearted, clever little Julia," he cried, lifting up the *soi-disant* Genius, and pressing her to his heart, "how beautifully you have played your part, and how much have you entertained and delighted us!" Then the old major caressed them one after another. As the reader may possibly have conjectured, these unlooked-for guests were five grandchildren of the deceased members of the club.

"But who art thou, dear little creature?" said Gerald, raising up the sixth child; "ought I not to know thee?" Julia was interpreter: "Because Uncle Knoman left no grand-daughter, mamma made choice of a poor orphan girl to come instead, and has presented her with a dress."

"Well done," said Gerald, gazing intently on the child's dark blue eyes; "but thou shalt not go unrewarded for coming in this angel's guise to bring me a blessing. From this hour I adopt thee as my daughter."

"Partnership, brother!" cried the major; "mind you, the angel's blessing was for me as well as you."

"Be it so," answered Gerald. "I will educate the dear infant, and you shall give her a dowry afterwards." "A bargain," responded Walter, "and if by that time our brethren in the other world should insist on having us among them, my Rodolph will take my place, and readily do honour to my promise."

The poor little orphan could scarcely comprehend the extent of her good fortune, but in the fulness of her grateful

heart began to weep. Gerald, with caresses, placed her on Knoman's chair. The other children were then arranged regularly in their grandfathers' places. They then began to grow exceedingly merry. Each found a small goblet, containing a tiny portion from the odoriferous punch-bowl, and soon had enough to do in answering their host's kind inquiries after parents, and uncles, and aunts, and cousins. So the last hour of the old year glided imperceptibly away, and as the clock commenced striking, the friends arose, each grasping a full glass, and silently awaited the last moment. Already in the streets were heard numberless voices, each shouting out "A good new year!"—more distantly sounded the report of fire-arms, an irregular *feu de joie*, and from the market-place, according to a good old custom, was heard the beautiful hymn—"Nun danket alle Gott."

The clock was silent—the joined glasses rang after it. But before Gerald and Walter could pronounce the first toast of the new year, Julia again stepped forward and waved the lily, in token that she had somewhat yet to say. The friends paused to listen, and the Genius thus addressed them:—

"With the sacred cup of the blythe new year,
A blessing is yet in store;
Think now ere the moment is o'er,
What is it that most in your hearts you
desire,
The wish that a Father's love could inspire,
Speak boldly and cheerily; what is most
wanted.
By the mercy of God, that shall be granted."

Then Gerald and Walter gaily raised their glasses, the former exclaiming, "Brother, your dear son Rodolph!" and the other, "Old friend, your affectionate Reinhold!"

They had not long to wait. Without uttering a word, two young men rushed into the room, and in the next moment were clasped in the arms of their beloved parents. Rodolph, the *militaire*, had left home as a private in the ranks, but now returned as captain of hussars. A deep scar was on his high intellectual forehead, and on his manly figure was displayed the Cross of the Order of Merit. Reinhold, the artist, returned in his travelling-garb from his long pilgrimage. During his endeavours to depict the beautiful, he had himself bloomed up into a tall, stately, handsome youth. Neither of the absentees having been as yet expected at home, they had communicated with each other

by letter, agreeing to meet at a place mutually fixed upon, and to make their *entrée* at Grunfeld in the morning of St. Sylvester's day, unexpected and unknown. The young painter, who was also a poet (as all painters ought to be), immediately paid his respects to those friends of the family whom he inclined to trust with his plans; he had just time enough in one day to contrive and arrange the celestial dresses, to teach Julia her lesson, and get up the *spectacle* which we have so lately witnessed.

To that silent mood in which the overflowing heart scarcely dares trust the greatness of its happiness, succeeded the loud exultation of delight when one speaks without knowing what one utters—sees and hears without understanding—queries without waiting for an answer; but after all this, joy, growing, reflective, and intelligent, dawns on the mind like the light of a new day. When thus thoroughly awakened, the old men looked around them; they saw the room filled by newly-arrived guests, parents of the *ci-devant* angels, school companions of the returned young men, connexions of Gerald's house, and several office-bearers of the town, every one taking his own part in the happiness of the hour, and so increasing it for all. What a competition of saluting and questioning, and narrating, was there now! Even Gerald's evening adventure with the ghost must be repeated over and over to every new-comer as he entered.

It ought not to be forgotten that the brilliant cross of a military order, and the

merchant's golden crown, were not, as supposed, mere contrivances of a poetical imagination. Ever since his retirement, the veteran Walter, by his courage, vigilance, and wise counsels, had rendered good service to his country; and the diamond cross was veritably a gift of the reigning prince, who had made choice of the major's worthy son Rodolph, as the fittest ambassador. In like manner the golden crown was truly a gift to Gerald from the citizens of Grunfeld, who gratefully remembered the assistance which from his ample fortune he had many times rendered them on occasions of great dearth and sickness.

Already this young day of rejoicing had become four hours old, when the major raised himself on his crutch, resolutely declining the hospitable invitation of his friend to stay longer. "No, no," said he, "for this new year's morning we have had already enough of enjoyment, rather too much for children of seventy years old!" Yet at their parting once more the entire influence of the preceding night, with its overflowing cup of blessing, stole over the faithful hearts of the friends and deprived them of utterance. Once more, silent as when we saw them meet under the lime-trees, but now with emotions how different, they grasped each other's hands, as if to cement, by the heartiest pressure, a new and everlasting concord; their looks were prayers, and irrepressible tears of gratitude and joy flowed over their time-furrowed features.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR AND THE BIRTH OF THE NEW.

FAREWELL! thou old and dying year!

Thy wrinkled brow is sad;
Thy cheek is wet with many a tear,
Thy path with snow-flakes clad.

Farewell! Farewell!

Hark! to the midnight chimes, that tell
Thy swift-fled reign is o'er;
Thou canst with us no longer dwell.
Farewell for evermore!

Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell, old year! what wasted hours
Are passed away with thee!
We might have twined a crown of flowers,
To gild thy memory!

Farewell! Farewell!

We might have raised some angel song;
We might have built some shrine
To be to the surrounding throng
A keepsake gift of thine!

Alas! Alas!

Alas, old year! that thou must go
So weak and poor away!
Sound not the chimes like knells of woe,
Entreating thee to stay?

Farewell! Farewell!

Thou sinkest, and the pine-trees' moan
Echoes thy parting breath;
And I—as there thou liest alone,
Weep o'er thy mournful death.

Farewell! Farewell!

But ah! a lovely child is here!
He standeth at my feet—
A joyous boy—devoid of fear—
He speaks in accents sweet.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

He shows me with his little hand
A path which lies before,
It leads up to a pleasant land—
Now I can weep no more!

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Fair child! though I have left undone,
Within thy father's reign,
The deeds of good that, scarce begun,
Were cast away again;
Though man is weak, though life is frail,
Yet, hand in hand with thee,
I'll strive more gallantly to sail
O'er life's tempestuous sea!

Rejoice! Rejoice!

BORDER LIFE :

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE RED RIVER.

CHAPTER IV.

A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

VERY different indeed was the greeting of the beautiful sisters to the person who now joined them, from that which they had given a short time before to the dashing half-breed, who fancied himself in every way so much the superior. Millingen's handsome features and light but well-knit frame showed still some attenuation from his recent illness, although, on the whole, the remains of delicacy brought out into stronger relief, as sometimes they will do, those more delicate marks of organic refinement which, partly physical and partly mental, appear to be the result of breeding and blood combined. His person, although thinner, was more symmetrical in outline; his tread was more firm and elastic; and the pallor of his cheek only served to contrast well with the greater sparkle of his brown eyes, and with the quiet decision apparent in the curve of his well-formed mouth. His hunter's dress and cap became him, too; and in a young man, not more than five or six-and-twenty, it was excusable if, in even so remote a scene, he paid some attention to his toilet, and had his hunting frock and mocassins gaily braided with Indian art, while the single eagle's feather in his cap gave an air of finish to his costume, which looked all the better for the absence of pretension with which it was worn.

By this time the family at the factory and he had become pleasantly familiar, if not closely intimate. The young man himself professed, in measured but still warm terms, the gratitude he felt for the care and attentions which had been lavished on him; which was met by the counter-professions of Father Ben, that he had been more than repaid for his trouble by the splendid opportunity afforded him of showing his skill and proving the efficacy of a score or two of new medicines in the herb, root, and bark line, which were certain, he said, to cure all after-patients, since they had not killed the first. The ladies of the fort, although less demonstrative in speech, proved their willingness to endorse their uncle's good

opinion of their guest, by treating him with a kindness and consideration signally contrasted with their determined coldness to the half-breed, but which never tempted him to step a single pin's point beyond the due observance of a guarded and punctilious respect. It would be hard to gather from his general demeanour whether he preferred one sister to the other, although Imola, in her humility, began even now to suspect that the superior attractions of the lively and clever as well as lovely Abra were fast making an impression on him which he might find it difficult, if not impossible, to shake off. Whether Abra herself felt this, and was inclined to respond to the feeling, could not be judged as yet, although, in her secret heart, Imola thought it altogether unlikely that any one honoured by the preference of so accomplished a companion, and thrown constantly in his way by circumstances, could fail to do so. In her lowliness, however, and from her pure and genuine affection for her twin sister, this neither surprised nor grieved her; she had begun, it may be, to feel that so pleasant a companion would be still more agreeable were he attached by a nearer and dearer tie—to wish (to her pillow), like Desdemona, that "Heaven had made for her such a man;" but her dreams and speculations had not a single taint of jealousy or envy in them, and she willingly admitted that were he a thousand times better than she believed him to be—and, to own the truth, that was saying a great deal—Abra was in every way worthy of him, and could not fail to make him happy should he have the great good-fortune to gain her love.

Even now, as he walked by their side, some such thoughts as these were coursing through her mind. Lingered behind them occasionally for a moment or two, to pluck a flower or admire a prospect, she thought as she looked at them that they were made for each other; and if the idea caused a momentary sinking of the heart, she resolutely repressed it, and when she joined them, strove with greater cordiality to promote their good-humour, and to encourage them to amuse each

other. She was too humble and innocent to perceive that the young hunter always looked back to see what it was that caused her to linger when she loitered longer than usual; and that although he chatted and argued with Abra—whose presence and conversation, novel and original as the latter was, dissipated every shade of melancholy from his brow for the time, and made him as light-hearted and cheerful as a boy—still it was to herself he most looked for approval in his sallies; and so sedulously was every movement of hers noted and watched by him, that not even a pebble could obstruct her path without being instantly removed by his ready foot, and not a shade of colour could vary the tints of her cheek without an anxious inquiry on his part as to its possible cause. True it was, that all this was done so unobtrusively and quietly, that it might well pass without particular notice by one whose self-appreciation was of so modest a character, and who, amidst the mid-day radiance of Abra's acknowledged talent and beauty, fancied it impossible that her own mild lustre could ever be thought of for a moment in comparison with so refulgent a star. Still it *was* pleasant to receive these marks of attentive courtesy, trifling as they were; and still more so was it to remember, when they parted, that, by a series of good-natured manœuvres, not only had he encouraged her to speak more boldly, or at least more friendly, than she was accustomed to do, but had actually and positively deferred to her opinions and crowned them with his applause.

On the present occasion, Abra, amongst other things, took occasion to repeat to him the apprehensions started by Lamech Overend regarding the possible aggression of the Blackfeet; and while she did so, Imola remarked that at first a strong shade of ridicule, finally increasing to a darker cast of grave displeasure, settled on his features and was evident in his voice.

"We have heard the absurd rumour before, Miss Ormstead," he replied, "although I did not know until now the source from whence it emanated. As a matter of precaution the Salteaux Chief has sent his best scouts on a reconnaissance, and, as we presumed they would do, they have returned without having been able to trace the slightest marks of lurking foes. Savages as they are, they are far too sagacious to meditate mischief against such numbers or preparations as

they would meet at Fort Henry, and after having lost the flower of their warriors by their recent defeat. I cannot divine the motive that could lead to such preposterous fears; although, whether they be true or false, it is our duty to be on our guard, in order to provide for possible treachery from within, as well as for possible attack from without."

"You speak of treachery, Mr. Millingen," said Imola, timidly; "surely you do not think that Lamech Overend would conspire against his friends?"

The young man paused and looked her full in the face at this speech. Then he said, gravely—

"I did not mention the name of Lamech Overend, as you condescend to call him, or of any particular person, I think, Miss Ormstead."

"And even if you did," interposed Abra, "you were perfectly justified in so doing. In our position our wisest safeguard is a provident caution in which all are included."

"But Lamech is known to us for years, Abra," again interposed Imola.

"Known to us how or for what, sister?" asked Abra. "He has visited us when he could make profit by doing so, and he has quitted us without caring much, apparently, whether he found us living or dead at his return. We know nothing of him, save that he is a hunter of beasts, dexterous at his trade, and by nature a—in short, a sort of companion with whom it is by no means pleasant to consort."

"There must be some good in him, however," said Millingen, with a chilly smile, "when he can secure so ardent an advocate to plead in his behalf. I shall learn to respect him myself for the future for doing so."

"You will do it on wrong grounds, then, I assure you," laughed Abra. "Imola's benevolent philosophy includes everything and everybody, and her chivalrous defence of a man who is so well able to take care of himself, and who cares not a button what the rest of the world thinks of him, is only a sample of her widespread charity. Ask her candidly whether she would rejoice or grieve when he quits the fort, and then judge by her answer of the amount of sympathy or friendship he finds at her hands. It is not his fault that we are not now enjoying a row on the river, with him and his henchman Firefly as our guides; and although I, on my own part,

decidedly objected to the arrangement, he might perchance have persuaded me, as it is a fine day, had not Imola looked too much horrified at the proposal for me to think of listening to it."

"I—I believe you are right," said Imola, who had discovered the pique in the young hunter's tone, and was not altogether displeased with it; "but then, you know, Abra, it is very unpleasant to have a companionship perpetually forced on you, whether you like it or no. It has already spoiled our excursion to-day and obliged us to turn back again."

"Yes, and our distaste to it has spoiled Lamech's aquatic expectations of pleasure, too; for lo! he is already on our trail, as I suppose I may venture to phrase it."

In fact, she had already been prepared for his approach by having discovered the small and lithe figure of the Firefly gliding from cover to cover as the sisters walked on, until, when they were met by Millingen, he had darted off at a tangent and was seen no more.

In another minute or two Lamech made one of the group.

CHAPTER V.

AN INTRUSION.

EVERY one has felt, occasionally, how unpleasant it is to be intruded on by even an esteemed friend or acquaintance at an inconvenient time, or when we are unprepared or indisposed to receive them; and still more when, as in the present instance, the presence of any addition is particularly undesired, and when a certain consciousness of having made the new arrivals the theme of remark, leaves in the minds of those whom they join a sort of blank or void, from the fact of the impossibility of continuing the conversation in the same strain, and from a natural inability or indecision suddenly to find a less personal one to supersede it. Fortunately, however, for Henry Millingen, he was not a man to give way to more than a momentary feeling of this kind, and, moreover, the explanatory declarations which he had recently heard from the beautiful lips of his companions disposed him to look upon Lamech—great a man as he thought himself—with a sort of disdainful pity, which inclined him to toleration. It was not his manoeuvre, however, which caused Abra to appropriate the half-breed to herself by can-

didly whispering to Millingen her wish that he should remain by Imola's side until they reached home, although under such sanction he valiantly and delightedly took up the position assigned him, from which it would have taken far more potent weapons than Overend's black looks and sarcastic innuendoes to drive him.

Like all cautious men who suffer their temper at an odd time to get the better of their discretion, Lamech not only felt angry and disposed to quarrel just now, but increased his own heated discomfiture by feeling that the exhibition was both causeless and ridiculous. He was angry with the sisters for not having submitted to his wishes, he was angry with Millingen for being found in their society, and, to cap the climax, he was doubly incensed by the pertinacity with which the young man kept his place, and by the complacent smiles with which Imola received his indistinct and half-whispered remarks. True it is that, as a sort of compensation, the lively and spirited Abra gave him a more flattering share of attention than she usually accorded him. But, like Richard, he was "not in the vein," either to give or to receive favours; his eye was jaundiced and his mind decomposed, and by the time the party reached the gates of the stockade, such bitter passages of wit had passed between the gentlemen that both Abra and Imola were delighted when there was a prospect of a break-up. Suddenly, however, when they came within sight of the fort, the good-humour of Lamech appeared to return, and, without positively apologizing for his obvious ill-humour, he tried hard to do away with its effects. Even Millingen came in for a share of his newly-found courtesy, and it might be taken as a mark of it that he invited the young hunter to prolong their stroll, in order that they might concert together as to an intended excursion to the marshes, in order to shoot game, on the morrow. At this proposal of his, Abra looked grave, and when Millingen accepted it, Imola turned pale, and as she stood beside him whispered in his ear—

"I am sorry you agreed to go, Mr. Millingen," she said, in a slightly agitated voice; "Lamech Overend is not a man to be trusted when he is in a passion, and, although he cloaks it now, I am certain he is displeased. Can you not make an apology and stay at home?"

"You flatter me," he answered in the same guarded tone, "by calling your

home mine, Miss Ormstead, and still more by taking an interest in the welfare and safety of one of whom you know so little. There is no sort of risk, however, believe me. I am too proud and too happy at this moment to be tempted into a discreditable brawl, and, indeed, there is no reason to suppose that our friend meditates so egregious a piece of folly. In an hour I will be back to thank you for your solicitude in my favour, which, kind as it is, can hardly make me more grateful than I am already to you and yours."

He bowed to her as a serf might bend to an empress who had enfranchised him, and then turned off to join Lamech, who stood moodily waiting his approach.

For the first few paces both were silent, and then by way of saying something, Millingen asked for some details about the amusement which Lamech had invited him to join in. He was soon stopped by his surly comrade, however, who sneered as he said—

"I rather suspect that you are playing with me a trifle, old fellow, and well know that it is neither of ducks nor geese I have got a word or two to say."

"I am only following your own lead, and taking you at your own word, however," was the indifferent reply.

"Look you, Harry Millingen," said the half-breed, making a dead pause in his walk, and suddenly confronting the person he addressed; "although I am somewhat of a gambler, I like to play on the square with every man, whether it be for hearts or halfpence, and therefore it is that, as I suspect we are both engaged in the same game at present, I should like to come to some proper understanding in the matter, which may prevent awkward or unfair means on either side hereafter."

"I do not understand the language of the gaming-table," replied Millingen, "and must therefore beg of you to explain your meaning and sentiments in some other way. At present they are incomprehensible."

"I have my doubts about that," said Lamech, rudely; "but as you require it, I will put my meaning into language so plain as to be as clear as a dew-blob before it is sucked up by the morning sun. Of those two girls we have just left, which of them do you most prefer, now?"

"I have sympathies sufficient to extend to both," said Millingen, with a careless smile, "and as yet I have not had the

presumption to analyse my feelings towards either."

"In other words, you do not care three straws about them longer than they serve your turn?" said Lamech.

"My words admit of no such rascally construction, sir," answered Millingen, but still coolly. "You ask me a question which you have not a shadow of right to put, and then you construe my answer in a way which is offensive to them and insulting to me. I cannot consent to continue a conversation on such terms as these."

"But it is necessary, and may be useful for you to hear what I have to say, for all that," said the half-breed. "I meant you no offence by putting a plain question in a civil way; but what can I think of a young fellow who has been spoon-fed and coddled by a pair of pretty girls, and yet accepts all the services they can render him in a lordly sort of way, as if it were his right, and as if they were hardly worth looking at in return?"

"That is certainly a novel way of putting it," replied Millingen, good-humouredly. "I have the consolation to know, however, that a somewhat fairer estimate of my acts is formed by those whose good opinion I value. It was not about myself and my shortcomings, I think, we are here to speak; therefore be pleased to let my own sins rest on my own shoulders, and allow me to hear what you have to say on your own behalf as quickly as possible."

"I am not accustomed to submit to the orders of any man, and shall therefore take my own time," said Lamech, proudly. "Moreover——"

"Pshaw! man," broke in Millingen. "For heaven's sake let us treat each other as sensible men and not like children or fools! Something or other is on your mind respecting Mr. Ormstead's daughters—so much I can perceive; cannot you therefore get rid of your burthen and have done with it? At a word, cannot you look upon me as a buffalo within point-blank range, and pour your broadside into me, without the necessity of all this wheeling and counter-wheeling to gain an advantage which is already yours?"

"You speak in a tone of triumph, young gentleman," said Lamech, in a still more sullen tone, "but as clever a buck as ever you were has been brought to bay. In plain language, then, I have loved Imola Ormstead for years—not

with the popinjay passion of a trifler who takes her up when he has nothing better to amuse himself with, but with the ardent devotion of a man who has watched every leaf of her beauty unfold itself to the sun, and who is ready and willing to prove his love and vindicate his claims at all hazards and against every opponent."

"I am quite ready to admit, sir," replied Millingen, after a pause, "that your choice does you credit, although in what possible way it concerns me to hear of it I am altogether at a loss to know. As we are on the subject, however, I must remind you that there is more than one person to be considered in such a matter as this. You may love Miss Ormstead as well as ever man loved woman, but should it so happen that she does not reciprocate your passion, what then are you to do?"

"She could love me—she would love me if—if I had fair play!" exclaimed Lamech, fiercely.

"Then why do you not try your chance at once?" suggested Millingen, mildly, moved by his agitation, which looked to be genuine and true. "I owe it not to you, who have no claims on me, but to the young lady's family, to herself and to myself, to say to you plainly and honestly that, so far as I am concerned, I have never uttered a word to her or she to me which could militate against your claims or pretensions, be they of what character they may. This you may believe or disbelieve as you please; your good or ill opinion is of no consequence to me; but it behoves me to have it well understood that I have not repaid kindness by perfidy, or accepted the hospitality of the father, by endeavouring to steal without his knowledge the love of a being too pure and too innocent to enable her to estimate her own superior claims."

"Her own superior claims—to what or whom?" demanded Lamech, haughtily. "What more or better can her father ask for her than a protector who has both the will and the ability to make her whole life a summer's day? What more can she demand for herself than a strong arm and a loving heart, that will toil for her, think for her, care for her in sickness, and worship her in health?"

"These are questions I am altogether incompetent to answer," was Millingen's reply; "nor am I sufficiently acquainted with the family feelings to conceive how

they will be answered when they are put. Of course, as a single man without any claims on you, either as a husband or a father—as I presume you are, or you would not venture to——"

"One moment, if you please, before you go further," interrupted Lamech, fiercely. "What am I to understand by such an absurd introduction or allusion as this?"

"Precisely what it purports to be, neither more nor less," answered Millingen. "As a single man, then, without responsibilities of such a kind as I have mentioned, your feelings are entitled to respectful attention; and this, from what I have seen of Mr. Ormstead, I am quite sure they will meet. Further than this, it is not for me to hazard an opinion on the subject. I might remind you, possibly, that the fancies and feelings of a very young woman are like the hues of a seedling flower, the plumage of an unfledged bird, or the morning shadows of a summer lake, not to be gauged by any certain rules or anticipated expectations. We must take them as we find them. Love in their hearts may be ready for flight; but, like the bee or the butterfly, his gyrations are ever fanciful, and no one can prophesy with certainty on what fortunate flower he means to alight. Leaving this subject, however, it is necessary for me to say that Father Ben always insists on punctuality at his early dinner, and therefore I must break up our conference, in order to be in time."

Lamech made no objection to his going, and appeared too deeply engaged in his own meditations to be aware of what he said, or to give him a parting salute.

"Umph!" he said, at last, as he started from his fit of apathy, and looked long and fixedly after the vanishing figure of the light-footed hunter. "What, in the devil's name, am I to make of it all? Can it be that—but that is impossible—utterly impossible! The fellow's advice was fair enough, too, although it looked confoundedly like the humbug of a player who was too sure of his own hand to care a curse for the best small trumps his adversary could hold. Lose her I will not; I had rather lose my life twenty times over, since, like a confounded jackass as I am, I have suffered the wench to twine herself round my very heart-strings, until the terrible idea of parting with her is a penalty sufficient for the sum total of all the sins I ever committed during my life. Father Ben is my sheet-anchor; he is in my power,

and I must manage to keep him under the pressure of the screw, until he brings his own to bear on Imola, whose nature, fortunately, has more of the willow than the oak in its composition, and who, if all goes to all, will take me for better or worse, rather than be frightened out of her wits by contemplating the consequences of a downright refusal to do so. Yes, I must set at once to work on Father Ben; he is a tough old buffalo to deal with, but I know his feeding-grounds, and can starve him into compliance should he dare to send me to the wall.

CHAPTER VI.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

EARLY in the evening of the same day, Henry Millingen strolled forth from the factory, and took his way towards the village or temporary settlement of the Salteaux. As we have before said, it was situate on the verge of a forest, with a broad plateau of meadow-land before it, which again was bounded by a tributary of the river, which formed a delta as it diverged to the right and separated into branches. The village itself was not an irregular congregation of traditional wigwams, but, principally by the advice and supervision of Father Ben, was a well-laid-out and neatly-constructed collection of log-huts, round which ran a ditch and stockade, with flanking towers at the angles, in which sentinels were regularly placed and relieved. Within the stockade trees were planted at intervals, amongst which the graceful aspen and the useful maple were conspicuous; and, in their domestic arrangements, as the tribe was stationary, or partly so, the females of it had been taught to be careful, and to collect about them those comforts which in a nomadic state they had but little temptation to aim at. Consequent on the arrival of the young chief Orondooka, however, and his band, arrangements of a more extensive character had to be made for their accommodation; and tents, partly formed of skins, but well secured by posts and braces of timber, were picturesquely interspersed with those of a more stable character and riper age. One of these had already caused some speculation and excited some curiosity at the fort. It was a double tent, of much larger dimensions than the rest, the outer compartment of which was occu-

pied by Orondooka himself. The puzzle was, however, to find out who or what was the inmate of the other. So far as sex went there was no mystery about it; every one understood it to be a female—whether red or white no one knew—as, except during the hours of night, she was never seen abroad, and even then she was enveloped in a large mantle or blanket, and her features completely shrouded by a thick veil of feathers which fell from her Indian cap and prevented her face from being seen. She was waited upon by an Indian woman of mature age, who hardly ever mixed with the rest of the tribe, and who had been chosen to attend her by Orondooka himself. The young chief, reserved as Indians are in general on most subjects, was particularly reserved on this. In fact, he permitted no sort of questioning on the subject, and so well had he impressed his followers with the same spirit of reticence, that to gain a single pin's point worth of information from the most giddy or garrulous of them was found to be impossible.

Amongst others whom he had indoctrinated with his own caution was his friend and "brother," Harry Millingen, whose answer to all questioners was, that the domestic arrangements of his preserver was out of his province to inquire into, and that those who were desirous of particulars must apply to Orondooka himself, as he was altogether unable to furnish them. He went so far, however, as to acknowledge to Father Ben and his family his own thorough belief in the strict propriety of the association between the Indian and his mysterious ward, and stated that the feeling always uppermost in his mind must be, that for his friend to harbour a vicious or dishonourable principle or thought towards any human being was impossible.

Thus the matter rested for the present. Orondooka and his braves lived a great deal to themselves, making such preparations for their winter hunting campaign as they deemed necessary, mixing but little with the voyageurs or officers of the fort, and still less with the band of half-breed hunters of which Lamech Overend was the leader-in-chief. It was generally understood at the factory that between the Salteaux and the half-breeds a feeling of strong, but as yet undemonstrative, antipathy existed, which, on the part of the more prudent of the whites, was kept down by a prudential regard of their own safety when their hunting-grounds were

reached in winter, and which the red skins subdued at the command of their chief. But there was no love lost between them, notwithstanding their present peaceable demeanour; and as serious consequences sometimes proceed from the merest trifles, a perpetual source of irritation was kept up between these warlike parties by the ostentatious patronage which Lamech bestowed on the Blackfoot boy Firefly, and by the mischievous manoeuvres of the red imp himself to irritate and annoy them. Whatsoever his motives might be, he honoured the Salteaux settlement with his most attentive espionage, and more than once he had narrowly escaped the penalty of a sound drubbing, if not a more dangerous consequence, by being found lurking about their village at untoward times, or furtively prowling—sometimes at dead of night—in noiseless silence within their bounds. It might be by the antagonistic spirit of his race, or it might be by his master's orders, that the young and subtle Dacoutah was prompted to subject the Salteaux to a series of petty annoyances, which kept him perpetually before their thoughts, and induced him, when he could indulge his acrid and biting humour in safety, to indulge in a triumphant enumeration of the many defeats which they had sustained at the hands of his own tribe, and the certainty of their thorough extirpation in their next encounter, should "the skulking Algonquins" dare to face them except from an ambush, or with overpowering numbers at their back.

Even now, as Millingen approached the village, his eye detected the slight but agile form of the Firefly, winding like a snake among a covert of brushwood, which formed a belt or boundary to a patch of open sward, on which a party of Salteaux were engaged in hurling the spear at a target or mark, while Orondooka leaned on a rifle which he held in his hand, and encouraged them by his presence and applause. Indeed, so narrowly was the young Blackfoot intent on watching the sport, or so anxious was he to wriggle himself within ear-shot of their discourse, that Millingen was close to him before the boy was aware of his proximity. Undaunted and undismayed by being caught in the fact, however, he raised himself to his feet, and still keeping himself concealed from the Salteaux, he nodded and grinned as he said in his imperfect English—

"Firefly love see fine sport; but the Salteaux are squaws, and no good stay here long to see them tire themselves and no hurt wood. Go, bring old Blackfoot woman, with broom-handle for spear, and she teach them how to hit. Bah! Salteaux are dogs, and Blackfeet are men."

So saying, with another grin, he uttered a yell of defiance, turned a summersault or two that would have done credit to an acrobat, and in two minutes more was out of sight.

The Salteaux warriors, who heard the shrill cry of the boy, paused in their game, and Orondooka himself brought his rifle to the rest, and looked towards the quarter from whence it came. Their alarm, however, was allayed by the appearance of Millingen, who explained to them what had occurred.

"It is the business of the fox-cub to prowl," the young chief said; "and the spawn of a Dacoutah is only fit to be a skulking spy. My brother has something to say?"

Leaving his followers to resume their game, Orondooka and Millingen walked towards the tent of the former, and entered its outer room. It was carpeted with skins, and the furniture, although rude, was clean and well kept. It consisted of a table and three or four stools, and in the corner was railed up the simple couch of its occupant. Between it and the inner chamber a thick and substantial screen was interposed, by means of skins neatly stitched together, in part of which a joining was left so that the inhabitants of either compartment could visit each other if they pleased.

All these arrangements were already familiar to Millingen, and therefore taking one of the stools, while the Indian selected another, the young man proceeded to detail to Orondooka the rumours of a Blackfoot intrusion, which the young girls had informed him about during their walk. Although the Salteaux chief undervalued and despised his enemies in a general way, as all Indians are prone to do, still he was too brave a man not to give credit where credit was due; and in his frequent contests with the Blackfeet and Stones, he had proved their intrepidity too often to doubt their daring, or question the fact that towards him and his warriors they must feel a deep and fiery spirit of revenge. But still he strongly doubted either their ability to resume warlike operations after their

late decided defeat, or their want of prudence in venturing at all near the fort, where white men and red men, who were known to be hostile to them, were now congregated; and although his habitual caution forbade him to call so desperate a venture utterly impossible, nevertheless his conclusions were against its possibility, unless, indeed, there were traitors in the camp who encouraged them to expect assistance from within.

It was, perhaps, but natural that, in canvassing this particular part of the subject, their thoughts should turn almost simultaneously on Lamech Overend, who had adopted one of the tribe, and whose friendly feelings towards the Salteaux were extremely problematical. It was hardly credible, however, that from the mere wanton spirit of dislike to one party he should run the chance of involving others in danger and probable ruin, with whom he had for years been on terms of friendship, and whose destruction would bring down such discredit and loss to himself. On the whole, therefore, the benefit of a philanthropic doubt was given to the bold half-breed, although as the rumour could fairly be traced to him and his band, it was resolved to keep an eye on him, and still more to send forth another armed reconnoissance to scour the woods and marshes, without publishing their intention of doing so.

"Half-breed a fool talk too much," said the sagacious Orondooka; "good enemy, bad friend," he went on, with a grim smile. "Blackfeet not come because he wish for them; cannot bring them back from their happy hunting-grounds, or put knives and rifles in the hands of dead men. Wish to frighten the white chief, and make better trade. Foolish! Father Ben good man—brave man—honest man! and Lamech Overend not understand him—not understand himself. We know better. Aha! understand both—understand all. Hugh!"

The instantaneous change from contemptuous indifference to the most intense emotion in Orondooka, between the conclusion of the word "all" and his exclamation of the Indian guttural, was remarkable. Millingen himself had been startled by a slight bustle, followed by a suppressed shriek or scream proceeding from the inner room, but the emotion of the Indian far surpassed it. He started to his feet, grasped his knife in his right hand, and with his left tore aside the intervening screen which separated the

chambers, and dashed into the interior. For a moment or two, actuated by delicacy perhaps, Millingen stood motionless, hesitating what he ought to do; at last, however, he was about to follow his friend, when Orondooka suddenly reappeared, dragging after him no less a personage than the redoubtable Firefly himself, whom, by a single movement of his wrist, as it seemed, he tossed into the farthest corner of the tent. Hastily requesting Millingen to see that he did not escape, the Salteaux hurried out, while Firefly, gathering himself up, quietly waited to see the issue without moving a muscle or stirring a limb. In five minutes or little more, Orondooka again entered, and going over to the boy, took him by the collar of his gay hunting frock, and leading him to the door of the tent, said calmly—

"Go, cub of a bad brood, and look that you return no more."

The boy started on beholding the preparations extemporized by the indignant chief to speed his departure, but instantly repressed every emotion of terror or anger, and drawing himself up to meet the emergency, prepared to start. In long and regular double line stood a party of the Salteaux band, extending from the mouth of the tent to the gate of the stockade, and far beyond it. Every man of these was armed with a bundle of switches or thongs, of some tough material or other hastily picked up, and through this formidable and contemptuous gauntlet the young Firefly well knew he had to run. But he craved no compassion and exhibited no fear. He planted his foot firmly, drew his belt tight, fastened his cap on his head, and then tossing his slender arm on high, and uttering what might be called his "tribe yell," he flung his own slight weight with all his force against the person of the huge Indian who was first appointed to commence his course of flagellation, and by the sudden and unexpected impetus having broken the rank, he darted off to the right, bounded over the stockade like a flying deer chased by a pack, plunged into the ditch, scrambled to the bank, and turning to the village, shook his clenched hand at his foes, and repeating the acrobatic feats which Millingen had witnessed not an hour before, started off towards the fort at a pace which the swiftest runner of the Salteaux would find it hard to match and might be proud to envy.

Meanwhile, cowering and dispirited stood the brawny Indian whom the tactics of the energetic Firefly had discomfited. He loosened his knife, and was about to join in the pursuit which had already joyously been taken up by the juniors of the tribe, when Orondooka laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said in their native tongue—"Let him go; Orondooka ought to have been wiser, and having trapped the vermin, should have dealt with it himself. Brave men know how to handle the rifle and the tomahawk; their hands are degraded by the scourge."

CHAPTER VII.

AN OFFER REJECTED.

So early as seven o'clock in the morning, Father Ben sat in his office or reception-room, for it might indifferently be called either, prepared to receive a visitor who had demanded a special audience on particular business. It somewhat puzzled the chief factor at Fort Henry to make out what the business might be which required such privacy as was to be discussed at an hour which interfered with his breakfast, and kept him back from the labours of the day. But, in the present instance and at the present time, his relations with the half-breed were too uncertain and delicate to admit of ceremony, and thinking as he did, that some further and perhaps more selfish commercial proposal was likely to be the motive of his intended visit, he prepared himself to resist any further aggressions in that quarter with the most determined goodwill. In fact, he had long been tired both of Lamech's exactions and his presence; the first injured, the other annoyed him; but until the advent of Millingen and Orondooka, he was compelled to submit to evils against which he could provide no adequate remedy. His new allies, however, had met him in a fair and liberal spirit, and were already far gone in their preparations against the buffalo, which promised to make the assistance of Lamech and his band superfluous. At present, however, all this was done *sub rosa*; but its effect on Father Ben was greatly to lighten his mind, and most decidedly to harden his heart against any proposition coming from the person whose visit he now waited for, which looked in the slightest degree unreasonable.

When Lamech himself entered, however, it struck Father Ben that his whole demeanour and appearance were altogether different from what he expected they would have been. Instead of his usual bold and somewhat insolent tone and manner, both were so subdued, and even humble, as to raise a suspicion in the old man's mind that he was suffering from illness or depressed by ill-news. He waited to be asked to seat himself before he did so, and seemed so much at a loss how to open the communication he came to make, that Father Ben, by way of doing so, hoped he was not ill or had heard anything to affect him. Somewhat encouraged by the interest evinced by these questions, Lamech acknowledged that he was perfectly well in health, and had heard no tidings that could in the slightest degree affect his mind.

"But I do not deny, Father Ben," he said, in a voice wonderfully dwindled down, and rendered even husky by agitation, "that I hope my mind will be easier when I leave this room than it is at this moment. I am not, as you know, a man to be daunted by trifles; and although many would call the business I came to speak about by no better name, still I do not feel it to be so, but on the contrary I honestly own that my success or failure in it must make either the happiness or misery of my life."

By this time Lamech had worked himself into a mood more approaching to his usual one, and boldly raised his eyes to the open features of Father Ben, who was still completely in the dark as to the subject which was of such grave importance to one whom he knew it was not easy to move or make an impression on.

"I do not profess to be a good adviser on delicate matters," he at last said, in a cold tone; "and to own the truth to you, I would prefer your selecting a more experienced friend."

"That may not be," answered Lamech, in a more decided voice; "the matter is one in which you are interested as well as myself, and which, in gaining your approbation of, I think will be doing a great service to both."

"That might be desirable, certainly," replied Father Ben, with a slight touch of irony in his tone, "particularly since in any of our former dealings the lion's share of the profits somehow happened always to go to one side. It will be a novelty to one of us therefore, at all events, should we stumble on a course in which

neither will have to complain, and by which both will be benefited."

"I do not deny," replied Lamech, laughing, "that with me a bargain is always the pleasanter the more profit it yields, and that in making one my first care is always to provide for myself. It is by such a course as this, and by taking care of what I gain by it, that I may now call myself a snug man, and might hang up my rifle and take to the plough to-morrow if I pleased. In fact, something of the kind has been latterly running through my head, and it depends a good deal on you and Imola whether I carry it out or no."

Father Ben's eyes dilated to twice their usual size at hearing so unexpected a speech as this, and for full three minutes he stared at the speaker, with his mouth also open, as if all utterance was suspended by the nature of it.

"In the name of Heaven, my good friend," he said, at last, in a tone between distaste and jocularly, "what possible influence can either I or my niece have over any act of yours? or how can so excessively foolish a notion have got into your brain? Speaking for myself, and knowing her nature and sentiments as I do, nothing could be farther from the minds of either of us than to wish to meddle in your affairs, or in any way to interfere in any act or movement which you may choose to adopt. To tell you the honest truth—for I am a plain, blunt man—I object to have my niece's name mentioned in such terms by any one, and therefore I hope you will for the future forbear to do so, when you know it to be unpalatable."

"You require an impossibility, Father Ben," replied Lamech, gravely but calmly; "it is to mention her name I came here; it is to solicit your sanction to my asking her to become my wife that is the purpose of my visit; it is in the expectation that you would give my cause a fair hearing I mention it to you; and it is in the full feeling that I deserve your approval, and ought to obtain it, that I tell you now I will be both surprised and disappointed should I fail to do so. I am ready at any moment to lay before you a statement of my affairs, and to prove to you that in a worldly sense I am able to maintain her, while in a personal one my affection is a guarantee that you could not place her in safer or better hands."

"Admitting the truth of a great part

of what you have said," was Father Ben's uncompromising answer, "I must tell you frankly that I object at once to entertain your suit, even supposing my niece herself approved of it. I do not think it would add to her happiness; I am quite sure it would not add to my peace. Your wealth may be great, but we do not require it; and in everything else, I tell you at once that the girl does not love you, and that by no possible effort on your part could you change her mind."

"You have other views for her, I suppose?" asked Lamech, sulkily.

"None, sir," was the decided reply. "She is yet too young for me to have given a thought to her after-settlement in life, and, so far as I am able to judge, she treats the matter with a similar indifference. Simply, the whole subject is distasteful, and therefore I must ask you to mention it no more."

"I cannot comply with your request," rejoined Lamech, with a lowering brow and a quivering lip; "it is not so easy as you think to give up such hopes as I have nursed for years; nor are you acting with your usual prudence and wisdom, so decidedly and causelessly to oppose them. For many years I have proved myself a good friend to you and yours; I should be sorry, therefore, ever to have cause to become your foe."

"I am accustomed to call a man a good friend," said Father Ben, coolly, "who regards my interests without especially looking to his own, and who rather feels for my necessities than seeks to make a usurious profit out of them. Except in the way of business, I have never called upon you for any exertion that would rob you of an hour of your time or take a penny from your purse. You brought your goods to my market, and you were paid for them; this conduced both of us; but it gives you no more a title to call yourself my good friend, than it does me to call you the preserver of my life for selling me the product of your hunting, not a meal's meat of which I had not to account for in sterling coin. Whether you may have cause to call yourself my foe hereafter is for yourself to decide. I seek for no man's enmity, but if its presence is to be the result of my inability to comply with unreasonable demands, I must only take my chance and learn to bear it as I may."

"I am sorry to hear you make so ill-

judged a choice," said Lamech, gruffly and menacingly, "and I am to hope that you will reconsider it."

"Not for an hour—not for a minute, nor the tithe of it, Mr. Lamech Overend," replied Father Ben, rising from his chair and standing as upright as a poplar. "It is clear that up to this point we have greatly misunderstood each other. I looked upon you as a sharp trader, but withal a reasonable man, who was too prudent to hector others, and too stout-hearted to bear being hectored himself; while you have looked upon me as a purblind puppet whom you could overcharge in your dealings, and frighten into compliance with any demand you choose to make on him. These mistakes are now ended: in our business contracts for the future you must be prepared to submit to such reasonable reductions as I consider just, and in matters more private and personal, unless you wish to put an end to our intercourse altogether, not another word must be said."

During this decided speech Lamech's features had undergone a variety of changes. At the commencement a deep flush had tinted them with a deeper shade of bronze; while Father Ben alluded to their dealings and the advantages taken by the listener, the colour had receded and left him deadly pale, but towards the end he passed his hand across his brow frequently, and when all was done he paused for a moment or two, and then advancing to where the old man still stood, he stretched forth his hand, and said, in a grave but composed voice—

"I cannot conceal from you, Father Ben," he began, "that your decision on a matter so important to my feelings and happiness is to me a source of the most poignant regret. You must acknowledge, however, that I have treated you honestly in asking for your approval to my suit before I applied to your niece; and in the same spirit of fair play I now promise you to think of it no more, since you have so decided it. There are as good beavers in the rivers as ever were trapped—as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Henceforth I must only endeavour to forget the dreams that have bewitched me, and to prove myself more worthy of your friendship than I have done, by thinking more of your interests and less of my own. Having said so much, let me entreat you to be as guarded and cautious towards others as you have been towards me. I am not satisfied with the turn

which matters are taking here; but as my suspicions are still only suspicions, I will not attribute evil designs or blame to any one, although I mean to keep my eye open to their possible attempts. Let the matter rest for the present; and should the proper time come, I will not hesitate both to act and speak."

As if afraid to wait for an answer to this conciliatory speech from the factory chief, he turned on his heel and left the room much more hastily than he had entered it.

Meanwhile Father Ben quietly resumed his seat, and began a course of meditation which lasted for some minutes before he gave it breath. At last he spoke.

"As I live by bread!"—this was a favourite phrase of his when particularly nonplussed—"As I live by bread!" he said, "but this is a tangled skein altogether. My little Imola! to think of such a wood-pigeon of a thing attracting the notice of such a cross between the bear and the buffalo as Lamech Overend! And then to fancy his coming the strong hand over me, with his recounting of benefits which I never received—he took good care of that—and his hinted threats, which I care just as little about. Mayhap, the most surprising part of the matter is that he took my jobation so cosily; but it is always so with your fire-eating salamander: show him the white feather, and he tramples on you without mercy; but let him see that you are just as ready to give as to receive either a word or a blow, and you bring him to your feet directly. Nevertheless, it ain't natural in such a fellow as Lamech to bear a bruising so easily. One good thing is that he will be on the tramp in a month or so, and during that time I will have my eye about me to see that his promised good-behaviour is kept in full play."

With this prudent conclusion he dismissed the matter from his mind, and began the regular business of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FAMILY CONFERENCE.

PRUDENT as he was, however, he lived on too familiar and kindly terms with his nieces not to suffer Lamech's offer to leak out when he met them in the evening, and even though his guest, Henry Millingen, was present and heard every word he said. Knowing as much as they did of Lamech and his acts, it can hardly be

said that their uncle's revelation took the girls by surprise. It would have appeared rather strange had his frequent demonstrations not been attended by some such sequence, although it was evident by Imola's blushing and Abra's gravity that the theme was not altogether to their mind. Father Ben, however, thought he had gained a victory, and was inclined to dwell on the details, although he candidly admitted that Lamech had gained on his good opinion by bearing his failure so meekly.

"The fellow," he said, "was well enough inclined to frighten me into terms if he could, and worked as hard as a bear at a honey-tree to make me say yes when I was determined to say no. But when he found out his man, as I live by bread! I never witnessed a greater conversion from the ferocious catamount to the flying deer. I suppose it is Imola's gentleness that has infected him, and it is to her my acknowledgments are due for converting a fierce hunter, without a particle of conscience, into a considerate friend, who will hereafter remodel his contracts and bottle up both his wrath and his love at my desire."

"It is an old saying, sir, that sudden conversions are seldom sincere," said Abra.

"Aha! and I suppose Imola thinks in her heart that with such a prize in view, Lamech's sudden twist is hardly to be counted on," said Father Ben, who had mixed his second glass of rum grog.

"Imola is too happy at the consequence, uncle, to care for the cause," said the gentle girl, blushing still deeper to hear her own voice on such a theme.

"And your other niece is too distrustful of his character to give more than a very limited credit to his professions," said Abra.

"Then it is two to one against the poor devil," laughed Father Ben. "It only wants Millingen to put in his bass, and then we shall have a trio of dissent."

"And if I restrain from doing so, it is by no means from a feeling that caution is needless," said the young hunter. "According to my estimate of his character, he is a man altogether unlikely to forgive a slight or to forbear revenge, should the opportunity of taking it occur. Your own experience must tell you that so rude and thorough-seasoned a nature as his is the very worst material for good sense or right reason to oppose itself against when turbulent passion or offended

vanity—for such men have no proper pride—are the motives which actuate them. One can understand the ferocity of a wild beast stung to madness by an unexpected disappointment of its prey, but to see it humble itself even in the heat of passion, and stoop to lick the hand that deprives him of it, is not a miracle of our day, nor can we comprehend it without something more than a lurking suspicion of its good feeling being feigned. Having formed such an attachment—unwarrantable as it was in him to do so—he must be more or less than I think him, to hear of its utter extinction without a greater explosion as well as the most intense pain."

There was a short silence after this little burst, and then it was Abra who spoke.

"I sincerely hope that he will have the good sense to act up to his professions," she said; "although, fortunately, guarded as we are, we, the non-combatants of the fort, have little to fear from all that he can do. Mr. Millingen himself will acknowledge that it would be unwarrantable folly in us to let the nettle danger creep into our garden of safety without some special warrant for suspecting that it might sting our fingers and annoy our sense. The man may not be so bad as he seems after all."

"It is a pity that Lamech, when he was making his choice," said Father Ben, "did not take a fancy to you, Abra, rather than to Imola."

"He would hardly have been more successful, I fancy," was the smiling reply. "I should not like to sit at home for six or seven months in the year waiting for my husband who was hunting buffaloes in the interval, and who, when he arrived at last, might have just sense enough to understand me when I spoke, even though he might often lack the good manners to answer me. It would require a romantic degree of attachment indeed to sacrifice all to a love so profound that the difference between pleasure and pain, convenience and its opposite, the reasonable enjoyments of life and society, and the solitude of the desert or the cell of the anchorite is unknown, unfelt, and uncared for by it."

"Then no hunter has a chance with you," said Father Ben.

"No hunter, at least, uncle, who would not value me for my spirit of endurance still more than for my personal gifts and graces," answered Abra, with a brilliant blush; "no hunter like Lamech Overend,

who would indulge me before marriage, and look upon me as a squaw, or little better, after it."

"But—but all hunters are not like Lamech Overend," said the gentle voice of Imola.

"I am aware of it, sister," was the reply; "had I thought they were, I would have spared my harsh criticisms in the presence of one of the tribe." And she bowed to Millingen.

"I am only a hunter on sufferance, Miss Ormstead," said Millingen, gaily; "and as I have taken up the trade from caprice, I may lay it down from no wiser or more reasonable cause. While I continue to belong to the band, however, it is my duty not to suffer its fair fame to be sullied, and therefore, without calumniating any one who belongs to the class, I will keep a close watch over all, particularly as a direct challenge to our cautious observance has been given in this absurd rumour about Blackfoot intrusion, which I for one do not credit. We have one Blackfoot in our company already, and bad must be the best if the remainder at all resemble him, as I have some reason to remember that they do."

He then related the circumstance of the capture and daring escape of Firefly from the Salteaux warriors the day before; and although the sisters were silent on the subject of the inhabitant of the inner tent, Father Ben—a little under the influence of his supper allowance—broke ground. "They say she is as white as marble, as beautiful as Venus, and as graceful as Diana," said the old man; "if so, it is but a selfish trick in Orondooka to keep her all to himself, and thereby deprive us of the pleasures of her society, which we might otherwise enjoy. He has already introduced one acquaintance to us, who has proved such an acquisition that, naturally enough, we wish for another from the same hand. Perhaps he is right, however, to keep his treasure out of sight of Lamech and his half-breeds, although Orondooka, for an Indian, is one who might well satisfy the critical judgment of even a white beauty's eye. I suppose they are married, or, at least, fairly promised, as we say. So far you might enlighten us."

"I am only a recent acquaintance of Orondooka's," replied Millingen, soberly, "and have as yet established no claim to such confidence as would entitle me to pry into his private arrangements or affairs. It is true, chance has placed me

in a false position as regards him, and now, whether I speak or let it alone, I am met on all hands by disbelief."

"In the cause of honour and friendship, it is your duty to bear so much and more, I think," said Imola, more firmly. "I could not respect a man who only learned the secrets of a friend in order to betray them."

"Imola is right," said her uncle, approvingly, "and so, whether Orondooka's beauty be white, red, or black, I shall never ask another question about her more."

One thing was evident from this afternoon's conversation—namely, that Father Ben and his family were inclined to look upon the young hunter with a very friendly and confidential regard, although whether he deserved such implicit trust at their hands was a matter which time alone could develop. It was in his favour, however, that he presumed nothing on the kindness with which he was treated, and in his demeanour was just as deferential as when he had been received as a wandering outcast at the fort. Perhaps, on the whole, his humility was greater; although, again, whether this lowliness was assumed or real—whether it was a genuine offering of grateful respect which he brought to the shrines of innocence and beauty, or only a dark mantle in which to cover unfair or treacherous designs, was another germ in the womb of the future which experience was to bring forth. It was somewhat singular, moreover, that the twin sisters, although they treated him in public with as near an approach to familiarity as was permissible between young people of opposite sexes, in private seldom analysed his good or ill qualities—seldom introduced his name in familiar discourse, and, so far as appearances went, seemed to agree in a mutual resolution not to anticipate what time might bring forth by any premature commitment of their individual opinion, even to each other. On almost every other subject they had a word to say or thoughts to interchange, but on this apparently inviting theme they were as reserved as though the subject was interdicted by authority, or rendered suspicious from some other cause.

Meanwhile time passed over, and matters remained as they were at Fort Henry. Whatever might be the feelings of Lamech Overend, outwardly, at all events, he submitted to his fate, and neither by word nor sign could his most envious

critic triumph over him as an ill-used or disappointed man. If he had grief or annoyance to bear, he bore it patiently; and although it might be seen that his mood was more serious and his general manner graver than before, still those who did business with him or mixed in his society were the first to acknowledge that he was gradually altering for the better, and might in time hope to be looked upon as an agreeable companion and a good-humoured friend. His visits to the apartments of Father Ben, although not given up altogether, were better regulated and more curtailed, and whether Abra and Imola went abroad or stayed at home, they had henceforth no reason to accuse him of intrusion or too liberal an exercise of his own free will. It might be said, indeed, that his time was too much taken up at present by his preparations for the forthcoming campaign against the buffaloes to permit of his constant attendance on the ladies at the fort as heretofore, and it seemed to those more immediately in his secret as if he sought in constant occupation a means to drive the sense of discomfiture away. He organized his band anew, and sought for recruits wherever they were to be found, among the professional voyageurs who navigated the craft on the river, or the trappers and hunters who visited the fort in their passage from one district to another in search of game, many of whom were glad to engage in an undertaking which promised a fair return for labour, and whose numbers were quite sufficient to deal with any force which Indians, however warlike or revengeful, could bring against them. In fact, his squadron of hunters was fast becoming a very imposing one—well mounted, well armed, and composed of men of undaunted courage, in whom the spirit of discipline was strong, inasmuch as they well knew that in it their best chances of safety as well as profit lay. Besides, Lamech had earned for himself the fullest confidence of his followers, both by his talents as a leader and by his honesty as a keeper of the public purse. It was he alone who made or ratified all contracts with Father Ben, and it was pleasantly observable to the latter, that when the new contracts for the ensuing year came to be made, Lamech evinced a much more liberal spirit than usual, and submitted with a good grace to deductions which he would have scoffed at before. Whether Lamech had got a hint that other bidders

were in the market against him, or whether Father Ben's ultimatum during their late conversation had made an impression on his mind, certain it was that the effects were altogether favourable to the factory chief, who hugged himself in the comfortable idea that his large establishment would for the future be much better supplied at a greatly diminished cost.

With this pleasant feeling on his mind, Father Ben's treatment and reception of the compliant half-breed was, if possible, more cordial than ever, particularly as he remembered that their association for the season was nearly at its close. It may have been something of the same feeling that dictated the change of manner in the sisters towards him also. A rejected lover is always an object of compassion when he will be content to be looked upon as such; and although by nature Lamech was not one of the sighing or pining class, whose cheeks grow pale and their limbs attenuated by sentimental disappointment, still the sisters had reason to suppose that he felt it keenly from a few words (the only ones) uttered in their presence respecting it, as well as by their uncle's account of the interview between them; and they were all the more grateful to him for the complete subduction of his passions, and for the gentle and gentlemanly change which had taken their place. They no longer in the morning feared the coming incubus which restricted their movements and fettered even their speech; they now roved about as free as air, and whether by day or by night, on land or river, in their uncle's drawing-room or in the still cooler and more pleasant bower in which they spent some of their happiest hours, they were free from all intrusion or comradeship, save such as they themselves especially invited.

Perhaps, if the exact truth were to be told, they might have wished this companionship to have extended more than it did—at least, in a particular direction. Unlike Lamech in his amorous days, young Millingen was always an agreeable person, either to sit still with in the fort parlour, or to wander forth with in an out-of-door ramble, to the pleasure of which his cheerful good-humour always contributed. But, like the half-breed, Millingen had his own affairs to attend to, and in conjunction with Orondooka was engrossed in preparations for leaving the fort. For the last few days they had seen

but little of him, as he had again taken up his residence in the Indian village, and had declined Father Ben's invitation to their Sunday dinner, pleading his want of time, and in a lighter way excusing himself by stating that he was endeavouring gradually to wean his mind away from pleasures which he must so soon give up the indulgence of altogether. These declarations Abra somewhat resented, but Imola only sighed to hear. The elder beauty (for Abra, it appeared, had preceded her sister into the world by a few minutes) resented his coolness as a slight, while Imola altogether absolved him from intentional offence, and was quite certain that everything he said was true, and that everything he did was right.

"I cannot excuse him on such wholesale terms at all," exclaimed Abra, with a smile and a blush; "like all men whom I have ever read of—for, thank goodness, my acquaintance with the faithless sex is limited—he sets himself up at an inordinate value, and fancies because we like his society that we cannot do without him."

"Is this quite fair, sister?" replied Imola. "What reason has he ever given us to accuse him of presumption, or of the silly vanity of enhancing the value of his society by being chary in giving it? I fear my suspicions are right after all."

"What suspicions, Imola?" asked Abra.

"That he is not and has never been a favourite of yours," was the answer.

"Indeed! And what led you to so sage and likely a conclusion?" again asked Abra.

"The sum total of my observation is very small," observed Imola, "but in the aggregate——"

"Exactly; let us have the aggregate, then," interposed Abra, laughing.

"You may smile if you like, sister," said Imola, "but you cannot make me believe that you care much for a person of whom you so seldom speak yourself, or whom you care so little to hear talked of by others."

"Take care, sister," replied Abra, pointing her finger at Imola in a laughing way, "lest in blaming my coldness you do not exhibit your own warmth in the cause. Three months since, this young man was a complete stranger to us; and what has he done since we became acquainted with him to entitle him to the distinction of being always in our thoughts? Had he

chose to pay *us* such a compliment we should at least have earned it, for we performed towards him all the offices which Christian charity demands, and treated him with a degree of confidence which, as you see, by his present excuses, he undervalues or thinks lightly of."

"Oh! then you *have* thought of him, Abra, for all your disclaimers to the contrary!" said Imola, returning jest for jest.

"I acknowledge it," was Abra's grave reply, after a short pause.

"And—oh, Abra! perhaps you are angry with him because he does not think as much of you!" exclaimed Imola, laying her hand on her heart.

There was a touch of apprehension, almost of terror, in the tone as she said this, that caused Abra to look at her with great surprise. She did not answer for a moment, and before she could collect her thoughts to do so, Imola went on in the same strain—"I ought to have known it," she said, despairingly—"I ought to have foreseen it all. To know you is to love—to idolize you. I have watched him day after day, and my firm conviction is that he loves you as you ought to be loved, and that it only remains with yourself to give him such encouragement as will make him the happiest man and you the happiest woman that ever the summer sun shone upon. I know it—I feel it—I do, I do—and I—I congratulate you on your triumph and your love."

As she concluded this extraordinary speech, she threw herself into her sister's arms and wept like a child.

The moment was evidently a trying as well as an unexpected one to Abra, for she was silent for some time, and trembled as much as poor Imola herself. At length, as she smoothed down the golden hair that lay on her breast, and then raised up the blushing cheek and kissed it fondly, she said—"My own innocent darling, who are too good and humble yourself not to fancy all the world superior to you, you must learn to think more of your own attractions, and more also of the discrimination of your friends. I pledge you my honest word that—that the person we speak of never addressed me in the language of love, and, still more, never looked as if he intended at some future time to do so. You must not transmute a foolish declaration of mine, uttered thoughtlessly, into an admission of unmaidenly feeling which it

would degrade me to yield to. What Henry Millingen might become to me in time, it is unnecessary now to speculate on, since from this day forward, let his feelings be what they may, mine for him can never be warmer than those of a friend. And now," she went on, in a firmer voice—"now, dearest Imola, since we have touched on a subject so delicate, let me remind you, my love, that I am not the only one whose feelings would be the better for a proper regulation in the matter. It would not do for either of us, my own darling girl, to be pointed at as a love-lorn damsel who surrendered her

heart before it was besieged, or even if it were, before she knew that the person to whom it was given was worthy of the gift. Let us wait and watch; time is never lost in a good cause; and it is a duty both you and I owe to the kind-hearted man who shelters and loves us to do nothing that can bring a shade to his brow or give a pang to his honest heart."

As if to end the conversation and leave her sister time to think over what she had said, Abra again kissed the conscious girl on the forehead, and then left the room.

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SEE! see! the merry dancers go,
They banish sorrow, strife, and woe;
No sign of care is on their brow,
They're gay, and free, and happy now—
Beneath the mistletoe.

Oh! how it makes the warm hearts glow
To see fair maidens smiling so!
Youth, think you not it is a bliss
To steal from maiden fair a kiss—
Beneath the mistletoe?

They may be *wise* for aught we know,
But *merry* they should be also,
Who call us from our mirth and say—
"It is a folly to be gay
Beneath the mistletoe!"

Seek we their company? No, no!
If they don't like us, let them go;
Let us be merry while we may,
For 'tis not long we have to stay
Beneath the mistletoe.

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